

THE *Norths*  
S A T I R E S

<sup>23</sup> OF

*Decimus Junius*

*JUVENAL*

TRANSLATED:

WITH

EXPLANATORY and CLASSICAL

N O T E S,

RELATING TO

The LAWS and CUSTOMS of the  
GREEKS and ROMANS.

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*Quis iniquæ*  
*Tam pæiens Urbis, tam Ferreus, ut teneat se?* SAT. I.

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D U B L I N :

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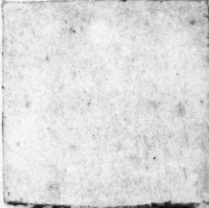


*Li 13. 162*

*1855 April 13*

T H E

# P R E F A C E.

 H A V E attempted a Just and Intelligible Translation of JUVENAL's SATIRES, and offered them to be read, without the alluring Jingle of Poetic Trappings, in a plain and simple Dress, with nothing besides their own native Worth and Excellency to recommend them.

This Writer has justly had his Admirers in all Ages among the Learned, but those alone have hitherto had the Advantage of his inimitable Reflections, and the Benefit of improving under the Influence of his Divine Sentiments; and truly, his Writings are so compleat a System of Morality, and so perfect a Body of useful Philosophy, they

ner the monitrous Enormities of a debauched and corrupt Court, of a starving, sharking and depending Nobility, of a slavish, beggarly and mercenary Set of Commons, may be exposed, and lashed, and reformed ; and at the same Time with great Judgment, and an admirable Human Nature, he gives Affairs proper Instructions to generations against such fallous Abuses, and secure making shipwreck of them, pointing plainly to the Examples of their unworthy and abominable Predecessors. Indeed the Jealousy and the High Guilt of the Times, obliged him often to draw Characters, and represent Crimes under the Names of Persons who had been long dead ; for the Corruption was too great and universal, and the Power of the Vicious too formidable, to be openly attacked without Danger ; and this wary Method  
of

## P R E F A C E.

of his has been followed successfully by succeeding Satirists, in many States and Countries, who have laboured under the same Misfortunes.

But, as I said, the genuine Beauties and Usefulness of this Poet are known only to Men of Letters, who understand and can read him in the Original: The Versions extant in the ENGLISH Language do in no measure represent him in a just Light, or exhibit him to his Honour. STAPYLTON is so dull, so tedious and insipid, that he is not to be read. HOLYDAY is so barbarous, so crouded and stiff, as not to be understood; and DRYDEN (not to mention the Omission of twenty Lines at once) confesses in his Preface, with great Ingenuity, " If we give not the whole Sense  
" of JUVENAL, yet we give the most considerable Part of it, we make our Author appear at least in the Poetique Dress, we have actually made him more sounding and more elegant than he was before in ENGLISH, and have endeavoured to make him speak that Kind of ENGLISH, which he would have spoken had he lived in ENGLAND, and had written to this Age." And this is not  
A 3 observed.

## P R E F A C E.

observed with that mean and ungenerous View of raising a Credit to this Design upon the Ruin of those Heroick Names that have gone before, it is a real Truth that has been often lamented, and must be obvious to any one that will be at the Trouble to read and compare, and without prejudice deliver his Opinion upon this Subject. However, let these Poetical Translations enjoy undisturbed the Glory they have acquired; it will be Fame and Reward sufficient for me to render this Great Author more familiar, to shew him as he really is, and endeavour that the ENGLISH Readers of both Sexes may not continue unacquainted with the true Value and the just undisguised Merit of JUVENAL'S Satires. The Loftiness perhaps, the Fervour and Impetuosity of this Poet may possibly sink a little, and grow somewhat languid under the Simplicity and Flatness of a Prosaic Style; but with all its Disadvantages, you may undoubtedly in this Way arrive at this true Sense, and comprehend his whole Design; and I believe it is universally allowed, that a Version cramped with a set Number of Syllables, and the tinkling Cadence of Rhyme, was  
never

## P R E F A C E.

never yet known to prove a just Translation; and indeed it is impossible it ever should.

The most Learned, I confess, and the most quick-sighted Editors of this Author have found many strange Difficulties, and irreconcilable Lines in many Passages of his Works, and have no more in various Places than Guess and Conjecture to support the Construction and Sense of his Expression; I have upon all Occasions consulted the most valuable Helps and Comments, and where I may seem to differ from the general Opinion, I am always countenanced by the Authority of my Betters; and if I have erred, my Mistakes have been made in very good Company. After all, I have undertaken to interpret a very intricate and obscure Work, and have still so modest an Opinion of this Performance, that the Poet, I am afraid, has suffered considerably by myself as well as by former Translators. I am not able to discover my own Wants and Failings. I should deserve no Mercy if I could, and let them pass from me unamended, and without Correction.

Some perhaps may conceive, that JUVENAL



## P R E F A C E.

NAL is an Author of too free a Character, and too loose a Manner to appear in a plain and natural Translation ; but to censure the most severe and pungent Satires against Vice, as the strongest Incentives to the Commission of it, betrays a Narrowness of Mind, which I think deserves no Answer.

And here I might, according to Custom, enter into a long and tedious Detail of the Nature and Origin of Satire, and draw particular and ill-natured Comparisons between the Excellencies and Defects of the great Triumvirs, HORACE, JUVENAL, and PERSIUS ; but not being persuaded of the Necessity of such an Enquiry at present, which is to be met with in the most common Editions of these Poets : And resolving to allow to each his several Merit, and especially, being unwilling to be thought partial upon so nice a Subject, I rather choose to give a short Account of what we have received of the Life and Quality of our Author ; for the Memoirs of Antiquity have delivered to us but a very small and unsatisfactory Information concerning him or his Writings.

T H E



THE  
L I F E  
O F

J U V E N A L.

**D**ECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS was born about the Beginning of the Reign of the Emperor Claudius, at Aquinum, a Town belonging to the Territory of the ancient Volsci, and since celebrated for having given birth to Thomas Aquinus, the famous Father of Scholastic Philosophy. Our Poet's Father was a rich Freedman, who gave him a liberal Education ; and, agreeable to the Custom of those Times, bred him up to the Bar, and to the Study of Eloquence, in which he made a very great Progress. He studied first under Fronto the Gram-  
marian, and afterwards, as it is generally conjectured, under Quintilian, who is  
thought

Entertainment, and his Attendants, which argue a sufficient Plenty and Competency for so wise a Mind.

Besides his Acquaintance with Umbritius a famous Aruspex, mentioned in his third Satire, he was singularly beloved and esteemed among his chief Friends, by Martial the Poet, who addresses three several Epigrams to him. (Lib. 7. Ep. 23, and 91. and Lib. 12. Ep. 18,) where he gives him the Title of the Eloquent, and proves that JUVENAL followed the Bar. The last was written by Martial, after he was retired to Bilboa, which was under Trajan; he speaks of our Author as a Man yet in full Vigour, and as if he had written but few Satires yet. The greatest Part of his Works came out very late in Life, and he had long distinguished himself by his Eloquence at the Bar, and improved his Fortune and Interest at Rome, before he thought of Poetry; the very Style of which, in his Satires, speaks a long Habit of Declaiming.

We

# J U V E N A L.

We are told, he recited his first Essay which he made, being above Forty, to a small Audience of his Friends; and being encouraged by their Applause, he hazarded a greater Publication: which reaching the Ear of Paris, Domitian's chief Favourite at that time, though but a Pantomime Player, whom he had severely insulted, that Minion made his complaints to the Emperor, who banished the offending Poet into Egypt, (to Pentapolis, a City of Libya, says Suidas) though he was eighty Years old, (as Gyraldus observes in his Account of the Latin Poets) under the Pretence of giving him the Præfecture of a Cohort. He was not idle during his Stay there, but made such Observations upon the Superstition and Religious Differences of that blind People, as he afterwards wrought up into a Satire, which is the Fifteenth, in the Order they are commonly published.

After Domitian's Death, Juvenal returned to Rome, sufficiently cautioned not only against attacking the Characters of those in Power, under arbitrary Princes, but against all personal Reflections upon the Great Men living; and therefore he thus wisely concludes the Debate he is supposed

The LIFE, &c.

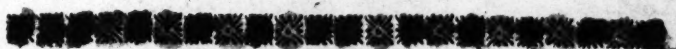
supposed to have maintained with a Friend, in the First Satire, which seems to be the first he wrote after his Return from Banishment, *Experiar quid concedatur, &c.* He is supposed to have died about the Eleventh of Adrian's Reign : That he lived to be an old Man, we may conclude from the Eleventh Satire, where he says of himself, and of Persius to whom he writes,

*Nosra bibat vernum contracta cuticula solem,  
Effugiatque Togam*

As to his Person, we are told that he was of a large Stature, which made some think him to have been of Gallic Extraction; we meet with nothing relating to his moral Character or Way of Life; but both from the Manner of his Punishment by Domitian, and the whole Tenor of his Writings, he seems to have been a real Friend to Sobriety and Virtue. There is no mention that he ever was married, nor is it at all probable, if we consider the Opinion he had of the Women of those Times, whom he bitterly, and with extravagant Acrimony, lashes in his Sixth Satire.

JUVENAL'S

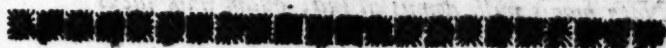
Richard B. North's 1794



JUVENAL'S

SATIRES,

TRANSLATED.



B

DEC. JUNII JUVENALIS

S A T I R Æ.

S A T I R A I.

**S**EMPER ego auditor tantum? nunquamne  
reponam,

Vexatus toties rauci Theseïde Codri?

Impunè ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,

Hic Elegos? impunè diem consumpserit ingens

Telephus? aut summi plenâ jam margine libri

5

Scriptus & in tergo necdum finitus Orestes?

Nata magis nulli domus est sua, quàm mihi latus

Martis, & Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum

Vulcani:



JUVENAL's  
SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

**M**UST I for ever hear? and ne'er reply?  
stunn'd as I've been so oft with the  
hoarse Voice of <sup>a</sup> Codrus, bawling out  
his Theseüs? Must this Man read me  
o'er his Comedies, and That his Elegies, un-  
punish'd? Shall the huge Tragedy of <sup>b</sup> Telephus  
murder me a long Day scot-free? Plagued with  
the Furies of <sup>c</sup> Orestes too, with Margin and both  
Sides stuffed close, and still unfinish'd?

No Man's House is more familiar to him than  
are to me such Themes, the Grove of <sup>d</sup> Mars, or

B 2

Vulcan's

<sup>a</sup> A poor wretched Poet, who wrote an heroic Poem, and chose  
for his Subject the Exploits of Theseus.

<sup>b</sup> Telephus, a base Son of Hercules, by Auge, the Daughter of  
Alzeus. He attempted to hinder the March of the Grecians towards  
Troy, through his Kingdom of Mysia, but was mortally wounded  
by Achilles; he afterwards made Peace, and was cured by the  
Ruft of the Spear that gave him the Wound.

<sup>c</sup> The Tragedy of Orestes, Son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra.  
He slew his own Mother, and Ægisthus her Adulterer, who had  
murdered his Father. He also slew Pyrrhus the Son of Achilles,  
in the Temple of Apollo, for which the God sent Furies to hunt  
him for the Profanation of his Temple, and forced him to expiate  
his Crimes at the Altar of Diana-Taurica.

<sup>d</sup> Mars, the God of War, the Son of Jupiter and Juno, had se-  
veral Groves consecrated to him; particularly (which is here meant)  
one at Alba, where Rhea brought forth Romulus and Remus.



*Vulcani : Quid agant venti ; quas torqueat umbras*

*Æacus ; unde alius furtivæ devehat aurum*

10

*Pellicullæ : quantas jaculetur Monychus ornos :*

*Frontonis platani, convulsaque marmora clamant*

*Semper, & assiduo ruptæ lectore columnæ.*

*Expectes eadem à summo, minimoque poetâ.*

*, Et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus : & nos*

15

*Consilium dedimus Syllæ, privatus ut altum*

*Dormiret*

e Vulcan's Cave near the Æolian Rocks. The Porticos of f Fronto, shaded with Plane-Trees, the Marble-Pillars shaken with the Noise, g the Statues broken with the frequent Blasts of these Repeaters, ring with common Tales, such as the Roaring of the Winds, what guilty Souls are torturing by h Æacus, whence i Jason stole the Golden Fleece, what monstrous Mountain Ash-Trees were flung by k Monychus engaged in Fight. These are the Topicks you are to expect from Poets of all Sizes, best and worst.

l I fear no Ferule now, I've pass'd the Rules of School, and in an Exercise advised m Sylla to drop

## B 3

the

e Vulcan was the Son of Jupiter and Juno, or as some feign, of Juno alone. He was Jupiter's Founder, and with his Servants the Cyclops forged his Bolts. His Cave was the Hollow on the Top of Mount Ætna, where, because of the constant Eruptions of Fire, the Poets supposed that Vulcan made Jove's Thunderbolts; and therefore, in Strongyle, the nearest of the Liparæan or Æolian Islands, they placed Æolus the God of the Winds, the more conveniently to blow the God of Fire's Bellows.

f Fronto, a noble Roman, famous for his Learning, who used to lend his stately Porticos to the Poets of his Time, to recite their Verses. These Porticos were shaded with Plane-Trees, supported with Marble-Pillars, and adorned with Statues.

g Our Author might well be offended at the Recitations of these Poetasters, at whose horrid Noise and Yellings, even the Statues, as in strong Convulsions, shrunk up together, and seemed to tremble for fear.

h Æacus was one of the three Judges of Hell, his Office was to execute Judgments

i Jason, the Son of Æson, King of Thessaly, and Polymela. His Father dying, left his Brother Pelias his Son's Guardian, who sent his Nephew on a desperate Enterprize, to fetch the Golden Fleece, in Hopes he might not return. He manned the Ship Argos with the Flower of Thessaly, and arriving at Colchos, the King's Daughter Medea fell in love with him, taught him to tame the brazen-footed Bulls, and cast the watchful Dragon asleep that kept the Fleece, and carried it and Medea along with him.

k Monychus, one of the Centaurs, who, in the Fight with the Lapithæ plucked up Trees by the Roots, and flung them at the Enemy.

l He was no longer a School Boy, he had declaimed upon the common Topicks, such as advising Sylla to resign the Sovereign Power.

m Sylla, a noble Roman, who after many remarkable Victories Abroad, returned to Rome, and got the Government into his Hands, which he administered with the greatest Cruelty. He publicly fixed up Tables of Proscription or Outlawry, put some thousands of Romans

*Dormiret. Stulta est clementia, com tot ubique  
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ.*

*Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo,  
Per quam magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus : 20*

*Si vacat, & placidi rationem admittitis, edam.*

*Cum tenor uxorem ducat spado: Mævia Tuscum*

*Figat aprum & nudâ teneat venabula mammâ :*

*Patricios omnes opibus cum provocet unus,*

*Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat : 25*

*Cum pars Niliacæ plebis, cum verna Canopi*

*Crispinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas,*

*Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum,*

*Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ :*

*Difficile est Satyram non scriberi. Nam quis iniquæ 30*

*Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?*

the Sword, and to return to private Life, and sleep at ease till Noon. Shall I then fear to write? 'Tis foolish Pity, in such swarms of Poets, to spare the Paper they are sure to spoil.

But why we chuse to <sup>n</sup> traverse o'er the Plain where great Lucilius' Muse had run before, if you have Time, and please to hear, I'll tell you.

To see a smock faced Eunuch wed; when <sup>o</sup> Mævia fights in the <sup>p</sup> Circus with a Tuscan Boar, and shakes the Boar-spear with her Breasts all bare; to see a Fellow vie with a whole Senate in Wealth, whose <sup>q</sup> Scissars snip'd my youthful Beard, grown somewhat long: to see the Scum of <sup>r</sup> Nile, Crispinus, once a vile <sup>s</sup> Canopian Slave (his <sup>t</sup> Shoulders shifting wantonly his Cloak of purple Dye) cool his Fingers, sweating under the Weight of a thin Summer's ring, not able to endure a heavier Gem: 'tis hard to hold from Writing. Where's the Man so unconcern'd in this licentious Town, so ribb'd with Iron, to be restrain'd from flying out?

See the new Chair of Lawyer <sup>u</sup> Matho comes  
crammed

to death, tho' unarm'd, and desiring Quarter; and so fill'd Rome with Blood. At length laying down his Dictatorship, he fell into a general Contempt, and retiring to Puteoli, died of the lousy Disease.

<sup>n</sup> He means, to write Satires, as Lucilius did, a Latin Poet, and an eminent Satirist, born at Aurunca, a City of the Rutilians in Italy.

<sup>o</sup> A Woman that had the Impudence to fight in the Circus with a Tuscan Boar remarkable for Fierceness.

<sup>p</sup> A large Place in Rome between Mount Aventine and Palatine, walled about by Tarquinius Priscus, wherein the People sat and saw the Games called Circenses, in Imitation of the Olympick Games.

<sup>q</sup> Cynamus, a Barber, who rais'd himself by his Whores to the Quality of a Roman Knight.

<sup>r</sup> The greatest River in all Africa, to which the Egyptians deservedly paid divine Honours, because the Fruitfulness of their Country depended upon its Overflowings. It discharges itself by seven Mouths into the Mediterranean Sea.

<sup>s</sup> A City of Egypt, addicted to all Sorts of Riot and Effeminacy, built by Menelaus in Memory of his Pilot Canopus, who died there.

<sup>t</sup> Crispinus, a Freedman of Nero, born at Canopus, who wontonly wore his Cloak loose, it being the Roman Custom to fasten the Lacerna about their Necks. The Romans became so delicate, as to wear large Rings in Winter, and lighter in Summer.

<sup>u</sup> A pitiful Advocate, who grew so rich and corpulent by informing, that he kept his Chair of Sedan, and fill'd it.

*Causidici nova cūm veniat lætica Mathonis*

*Plena ipso: & post hunc magni delator amici,*

*Et citò rapturus de nobilitate comesā*

*Quod superest: quem Massa timet; quem munere palpat*

*Carus; & a trepido Thymele summissa Latino: 36*

*Cum te summoveant, qui testamenta merentur*

*Noctibus, in cælum quos evehit optima summi*

✱ *Nunc via processūs, vetula vesica beate.*

*Unciolam Proculius habet, sed Gillo deuncem: 40*

*Partes quisque suas, ad mensuram inguinis heres;*

*Accipiat sanè mercedem sanguinis, & sic*

*Palleat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem,*

*Aut Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram.*

*Quid referam? quantā siccum jecur ardeat irā, 45*

*Cum populum gregibus comitum premat hic spoliator*

*Pupilli prostantis? & hic damnatus inani*

*Judicio (quid enim salvis infamia nummis?)*



alpat

36

40

rammed with his own fat Guts, and after him the Villain that inform'd against his Patron, one that will soon devour the poor Remains left to the half-starv'd Nobles : one that y Massa fears, and Carus smooths with Presents, vile Informers ; and z Latinus trembling softens with the Charms of his lov'd Thymelen. See the strong-back'd Stallions defeat thee of thy right, and earn their Legacies by Night-work ; the high Road to Preferment, to raise them to the Pinnacle of Wealth, lies thro' the Channel of thy Grandame's Lust : Each has his Share according to his Measure ; a Proculeos gains an Ounce, Gillo eleven. Let him enjoy the Price of his thin Blood, and look as pale, as if he press'd a Snake with naked Feet, b or play'd the Rhetor's Prize at Lyons, at the Hazard of his Life.

What shall I say ? what Rage inflames my Breast, to see a Plunderer of the Orphan, now a Prostitute, choak up the Streets with Throngs of his Attendants ? c Marius, an Exile now, condemned in vain for pillaging

x Helidorus, a Stoic Philosopher, a great Favourite of the Emperor Domitian.

y Massa and Carus, common Informers of lower Rank.

z Latinus and Thymelen, two famous Mimicks, who had often upon the Stage played the Parts of an Adulterer and an Adulteress, in which the Adulterer had either been taken or suspected by the Husband of the Adulteress ; she, by the Advice of her Lover, applies to her Husband with much Flattery and Caressing, to soften the Matter ; which Stage Device was generally known in Rome ; by way of Allusion, the Poet introduces a female Advocate, interceding by her Beauty and other Allurements, with some Informer of Note, to save her Friends, who had offended, from Punishment.

a Proculeius and Gillo, famous Adulterers. An Heir to an Ounce had only one Part, an Heir to eleven Ounces carried away eleven Parts of the Estate.

b Caligula the Emperor instituted Exercises for Rhetoricians at Lyons in France, where was a famous Altar dedicated to Augustus Cæsar : He that was overcome was to write the Praises of the Conqueror, and bestow a Reward upon him, or to lick out his Oration with his Tongue, unless he chose rather to be punished with a Flogging, and ducked desperately over Head and Ears in the next River.

c Marius Priscus, Proconsul of Africa, was prosecuted by the Africans for pillaging the Province, and was cast ; but the Plaintiffs could never recover the Charges of the Suit, tho' the Fine was paid into

45

Exm

*Exul ab octavâ Marius bibit, & fruitur Dis*

*Iratis: at tu victrix provincia ploras.*

*Hæc ego non credam Venusinâ digna lucernâ?*

*Hæc ego non agitem? sed quid magis Heracleas,*

*Aut Diomedæas, aut mugitum labyrinthi,*

*Et mare percussum puero, fabrumque volantem?*

*Cum leno accipiat mæchi bona, si capiendi*

*Ius nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,*

*Doctus & ad calicem vigilante stertere naso:*

*Cum*



50 ing his Province, (for what avails the Shame to  
 the Pence?) begins to drink at two, carouses  
 in spite of all the Gods; the poor prevailing Pro-  
 vince weeps in vain. Are not such Crimes as these  
 worthy the piercing Eye of <sup>d</sup> Horace, to be lash'd?  
 and lash'd by me? What? should I rather write  
 Poetic Tales, Fables of <sup>e</sup> Hercules, or <sup>f</sup> Diomedes,  
 how loud the <sup>g</sup> Labyrinth roar'd in Crete, or how  
 the Architect flew safe, the Boy with broken Wings  
 lash'd in the Sea? When the Man, Pandar to his  
 Wife. enjoys (<sup>h</sup> she stands excluded by Domitian's  
 Law) the Adulterer's Estate bequeathed by Will;  
 55 he knew when to wink hard, gaze at the Cieling,  
 and nodding o'er his Glass pretend a Sleep, snoring  
 aloud.

the Treasury at Rome. He was banished, but with the Money he  
 had reserved, he lived in great Riot; and instead of bathing and  
 napping at the ninth Hour, after the Roman Custom; he began at  
 the eighth (which answered to two o'Clock in the Afternoon) which  
 was reckoned the highest Luxury.

<sup>d</sup> Horace, the Prince of the Roman Lyric Poets, and a severe Sa-  
 tirist; he was born at Venusium, a City of Apulia: he studied Phi-  
 losophy at Athens, was admitted afterwards into the Friendship of  
 Mecenas, and by him recommended to the Favour of Augustus Caesar.

<sup>e</sup> The Son of Jupiter by Alcmena: The twelve Labours imposed  
 upon him by Juno, was a Subject much handled by the Roman Poets.

<sup>f</sup> Diomedes, King of Ætolia, the Son of Tydeus and Delpyla, an  
 eminent Captain among the Grecians, who went to the Trojan War.  
 Engaging Æneas, he wounded Venus, who assisted her Son: Return-  
 ing from Troy, he was ashamed to go home, because of the Lewd-  
 ness of his Wife Ægiale; but went to Italy, and there settled.

<sup>g</sup> Pasiphae, the Wife of Minos King of Crete, fell in love with  
 a Bull; and by the Art of Dædalus, an ingenious Artificer of  
 Cum Athens, was inclosed in a Cow of Wood, and so attained her De-  
 sire. She conceived, and was delivered of the Minotaur, a fierce Mon-  
 ster, half man half Bull; for which Dædalus built a Labyrinth, with  
 inextricable Turnings and Windings to secure him. But Minos dis-  
 covering the Instruments of his Wife's Wickedness, shut up the  
 Builder and his Son in that very Labyrinth, from whence they es-  
 caped by artificial Wings; the Father flew safe into Gardania, and  
 from thence to Cumæ; but Icarus the Son, neglecting his Father's  
 Advice, flew too high, whereby the Wax of his Wings melted,  
 and he fell into that Part of the Sea, which is between Mycon and  
 Cysros, from him called the Icarian Sea.

<sup>h</sup> Such infamous Women were incapable of Legacies, by a Law  
 of the Emperor Domitian; but the Force of it was evaded, by  
 making their Husbands Panders to their Lusts, and so causing the  
 Legacies to be given to them.

*Cum fas esse putet curam sperare cohortis,  
Qui bona donavit præsepibus, & caret omni  
Majorum censu, dum pervolat axe citato*

60

*Flaminiam : puer Automedon nam lora tenebat,  
Ipse lacernatæ cum se jactaret amicæ.*

*Nonne libet medio ceras implere capaces*

*Quadrivio ? cum jam sextâ cervice feratur*

65

*Hinc atque inde patens, ac nudâ penè cathedrâ,*

*Et multàm referens de Mekanante supino*

*Signator falso, qui se lautum, atque beatum*

*Exiguïs tabulis, & gemmâ fecerat udâ.*

*Occurrit matrona potens, quæ molle Calenum*

*Porrectura viro miscet sitiente rubetam,*

70

*Instituitque rudes melior Locusta propinquas,*

*Per famam, & populum nigros efferre maritos.*

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, & carcere dignum,*

*Si vis esse aliquis : Probitas laudatur, & alget.*

*Criminibus debent hortus, prætoria, mensas,*

75

*Argentum vetus, & stantem extra pocula caprum,*

*Quem patitur dormire nurûs corruptor avaræ ?*

*Quem sponse turpes, et prætextatus adulter.*

Se

loud. i Another has the Modesty to hope for a Commission, all his Fortune consumed on Race-Horses, his Ancestor's Estate squandered and gone, he drives full speed o'er the <sup>k</sup> Flaminian Way, to Court; where, when a Boy, he lov'd to hold the Reins, and drove his Master, when with Lust inflam'd he kissed his Sporus in a Soldier's Cloak.

Who dares not, thus provok'd, fill a whole Volume, write in the open Streets? To see a Villain, Forger of Wills, borne by six lusty Slaves, fond of being seen alone in his Sedan, affect the lolling Posture of Mecænas, raise himself into Luxury and Riches by short Codicils, then apply the Seal, first wet, to make the Impression beautiful.

Next the rich Lady comes, her Husband's Thirst to ease, instead of the soft Wine of <sup>m</sup> Cales, she squeez'd a filthy Toad into the Cup: More skilful than <sup>n</sup> Locusta, she instructs her harmless neighbouring Gossips to behold (in spite of Fame, and what the Town says of 'em) their Husbands spotted Corps upon the Bier. Would'st thou be great? then dare some monstrous Crimes, that calls for Fetters or for Banishment. Honesty is prais'd, but starves. 'Tis to their Crimes they owe their Gardens, Palaces, rich Tables, their antique Silver Plate, their Cups emboss'd with a Goat brousing the Vine. Who can sleep at Ease, to see the Father-in-law corrupt the Daughter, a mercenary Prostitute? To

C

see

i He means Fuscus, a young nobleman, whom he calls Automedon, who was Coachman to Achilles; he used to drive Nero with his Boy Sporus, who was castrated in order to make a Woman of. This Passage has given great Trouble to Expositors; but this Construction seems the most plausible.

k A Road made by Caius Flaminius from Rome to Ariminum, a Town in Italy, near the River Rubicon.

l Tigellinus, who poisoned three of his Uncles (as appears in the End of this Satire) and by forging their Wills, made himself Heir to all they had.

m Cales, a Town of Campania in Italy, famous for excellent Wine.

n An infamous Woman retained by Nero, execrably skilled in the Art of Poisoning.

*Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum,*

*Qualemcumque potest : quales ego, vel Cluvienus.*

80

*Ex quo Deucalion, nimbis tollentibus æquor,*

*Navigio montem ascendit, sortesque poposcit,*

*Paulatimque animâ caluerunt mollia saxa,*

*Et mâribus undas ostendit Pyrrha puellas :*

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, 85*

*Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.*

*Et quando uberior vitiarum copia ? quando*

*Major avaritiæ patuit sinus ? alea quando*

*Hos animos ? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur*

*Ad casum tabula, positâ sed luditur arcâ.*

90

*Prælia quanta illic dispensatore videbis*

*Armigero ! simplexne furor sestertia centum*

*Perdere, & horrenti tunicam non reddere servo ?*

*Quis totidem erexit villas ? quis fercula septem*

*Secretò cœnavit avus ? nunc sportula primo*

95

see He-wives, and unfledg'd Boys of noble Blood  
 debauch'd ? Even against Nature, Rage would dic-  
 tate Verses such as they are, much such as I or  
 o Cluvienus write.

E'er since P Deucalion (the Sea tossed by Storms)  
 moored his small Vessel on Parnassus Top, implored  
 the Oracle, and by Degrees the softened Stones  
 grew warm with vital Heat, and Pyrrha shew'd her  
 naked Maids, just formed, to their fond Lovers ;  
 whatever Men since did, Vows, Fear, Anger, Plea-  
 sure, Joys, Inconstancy, shall be the medley Sub-  
 ject of this Book.

And when had Villainy a richer Harvest ? When  
 did Avarice spread her Poison wider ? When were  
 the Dice thrown with such a Spirit ? The green  
 Purse is not enough to risque upon the Chance, but  
 all the dirty Acres must be set. What hot Words  
 pass between the Lord and Steward, forc'd to attend  
 him with the Box and Dice ? Is it not more than  
 Madness at one Throw to lose q an hundred Se-  
 stertia, and not to leave your Footman, starv'd  
 with Cold, his Livery ? Who of our Ancestors  
 rais'd so many Villas ? Who on seven Dishes ever  
 sup'd alone ? r Clients of old were feasted, now the

C 2

Spor-

o Such another sorry Poet as Codrus.

p The Son of Prometheus King of Thessaly, and Husband to Pyr-  
 rha Daughter to Epimetheus. In his Time happened a Deluge  
 which drowned a great Part of Greece ; only he and his Wife got  
 into a small Ship, which settled on Parnassus, a Mountain of Phocis.  
 Consulting with the Oracle how Mankind might be repaired, he  
 was answered, If he cast his great Mother's Bones behind his Back ;  
 whereupon he and his Wife cast Stones over their Shoulders ; his  
 became Men, and her's Women.

q The Romans had their Sestertium and Sestertius ; the first is here  
 meant, and contains a thousand of the latter ; a Sestertius is about  
 a Penny, Halfpenny, and the fourth Part of a Farthing.

r A Client depended upon some Nobleman as his Patron. The  
 Patron was obliged to protect his Client, the Client besides his At-  
 tendance in publick, was bound by Law to contribute towards his  
 Patron's Taxes, and the Marriage of his Daughters. If any Client  
 could be proved unfaithful to his Patron, to have informed, made  
 Oath, or given his Vote against him, or for his Enemy, he was for  
 such, Disloyalty devoted to the infernal Gods. and not only ac-  
 cursed

*Limine parva sedet, turbæ rapienda togata.*

*Ille tamen faciem prius inspicit, & trepidat, ne*

*Suppositus venias, ac falso nomine poscas :*

*Agnitus accipies, jubet à præcone vocari*

*Ipsos Trojugenas : nam vexant limen & ipsi*

100

*Nobiscum : da Prætori, da deinde Tribuno.*

*Sed libertinus prior est : prior, inquit, ego adsum,*

*Cur timeam, dubitemve, locum defendere ? quamvis*

*Natus ad Euphratem, molles quod in aure fenestræ*

*Arguerint, licet ipse negem, sed quinque tabernæ*

105

*Quadrigenta parant : quid confert purpura majus*

*Optandum, si Laurenti custodit in agro*

*Conductas Corvinus oves ? Ego possideo plus*

*Pallante,*



100

105

ante,

Sportula, a little Basket for the scrambling Poor, hangs at the outward Gate. The Porter first surveys their Faces; he quakes lest one should use another's Name, and carry off the Dole unjustly: If you're known, you are serv'd; the Crier calls aloud, The noble Sons of Troy; (the very Nobles submit to Attendance at the Door as well as we) I am a Prætor, Sir, and I a Tribune, let me be serv'd; bold, says the Freedman, I am first, first come, first serv'd; why should I fear to claim my Turn, tho' born upon Euphrates' Banks; which if I should deny, my soft Ears, bored through, would call me Liar: but then I have five Houses, worth full four hundred Sestertia, a Knight's Estate; what greater Honours can the Purple give? \* Corvinus, with his noble Blood, is forc'd to watch the Sheep in the Laurentian Plains, nor y Pallas, nor the Licini had my

C 3

Wealth:

accursed by the Priest, but outlawed by the criminal Judge, so that it was lawful for any Man to kill him.

a It was the Roman Custom at first to admit their Clients to their Table, and give them a good Supper, after they had graced them with their Attendance; but their Luxury and Pride encreasing, instead of a Supper, they were received by the Porter at the Gate, who gave them the Sportula or Dole, put up in a little Basket, and consisting of about a hundred Farthings, tho' sometimes they were entertained with Meat.

t After the Expulsion of the Kings, the Consul was called Prætor, as having kingly Power both for Civil and Military Affair; afterwards the Consuls being employed abroad in War, there was an Officer constituted, with Power to judge Matters of Law between Citizen and Citizen, called Prætor Urbanus, like our Lord-Mayor; and because there was a great Company of Strangers at Rome, another was appointed to judge Cases between them, called therefore Peregrinus, like our Sheriff of Middlesex: At last, as the Empire became extended, and Causes increased, there were eight Prætors made, and so continued till Julius Cæsar made them ten.

u The Tribunes, at their first Institution, were two, but afterwards came to be ten; they were Keepers of the Liberties of the People against the Encroachments of the Senate.

x One of the noble Family of the Corvini, but so wretchedly poor, that he was obliged to keep Sheep near the Town of Laurentum, in his own native Country. He is therefore insulted by this enfranchised Slave. A Roman Knight was obliged to have an Estate worth four hundred Sestertia; and a Freedman worth so much, might claim the Privilege of a Knight.

y Pallas was a Freedman of Claudius Cæsar; one Licinus was a Freedman of Augustus; I suppose there were more of the same Name: Fellows immensely rich.



*Pallante, & Licinis: expectent ergo Tribuni.*

*Vincant divitiæ; sacro nec cedat honori,*

110

*Nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis:*

*Quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima divitiarum*

*Majestas: etsi, funesta Pecunia, templo*

*Nondum habitas, nullas nummorum ereximus aras,*

*Ut colitur Pax, atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus,*

115

*Quæque salutato crepitat Concordia nido.*

*Sed cum summus honor finito computet anno,*

*Sportula quid referat, quantum rationibus addat:*

*Quid facient comites, quibus hinc toga, calceus hinc est,*

*Et panis, fumusque domi? densissima centum*

120

*Quadrantes lectica petit, sequiturque maritum*

*Languida, vel prægnans, & circumducitur uxor.*

*Hic petit absenti, notâ jam callidus arte,*

*Ostendens vacuum, & clausum pro conjuge sellam:*

*Galla mea est, inquit: citius dimitte: moraris?*

125

*Profer, Galla, caput: Noli vexare, quiescit.*

*Ipse dies pulchro distinguitur ordine rerum;*

*Sportula, deinde Forum, jurisque peritus Apollo,*

*Atque triumphales, inter quas ausus habere*

*Nescio quis titulos Ægyptius, atque Arabarches;*

130

*Cujus ad effigiem non tantum meiere fas est.*

*Vestibulis abeunt veteres, lassique clientes,*

*Votaque deponunt, quanquam longissima cœnæ*

*Spes homini: caules miseris, atque ignis emendus.*

110

115

P,

120

125

130

mas

Wealth ; then let the Tribunes wait, let Riches  
 hear the Bell ; I'll not give way to these most <sup>z</sup> sa-  
 cred Beggars, tho' I trudg'd up to Town with a  
 chalked Feet. The Majesty of Money here is held  
 most sacred, though, thou cursed Gold, we build  
 no Temples to thee yet, nor Altars raise, such as  
 we consecrate to Peace, to Faith, to Victory, Virtue,  
 Concord, where the Stork builds, and is welcomed  
 by her creaking Young.

But since our begging Senators compute at the  
 Year's End, how much the Sportula has brought  
 them in, in what a wretched Case stand the poor  
 Clients, who from hence provide their Clothes, their  
 Shoes, their Bread, and Household Fire ? This Lar-  
 gess, a poor hundred Farthings, is attended by a  
 long Train of Chairs ; here the Husband lugs his sick  
 breeding Wife, and claims her Dole. Another (who  
 often with Success had play'd this Trick) begs for  
 the Absent, shews a close empty Chair. Here, Mr.  
 Porter, is my Wife, my Galla, don't let her wait ;  
 why this Delay ? Pray, Madam Galla, put out your  
 Head ; don't fright her, she's asleep.

Such are the choice Employments of the Day pur-  
 sued in order : First the Sportula, and then the <sup>b</sup>  
 Forum : next <sup>c</sup> Apollo's Temple, where the Law-  
 yers wrangle ; then the noisy R.stra, where the Tri-  
 umphal Statues stand ; and in the Row, I know not  
 what Egyptian Tax-gatherer has the Impudence to  
 have his placed, inscribed with pompous Titles, fit  
 to be piss'd against, or something worse.

Old Clients now must leave their Patron's Gate,  
 out of all Hope, tho' they had waited long expecting  
 their Dole ; now the despairing Wretches must buy  
 their

<sup>z</sup> The Tribunit'al Power was esteemed sacred.

<sup>a</sup> Slaves exposed to Sale, had their Feet marked with Chalk, and  
 their Ears bored.

<sup>b</sup> The great Roman Piazza, where the Courts of Justice sat, to  
 which the Client waited upon his Patron.

<sup>c</sup> A Library of Civil Law Books, made by Augustus Cæsar in the  
 Temple of Apollo Palatinus, where the Judges also heard Causes.

*Optima sylvarum interea, pelagique vorabit* 135  
*Rex horum, vacuisque toris tantum ipse jacebit :*  
*Nam de tot pulchris, & latis orbibus, & tam*  
*Antiquis, unâ comedunt patrimonio mensâ.*  
*Nullus jam parasitus erit : sed quis feret istas*  
*Luxuriæ sordes ? quanta est gula, quæ sibi totos* 140  
*Ponit apros, animal propter convivium natum ?*  
*Pœna tamen præsens, cum tu deponis amictus*  
*Turgidus, & crudum povenem in balnea portas :*  
*Hinc subitæ mortes, atque intestata senectus.*  
*It Nova, nec tristis per cunctas fabula cœnas :* 145  
*Ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.*  
*Nil erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat*  
*Posteritas : eadem cupient, facientque minores.*  
*Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit : utere velis,*  
*Totos pande sinus : dicas hîc forsitan, undè* 150  
*Ingenium par materiæ ? undè illa priorum*  
*Scribendi quodcunque animo flagrante liberet*  
*Simplicitas, cujus non audeo dicere nomen ?*  
*Quid refert dictis ignoscat Mucius, an non ?*  
*Pone Tigellinum, tædâ lucebis in illâ,* 155

135 their own Herbs and Fire, or else must starve. Mean-  
 while their Lord devours the Rarities ransack'd from  
 Woods and Seas, lies lolling alone on spacious  
 couches; from so many Tables, fair, large, of an-  
 tique Form, he chooses one, where he crams down  
 his Throat his whole Estate. The Parasite finds no  
 admittance here. But who can bear such sordid  
 140 luxury? Prodigious Gullet! that alone requires  
 whole Boars to swallow at a Meal, a Creature by  
 nature form'd to furnish out a Feast. Yet present  
 pains pursue thee, when undress'd to bathe, and sur-  
 feited, the Peacock in thy Maw, hard of Digestion,  
 roils; the Consequence is sudden Death, old Age  
 145 without a Will. The strange but unlamented Story  
 of thy End, furnishes Table-talk all o'er the Town;  
 thy Friends, mad at their Disappointment, yet laugh  
 out to see thy Body carried to the Pile.

There's nothing left for the succeeding Age to add  
 to the Iniquity of ours. Posterity must act the same  
 Part o'er again: All Crimes are at the Height.  
 150 Then, Satire, hoist thy Sail, spread all thy Canvas:  
 Hold, sweet Sir, not too fast; where can you find  
 a Muse sufficient for so wide a Field? Can you ex-  
 pect that Freedom of the Pen, enjoy'd by Satirists  
 of old, when fir'd with Rage, they lash'd the reign-  
 ing Vices of the Times, a Freedom, which but to  
 55 mention now is Death? What cared Lucilius  
 whether e Mutius, whom he severely scourg'd, was  
 pleas'd or not? Now touch Tigellinus, and you're  
 sure f to burn in a pitched Shirt, like those that  
 ' standing

d Hortensius the Auger was the first that introduced the eating  
 of this Fowl, at his Installation-Feast; it is said the Flesh of it  
 never putrefies, and consequently must be very hard of Digestion.

e A poor Rascal; for in a Cause of Defamation against Lucilius,  
 who published his Knavery, he had not Money to fee an Advocate.

f It is confessed by learned Commentators, that this Passage is very  
 perverse, and almost incorrigible, and that no Place in Juvenal can  
 less grammatically be understood; however, it is generally supposed  
 to allude to the Barbarity of the Romans practis'd against the Chris-  
 tians, which was to put on them a pitched Shirt, and then drag  
 them to a Stake, where they were set on fire, to serve for Lights by  
 Night.

*Quâ stantes ardent, quo fixo gutture fumant,  
Et latum mediâ sulcum deducit arenâ.*

*Qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, vehetur.*

*Pensilibus plumis, atque illinc despiciet nos?*

*Cum veniet contrâ, digito compesce labellum:*

16

*Accusator erit, qui verbum dixerit, hic est.*

*Securus licet Æneam, Rutilumque ferocem*

*Committas: nulli gravis est percussus Achilles,*

*Aut multum quæsitus Hylas, urnamque secutus.*

*Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens*

169

*Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est*

*Criminibus, tacitâ sudant præcordia culpa.*

*Inde iræ, & lachrymæ. Tecum prius ergo voluta*

*Hæc animo ante tubas; galeatum serò duelli*

*Pœnitet. Experiar quid concedatur in illos,*

170

*Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, atque Latina.*

SATIRA

standing smoke tied to a Stake, their Chin supported by a Fork, and dragg'd by Hooks made Furrows in the Sand.'

165 Shall he that poison'd his three Uncles, loll high-  
mounted in his Easy-Chair, thence cast disdainful  
glances upon us below him? ' If in the Street you  
meet him, clap your Finger close to your Lips;  
to point, or cry That's he, brings the Informer on  
your Back. You might indeed with Safety intro-  
duce *g* Æneas, and the fierce Rutilian Hero en-  
gaging; no offence to shew *h* Achilles wounded,  
or *i* Hylas, long sought after, with his Pitcher,  
drown'd: But when Lucilius, raging, brandishes  
his killing Pen, like a drawn Sword, the Hearer  
reddens; conscious of its Crimes the Heart is  
frozen, a cold Sweat betrays the hidden Guilt;  
165 then Rage and Tears succeed. These Things  
consider well, before you sound the Alarm; the  
Soldier once engaged repents too late.' Since  
when I dare not lash the Living, I'll try what can be  
said about the Dead, *k* buried long since in the Fla-  
minian or in the Latin Way.

170 *g* The Son of Anchises by the Goddess Venus. When Troy was on  
fire, he carried his Father through the Flames upon his Shoulders;  
and after many Dangers arrived in Italy, where he engaged in single  
fight with Turnus General of the Rutilians.

*h* The Son of Peleus and Thetis, a valiant Grecian, without whom  
Troy could not have been taken; he was shot in the Heel with  
an Arrow by Paris, the only Place capable of being wounded.

*i* The Son of Theodamas, beloved by Heracles, and waited on him;  
but stooping with his Pitcher for Water out of the River Ascanius,  
he fell in, was drowned, and was sought by Hercules, with great La-  
mentation. *Littus Hyla, Hyla, omne sonabat. VIRG. Eclog. 6.*

*k* The Romans were forbidden by their Laws to bury within the  
City; the Rich were buried, and had stately Monuments over  
them, on the Sides of the publick Roads, such as the Flaminian, &c



## SATIRA II.

**U**ltra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet, & glaciale  
Oceanum, quoties aliquid de moribus audent

Qui Curios simulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt.

Indocti primū : quanquam plena omnia gypso

Chrysiippi invenias : nam perfectissimus horum est,

Si quis Aristotelem similem, vel Pittacon emit,

Et jubet archetypos puteum servare Cleanthis.

Fronti nulla fides : quis enim non vicus abundat

Tristibus

## S A T I R E II.

I COULD wish to fly <sup>a</sup> beyond Sarmatia and the Frozen Sea, when I hear Lectures of Morality from those who pretend to the Virtues <sup>b</sup> of the Curian Family, yet live like the Votaries of <sup>c</sup> Bacchus. A Set of Pedants, who have no other Pretence to Learning, than by filling every Corner of their Studies with Bustos <sup>d</sup> of Chrysippus. He among them is the best Scholar who has purchased the Statue of Aristotle or <sup>e</sup> Pittacus done to the Life; or has in his Library an Original of <sup>f</sup> Cleanthes: There is no Judging by the Outside; for you meet in every Street

D

with

<sup>a</sup> Beyond the Tartars, and the most barbarous Nations, to pass the River Tanais, and fly over the frozen Sea; which was then thought to be innavigable; but the Hollanders have sailed so far as within twelve Degrees of the North Pole.

<sup>b</sup> The Curian Family was honoured in Rome upon the account of Marcus Curius Dentatus. The Ambassadors of the Samnites, finding him at Supper roasting of Roots, and eating out of an earthen Dish, offered him a great Sum of Money, which he refused; and answered he chose to eat out of Earth, and to command the Samnites who were served in Gold.

<sup>c</sup> The Son of Jupiter by Semele. His Feasts were celebrated with monstrous Debauchery, Virtue was punished with Death, and they that refused to sacrifice to Lust, were torn to Pieces by the Fury of the Bacchanals, his Votaries.

<sup>d</sup> A Stoick Philosopher, Scholar to Zeno, and an excellent Logician.

<sup>e</sup> The Son of Nicemachus the Physician, born at Stagyræ, a City of Thrace, seated upon the River Strimon. He was Scholar to Plato, and studied at Athens; he became Tutor afterwards to Alexander the Great, and the Founder of the Peripatetic Philosophy.

<sup>f</sup> A Philosopher of Mitylene, one of the seven Wise Men of Greece.

<sup>g</sup> A Stoic Philosopher, Scholar to Crates, and Successor to Zeno; for his excessive Pains in improving Knowledge, he was called another Hercules. He was so poor, that he was used at Nights to get his Living by drawing Water for the Gardens, that he might apply himself to the Study of Philosophy by Day. He wrote the Doctrine of his Master upon Ox-bones, and broken Tiles, for want of Money to buy Paper.

*Tristibus obscænis ? castigas turpia, cùm sis*

*Inter Socraticos notissima fossa cinædos ?*

10

*Hispida membra quidem, & dura per braccia setæ*

*Promittunt atrocem animum : sed podice levi*

*Caduntur tumida, medico ridente, marisca.*

*Rarus sermo illis, & magna libido tacendi*

*Atque supercilio brevior coma : veriùs ergo,*

15

*Et magis ingenûe Peribonius : hunc ego fatis*

*Imputo, qui vultu morbum, incessuque fatetur.*

*Horum simplicitas miserabilis, his furor ipse*

*Dat veniam : sed peiores, qui talia verbis*

*Herculis invadunt, & de virtute locuti*

20

*Clunem agitant : ego te coventem, Sexte, verebor,*

*Infamis Varillus ait ? quo deterior te ?*

*Loripedem rectus derideat, Æthiopem albus.*

*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes ?*

*Quis cælum terris non misceat, & mare cælo,*

25

with the most obscene Vices under the most formal Appearances. Have you the Face to censure the Crimes of others, when thou art the most noted Sink of Sodomy, a Catamite with the Gravity of a Philosopher? Indeed the Complexion of your Body, your rough Limbs, your Arms with Hair like Bristles, seem to promise a vigorous and a manly Mind; but see how your Surgeon smiles, when he launches the swell'd Piles from your smooth Posteriors. These Saints are seldom heard to speak, they affect a wonderful Taciturnity, they wear their Hair shorter than their Eye-brows; but commend me to the Frankness of <sup>h</sup> Peribonius, who acts openly and above-board: I ascribe this Man's Vices to his Destiny, you may know the Part he plays by his Face and his Step; the Plain-dealing of these Wretches is really to be pitied, the Madness of their Conduct pleads in their Excuse. Much worse are those venerable Sinners, who are always thundering their Censures against Crimes of this sort, are ever preaching up Virtue, and yet vilely prostitute themselves, and wag the Tail. Shall I, said the infamous <sup>i</sup> Varillus, be afraid of Sextus, whose Haunches are the common Sink of the Town, in what am I worse than he? Indeed a straight-limb'd Fellow may be allow'd to play upon his bandy-legg'd Companion, and a fair skinn'd European deride the Blackness of an Æthiop; but for Vice to correct Sin! Who can bear the factious <sup>k</sup> Gracchi railing against Sedition? Who would not swear the Planets from their Spheres, when <sup>l</sup> Verres falls out with Thieving,

D 2

or

<sup>h</sup> Supposed to be the Chief Priest of Cybele, Principal of an Order of Rogues, so scandalous for Drunkenness and Debauchery, that it was not lawful for a free-born Roman to be one of the Number.

<sup>i</sup> A poor infamous Fellow, that would own no Difference between himself and Sextus, as vicious as he, but very rich.

<sup>k</sup> Two factious Brothers, who affecting too much Popularity were killed; Tiberius, as he was making a Speech to the People, was slain by Publius Nasica, and Caius by the Command of the Consul Opimius.

<sup>l</sup> He was made Prætor of Sicily, which Province he miserably plundered and robbed, for which he was condemned and banished.

*Si fur displiceat Verri, aut homicida Miloni ?*

*Clodius accuset mæchos, Catilina Cethegum ?*

*( In tabulam Syllæ si dicant discipuli tres ?*

*Qualis erat nuper tragico pollutus adulter*

*Concubitu : qui tunc leges revocabat amaras*

30

*Omnibus, atque ipsis Veneri, Martique timendas :*

*Cum tot abortivis sæcundam Julia vulvam*

*Solveret, & patruo similes effunderet offas.*

*Nonne igitur jure, ac merito, vitia ultima fictos*

*Contemnunt Scauros, & castigata remordent ?*

35

*Non tulit ex illis torvum Laronia quendam*

*Clamantem toties, ubi nunc lex Julia ? dormis ?*

*Atque ita subridens : felicia tempora quæ te*

*Moribus opponunt : habeat jam Roma pudorem ;*

Tertius

or m Milo with Murder? To hear n Clodius preach-  
 ing against Adulterers, or o Catiline impeach p Cethe-  
 rus for plotting? Or the Triumvirs q Augustus, Le-  
 pidus, and Antonius, the Disciples of Sylla, condemn  
 the cruel Proscriptions of their Master? Such was  
 the Imperial Lecher r Domitian, polluted with the  
 impious Marriage of his Niece, who reviv'd the rigid  
 Laws dreaded by all, (terrible even to s Mars, and  
 Venus) at that very time when the fruitful Julia, by  
 force of Drugs, had so often miscarried by him of  
 crude Births, Abortives the very Picture of the Uncle.  
 May not the last of Vices, justly and deservedly con-  
 temn these false t Scauri, those counterfeit Refor-  
 mers, and when censured turn again and recriminate?  
 Laronia the Courtesan could not bear one of these su-  
 percilious Hypocrites, who was always crying out,  
 What is become of the u Julian Law? Is it asleep?  
 She with a disdainful Smile retorts, 'Happy Days  
 ' indeed that made thee Censor of the Age! Rome  
 ' must reform now for Shame. x Cato the third is

D 3

' dropped.

m He murdered Clodius, Tribune of the People.

n An impudent and sacrilegious Adulterer. He came to the So-  
 lemnity of the Good Goddess, where no Man ought to be present;  
 in the Habit of a singing Woman, to meet Julius Cæsar's Wife.

o A dangerous Conspirator, whose Plots were defeated by Cæsar; he  
 was a Person so in amours for a debauched Life, that his Name is  
 frequently used to denote the vilest of Men.

p A Fellow-Conspirator with Catiline.

q Augustus, Lepidus, and M. Antonius, three famous Romans  
 who by Agreement divided the Empire between them. In the Be-  
 ginning of the Triumvirate, they followed the Example of Sylla that  
 bloody Tyrant, who proscribed so many thousand noble Romans, put  
 them to Death, and seized upon their Estates.

r A Roman Emperor, who corrupted many Men's Wives. He took  
 away Domitia Longina from her Husband Ælius Lamia, and desired  
 Julia Daughter to his Brother Titus, when she was Wife to another;  
 yet he made a Law against Incest, revived the Scantian Law against  
 unnatural Lust, and another against the Violation of the Vestal Virgins.

s Mars play'd the Adulterer with Venus, and was surprized in a  
 Net by Vulcan.

t Æmilius Scaurus was a factious and daring Roman, but had the  
 Art of concealing his Vices.

u This Law was made upon the account of Clodius and Julius  
 Cæsar's Wife, which punishes Adultery with Death.

x There were two eminent Persons of that Name. Cato Censori-  
 nus,



Tertius è cœlo cecidit Cato. *Sed tamen unde* 40

*Hæc emis, hirsuto spirant opobalsama collo*

*Quæ tibi ? ne pudeat dominum monstrare tabernæ :*

*Quòd si vexantur leges, ac jura, citari*

*Ante omnes debet Scantinia ; respice primum*

*Et scrutare viros : faciunt hi plura ; sed illos* 45

*Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.*

*Magna inter molles concordia : non erit ullum*

*Exemplum in nostro tam detestabile sexu ;*

*Tædia non lambit Cluviam, nec Flora Catullam :*

*Hippo subit juvenes, & morbo pallet utroque,* 50

*Nunquid nos agimus causas ? civilia jura*

*Novimus ? aut ullo strepitu fora vestra movemus ?*

*Luçantur pauca, comedunt coliphia pauca.*

*Vos lanam trahitis, calathisque peracta refertis*

*Vellera : Vos tenui prægnantem flamine fustum* 55

*Penelope meliùs, leviùs torquetis Arachne,*

*Horrida quale facit residens in codice pellex.*

*Notum est, cur solo tabulas impleverit Hister*

*Liberto ; dederit vivus cur multa puella.*

*Dives erit, magno quæ dormit tertia lecto.* 60

dropped from the Clouds ! But, grave Sir, where  
 did you buy this Balsam that so sweetly perfumes  
 your hairy Neck ? Don't be ashamed to tell me the  
 Master of the Shop's Name. If old Laws and Pro-  
 ceedings are to be reviv'd, pray let y the Scantinian  
 against Pathicks be one. Look at home, examine  
 your own Sex, they outdo us in Wickedness, but  
 their Numbers and united Force secure them.  
 There is a wonderful Love and Fellow-feeling  
 among these Catamites. You will find no such  
 unnatural Practices committed by us. <sup>a</sup> Tædia  
 never caresses Cluvia, nor Flora Catulla. Hippo  
 acts the Part of both Sexes, and grows pale by un-  
 natural Prostitutions. Do we invade your Pro-  
 vince ? do we offer to plead Causes, to study the  
 Law, or to disturb the Courts with our noisy  
 Bawlings ? Some few of us indeed will fight a Prize  
 upon the Stage, and one now and then you will  
 find dieting herself for a Wrestling Match ; but  
 you Men submit to spin Wool, to carry your  
 Work home in Baskets, you load the Spindle with  
 as fine a Thread as <sup>a</sup> Penelope, and twist more  
 nimbly than <sup>b</sup> Arachne, or the <sup>c</sup> dirty Harlot that  
 spins tied to a Clog at her Master's Door. It is  
 well known why Hister left his whole Estate to his  
 Freedman, why he made so many noble Presents  
 to his young Wife while he lived ; she must needs  
 be rich that can submit to make a Third in Bed.

Then

nus, remarkable for his Gravity and strict Discipline when he was  
 Censor. Cato Uticensis, his Great-grandchild, a severe Moralist,  
 who slew himself at Utica, after Cæsar had conquered Pompey ;  
 our rigid Sto c here, it seems, was the third.

y Caius Scantinius was prosecuted by Caius Marcellus, for an  
 unnatural Attempt upon his Son, which occasioned a Law that fined  
 him in a very large Sum, which he was to pay or forfeit his Life.

<sup>a</sup> Tædia, Cluvia, Flora, Catulla, famous Roman Courtesans in  
 Juvenal's Time.

<sup>a</sup> The Wife of Ulysses, noted for Spinning and Weaving.

<sup>b</sup> A Lydian Maid turned into a Spider by Pallas, whom she had  
 challenged to weave with her.

<sup>c</sup> The Wife suspecting the Familiarity of the Husband with the  
 Maid, used, in his Absence, or after his Death, to expose her, by  
 tying her to a Clog, and setting her to spin before the Door.

*Tu nube, atque tace : donant arcano cylindros.*

*De nobis post hæc tristis sententia fertur :*

*Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.*

*Fugerunt trepidi vera, ac manifesta canentem*

*Stoïcide : quid enim falsi Laronia ? sed quid*

65

*Non facient alii, cùm tu multitia sumas,*

*Cretice, & hanc vestem populo mirante perores*

*In Proculas, & Pollineas ? est mœcha Fabulla :*

*Damnetur si vis, etiam Carfinia : talem*

*Non sumet damnata togam. Sed Julius ardet,*

70

*Æstuo : nudus agas ; minùs est insania turpis.*

*En habitum ! quo te leges, ac jura ferentem*

*Vulneribus crudus populus modò victor, & illud*

*Montanum positis audiret vulgus aratris ?*

*Quid non proclames, in corpore Judicis ista*

75

*Si videas ? quæro an deceant multitia testem.*

*Acer, & indomitus, libertatisque magister,*

*Cretice pelluces ! Dedit hanc contagio labem,*

*Et dabit in plures : sicut grex totus in agris*

*Unius scabie cadit ! & porrigine porci ;*

80

*Uvaeque conspectâ livorem ducit ab uvâ.*

*Fœdius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis amiētū :*

*Nemo repentè fuit turpissimus, accipient te*

*Paulatim,*

65

70

75

0

Then marry, my Girls, hold your Tongues, keep Counsel, and you'll sparkle in Diamonds. Yet for all this the Julian Law must be revived forsooth, against us. Censure acquits the Crow, condemns the Dove.' The effeminate<sup>d</sup> Stoicks, with all their Philosophy, could not stand this true and open Charge, they fled trembling with Guilt; for what had Laronia said that could possibly be denied?

What will not others dare, when thou, <sup>e</sup> Metellus Creticus, triest Causes in Taffeta, a cobweb Vest that shews the Skin? When thou haranguest against Whores and Adulteresses before a wondering Audience? Fabulla you say is a Bawd, let her suffer the Law, and Carfiniatioo, if you please; yet these Prostitutes have not the Impudence to do Penance in so thin a Veil. 'But July is raging hot, I burn.' Then go naked, to be thought mad would not be half the Scandal. See here a Gown Judicial! What would our Ancestors, with Conquest crowned, and their Wounds green, those old Mountaineers, leaving their Plough to come to Rome, what would they have said to hear a silken Judge explaining their Laws and Liberties? Heavens! that a Judge should sit so lewdly dressed. Tell me, would such a Robe become a Witness? Metellus, fierce and implacable to Vice, the Patron of Liberty, lolls wantonly transparent on the Bench. Thy Example is infectious, the Plague spreads wider every Day; so one scabbed Sheep corrupts a Flock: Swine catch the Measles the same way; and one Grape touching another that is tainted, sucks the Poison, and rots.

But it will not end here, you'll soon attempt a Habit more scandalous than this; for no Man becomes completely infamous at once. You'll soon be Company for those lewd Priests, who in their loose  
Retire-

<sup>d</sup> Philosophers so called from *Ἐρέα* a Portico in Athens, where they used to meet and to dispute; they affected to preach up Moral Virtue, and to be distinguished by the Severity of their Manners.

<sup>e</sup> Descended from the Family of Metellus, who was called Creticus from his Conquest of Crete.

*Paulatim, qui longa domi redimicula sumunt*

*Frontibus, & toto posuere monilia collo,*

85

*Atque Bonam teneræ placant abdomine porcæ,*

*Et magno cratere Deam: sed more sinistro*

*Exagitata procul non intrat sæmina limen.*

*Solis ara Deæ maribus patet: ite profanæ,*

*Clamatur: nullo gemit hîc tibicinia cornu.*

90

*Talia secretâ coluerunt Orgia tædâ*

*Cæcropiam soliti Baptæ lassare Cotytâ.*

*Ille supereilium madidâ fuligine tactum*

*Obliquâ producit acu, pingitque trementes*

*Attollens oculos; vitreo bibit ille Priapo,*

95

*Reticulumque comis auratum ingentibus implet*

*Cærulea indutus scutulata, aut galbana rasa:*

*Et per Junonem domini jurante ministro.*

*Ille tenet speculum, pathici gestamen Othonis,*

*Actoris Aurunci spoliū, quo se ille videbat*

100

*Armatum, cū jam tolli vexilla juberet.*

*Res memoranda novis annalibus, atque recenti*

Retirements, like female Votaries, bind their Foreheads with long Fillets, and their Necks surrounded with a String of Jewels, appease the <sup>f</sup> Good Goddesses with a Sacrifice of a young Sow's Belly, and a large Goblet of Wine for a Libation; but contrary to antient Rites, Women find no Admittance here, they are kept aloof, Men only are the Votaries of this Goddess. Be gone, unholy Females, hence, they cry; we'll have no Minstrell with her Cornet here. So celebrated were the Orgies of the Bactæ by private Torch-light at Athens, when they used to tire the lewd & Cotytto with their impurities. One smooths his Eye-brows with a Pencil dipt in Soot infused, and paints his trembling Eyes. Another, like a wanton Bacchanal, drinks out of a Glass Priapus, and ties up his long Tresses of Hair in a Caul woven with Gold, dresses in a Robe wrought with Figures like Cobwebs, or in a soft white Vest. Led by the Example, the lewd Slave swears by <sup>h</sup> Juno the Deity of his Master. Another, proud as if he bore the Spear that <sup>i</sup> Turnus won from Actor of Aurunca, carries a Mirror, the Shield of pathic <sup>k</sup> Otho, in which he view'd himself arm'd Cap-a-pee, when he gave out the Signal to engage. A memorable Event, fit to be recorded in the Annals of the Age, or modern History!

## A Look-

<sup>f</sup> A Roman Lady, famous for Chastity, Wife to one Faustus, and after her Death consecrated. Some take her for Proserpine. Her Sacrifice was a Sow-Pig. She was worshipped by Women only, who were summoned to her Service by the blowing of a Horn, till there arose an execrable Society of Men acting the most impure and filthy Rites in Honour of this Deity, and the Women were excluded.

<sup>g</sup> Cotytto was a Strumpet, whose Festival was celebrated at Athens, (a City of Greece, whose first King was Cecrops) with all Lewdness; the Bactæ were her Priests, called so because they were washed in hot Water before they were admitted to her filthy Sacrifice.

<sup>h</sup> Women swore by Juno, and Men by their Genius.

<sup>i</sup> Turnus, King of the Rutilians, overcame Hector of Aurunca, a City in Italy, and carried off his weighty Spear.

<sup>k</sup> He killed Galba and succeeded him, but was conquered by Vitellius at Bedriacum, a Village between Verona and Cremona. He was so effeminate as to paint his Face in a Glass, before the Engagement. Juvenal remarks, that Semiramis the Assyrian Queen, and Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, (who was present at the Fight at Actium) behaved more like Men. He is charged with having an unnatural Commerce with Nero.



*Historiâ ; speculum civilis sarcina belli.*

*Nimirum summi ducis est occidere Galbam,*

*Et curare cutem summi constantia civis ;*

*Bedriaci in campo spoliū affectare Palati,*

*Et pressum in facie digitis extendere panem :*

*Quod nec in Assyrio pharetrata Semiramis orbe,*

*Mæssa nec Aëtiacâ fecit Cleopatra carinâ.*

*Hic nullus verbis pudor, aut reverentia mensa :*

*Hic turpis Cybyles, & fractâ voce loquendi*

*Libertas, & crine senex fanaticus albo,*

*Sacrorum antistes, rarum ac memorabile magni*

*Cutturis exemplum, conducendusque magister.*

*Quid tamen expectant, Phrygio quos tempus erat jam*

*Mœre supervacuam cultris abrumpere carnem ?*

*Quadringenta dedit Gracchus sestertia, dotem*

*Cornicini : sive hic recto cantaverat ære :*

*Signatæ tabulæ : dictum feliciter ! ingens*

*Cœna sedet ; gremio jacuit nova nupta mariti.*

*O Proceres, censore opus est, an baruspice nobis ?*

*Scilicet horreves, majoraque monstra putares,*

A Looking-glass, choice Baggage for a Civil War !  
 An Action worthy of a gallant General, to kill old  
 Galba in the Forum, and then to paint, becomes the  
 mightiest Citizen of Rome ! To fight at Bedriacum  
 for the Sceptre of the World, then dawb the Face  
 with a soft Paste of Bread steep in the Milk of Asses !  
 A softness the great Semiramis abhorr'd, arm'd with  
 her Quiver in the Syrian Plains, and Cleopatra too,  
 lying dejected in her Actian Galley. No Decency  
 of Conversation, no Regard to the Decorum of Dis-  
 course at Table is observed here, they affect an un-  
 bounded Licentiousness, and a lisping Dialect like the  
 vile Priests of Cybele, the Master of the Ceremonies  
 being an old white-headed Pontiff, possessed with  
 Lust, strange and remarkable for his wide Swallow,  
 and fit to preside in such filthy Solemnities. Why  
 this Delay ? Is it not high Time they should, after  
 the Phrygian Custom, cut off that superfluous Flesh  
 they make no use of ?

<sup>m</sup> Gracchus gave four hundred Sestertia with him-  
 self in Dower to one that winds a Horn, or if you  
 please, a Trumpeter ; the Marriage-Contract is sign-  
 ed, the usual Joy wish'd, a costly Supper provided,  
 the He-Bride in his Bride-groom's Arms is laid.  
 Nobles of Rome, need we a Censor to correct, or  
 an Auruspex to expiate these Crimes ? Impurities

E

that

1 Cybele, the Daughter of Heaven and Earth, called the Mother  
 of the Gods ; the Corybantes were her Priests, who worshipped her  
 by the Sound of Drums, Tabors, Pipes, and Cymbals. She loved a  
 beautiful Phrygian Youth called Atya, and made him her Priest, up-  
 on Condition that he should live chaste ; but breaking his Vow, she  
 made him run mad, and cut off his Testicles, and would have de-  
 stroyed himself, but in Pity she changed him into a Pine-tree. By  
 his Example her Phrygian Priests ever afterwards gelt themselves  
 with the Shell of a Fish.

<sup>m</sup> An infamous Nobleman, a Disgrace to his Family and Nation.

<sup>n</sup> The Censors were two Officers chosen by the Consuls, with the  
 Command of the Senate ; their Business was to punish evil and inde-  
 cent Manners, such as the Law took no Cognizance of, by degrading  
 the Senators and Knights, and disfranchising the Commonalty.

<sup>o</sup> A Soothsayer, Part of whose Office it was to illustrate or pur-  
 sue any Place polluted with any monstrous or portentous Event.

*Si mulier vitulum, vel si bos ederet agnum?*

*Segmenta, & longos habitus, & flammea fumit,*

*Arcano qui sacra ferens nutantia loro*

125

*Sudavit clypeis ancilibus. O pater urbis!*

*Unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus? unde*

*Hæc tetigit, Gradive, tuos urtica nepotes?*

*Traditur ecce viro clarus genere, atque opibus vir:*

*Nec galeam quassus, nec terram cuspide pulsas?*

130

*Nec quereris patri? Vade ergo, & cede severi*

*Fugeribus campi, quem negligis. Officium cràs*

*Primo sole mihi peragendum in valle Quirini:*

*Quæ causa officii? quod quæris? nubit amicus,*

*Nec multos adhibet, liceat modo vivere: fient,*

135

*Fient ista palam, cupient & in acta referri.*

*Interea tormentum ingens nubentibus hæret,*

*Quod nequeunt parere, & partu retinere maritos.*

*Sed melius, quod nil animis in corpora juris*

*Natura indulget: steriles moriuntur, & illis*

140

*Turgida*

that make you tremble, and of more portentous Import than for a Woman to be delivered of a Calf, or a Cow calve a Lamb.

p The lusty Priest that sweated with the Weight of the Ancilia, clattering in the Dance, and tied with Thongs of Leather close within, now wears the Necklace, the Veil, the long Robe of a Bride. Thou grand & Founder of our City, how came thy Latian Shepherds plung'd in such Crimes? How came thy warlike Race infected with such filthy Lechery? See here a Man of Fortune, of the first Rank, turn'd up for a Wife! And yet thou never shak'st thy threatening Helmet, nor strik'st the Earth with thy avenging Spear, nor dost complain to Jove thy Father; Pritheee be gone, and leave the Campus Martius, devoted to thy Godship, to a more active Delity. Early to-morrow I'm to go to the Quirinal Vale to pay my Compliments. 'On what Account?' Can't you guess? My He Friend is to be a Bride; indeed he keeps it private, but have a little Patience, this sort, this very sort of Weddings will be celebrated openly, and insist of being enter'd in the publick Registers. These Male-Wives, indeed, have one sad Torment that sticks close to them, they can't breed, nor engage the Affection of their Husbands by bringing Children; no, Nature has wisely denied their Souls the Power of changing the Sex of their Bodies, they die childless; nor can plump Lyde with her

E 2

Box

p The same Gracchus. He was one of the Salii, or Priests of Mars, who had the Care of the Ancilia, or Brazen Shields, of which there were twelve; one fell from Heaven, the rest were made by that Pattern by Numa. These Priests wore a Cap like an Helmet, an embroidered Coat, a Brazen Breast plate, with a little Shield fastened with a Thong on the Inside, and small Daggers in their Hands, with which they struck upon their Shields, and thus every Year in March they solemnly danced about the Forum and the Capitol.

q Mars, the supposed Father of Romulus.

r A Field consecrated to Mars, between Rome and the Tiber, where the Roman Youth went through their Exercises.

s The Porch of the Temple of Romulus, where matrimonial Contracts were sometimes made.

t She went about among the Women with Boxes of Ointment to promote Fruitfulness.

*Turgida non prodest conditâ pyxide Lyde,  
Nec prodest agili palmas præbere Luperco.*

*Vicit & hoc monstrum tunicati fuscina Gracchi,  
Lustravitque fugâ mediam gladiator arenam,  
Et Capitolinis generosior, & Marcellis,  
Et Catulis, Paulique minoribus, & Fabiis, &  
Omnibus ad podium spectantibus: hic licet ipsum  
Admoveas, cujus tunc munere retia misit.*

145

*Esse aliquos manes, & subterranea regna,  
Et contum, & Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,  
Atque unâ transire vadum tot millia cymbâ,  
Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur,  
Sed tu vera puta. Curius quid sentit, & ambo*

150

*Scipiade ?*

Box of Ointment, nor a smart Stroke from the u  
Luperci's Thong, promote Conception, or make  
the Labour easy.

Yet x Gracchus, armed with his Trident in a  
common Fencer's Dress, exceeds this monstrous  
Act; when as a Gladiator, he traverses the Stage,  
and wheels about till he has fix'd his Aim: Tho'  
nobler born than were the y Manlii, Marcelli, Catu-  
li; than the Posterity of Paulus, the Fabii; than  
the Spectators of every Rank in the Front-Boxes;  
than the very Prætor, at whose Expence this noble  
Retiarius throws his Net.

That there are Ghosts and subterraneous Realms,  
and z Charon with his Pole, that filthy Frogs crawl  
in the Stygian Lake, that so many thousand Souls  
are waisted over in one leaky Boat, is scarce believ'd  
by Boys, except when young, under four Years, al-  
low'd to bathe for nothing. These Truths do thou  
believe. What would great Curius, and the Scipio's,  
E 3 Camillus'

u In the Month of February the Priests of Pan used to run naked  
about the City with a Thong of a Goat-skin in their Hands; a Stroke  
of which was believed to forward Conception; the married Women  
who had no Children were sure to place themselves in the Way.

x This scandalous Nobleman debased himself to play the Part of a  
Retiarius, who was so called from the principal Part of his Furniture;  
for he was dressed in a short Coat, he bore a three-pointed Lance in  
his Left hand, and in his Right a Net, with which he attempted to  
entangle his Adversary, by casting it over his Head, and suddenly  
drawing it together, and then with his Trident he usually slew him.  
The other Combatant was called Myrmillo, who, besides a hooked  
Sword and a Buckler, was allowed also a Helmet, on which was the  
Image of a Fish, which gave occasion to the Retiarius to say, when  
he cast his Net, 'I do not aim at you, I throw at your Fish.'  
The Myrmillo is sometimes called Secutor or the Pursuer, because  
if the Retiarius did not dextrously poise his Arm in casting his Net,  
but either threw too short, or too far, he instantly betook himself to  
his Heels, running about the Amphitheatre for his Life, that he  
might gather up his Net for a second Cast; the Myrmillo in the  
mean time as swiftly pursuing him (whence he was called Secutor)  
to prevent him of his Design.

y Manlii, Marcelli, &c. noble Families, and an Ornament to the  
Roman Name.

z The Son of Erebus and Nox, and Ferryman of Hell; he waisted  
the Souls of the Dead over the Stygian Lake in an old Boat, which  
he shoved over with a Pole.



*Scipiadae ? quid Fabricius, manesque Camilli ?*

*Quid Cremera legio, & Cannis consumpta juvenus ?* 155

*Tot bellorum animæ ? quoties hinc talis ad illos*

*Umbra venit ; cuperent lustrari, si qua darentur*

*Sulphura cum tædis, & si foret humida laurus.*

*Illuc, heu ! miseri traducimur : arma quidem ultra*

*Littora Juvernæ promovimus, & modò captas* 160

*Orcados, ac minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.*

*Sed quæ nunc populi fiunt victoris in urbe,*

*Non faciunt illi, quos vicimus : & tamen unus*

*Armenius Zelates cunctis narratur ephebis*

*Mollior ardenti sese indulsisse Tribuno.* 165

*Aspice quid faciant commercia : venerat obses.*

*Hic sunt homines : nam si mora longior urbem*

*Indulsit pueris, non unquam deerit amator :*

*Mittentur braccæ, cultelli, fræna, flagellum :*

*Sic prætextatos referunt Artaxata mores.* 170

Camillus' Ghost, <sup>a</sup> the Legion slain at Cremera, the  
 Youth destroyed at <sup>b</sup> Cannæ, so many warlike Souls,  
 what would they say to see an unbelieving Shade ar-  
 rise among them? They'd think they were profaned,  
 all for Lustrations, for <sup>c</sup> Sulphur, and Pine-tree  
 Wood, and for a Laurel-branch to sprinkle them  
 with pure Water. Hither, alas! we Wretches are  
 convey'd; altho' our Arms advance beyond <sup>d</sup> Juver-  
 na's Shores; tho' the <sup>e</sup> Orcades are just subdu'd, and  
 Northern Britons, in Summer blest almost with  
 constant Sun? but those Impurities which Imperial  
 Rome acts daily, to Provinces we conquer, are un-  
 known. Yet one <sup>g</sup> Zelates, an Armenian, is said to  
 be more effeminate than all our Striplings, and lays  
 himself open to a Tribune's Lust. See the blest Fruits  
 of Commerce! hither he came an Hostage; they  
 soon grow Master of the Trade. If we admit these  
 Youths to stay much longer with us, they'll soon  
 forget the Customs of their Country, despise their  
 open Trowsers, short Knives, Whip and Bridles,  
 and so bring home to the Armenian Capital the  
 Vices of our loose young Nobles here.

<sup>a</sup> After some other great Names our Author mentions the Legion  
 slain at Cremera. They werethe noble Family of the Fabii; about  
 three hundred of them, who took upon themselves the War against  
 the Veientes, after some Advantages, were at last by a Stratagem  
 all cut off at Cremera, a River of Tuscany, to a Man; a Child of the  
 Family happened to be left behind at Rome, from whom, after many  
 Descents, came that Fabius Maximus created Dictator against Hanni-  
 bal. The Number destroyed was not near a Legion (which consisted of  
 6000 Foot and 700 Horse) but their Valour and Merit made them  
 equal.

<sup>b</sup> An obscure Village in Apulia, made famous by a great Over-  
 throw which Hannibal gave the Romans; the Carthagenians did  
 Execution so long, that Hannibal himself cried out, 'Soldiers, no  
 more Blood.'

<sup>c</sup> The ancient Way of purging those that were polluted was  
 with Sulphur, and the Wood of the unctuous Pine-tree, to sprinkle  
 them likewise with a Laurel branch dipped in Water.

<sup>d</sup> The Coast of Ireland.

<sup>e</sup> The Islands of Orkney in the North of Scotland.

<sup>f</sup> In the Summer Solstice, in the most Northern Parts of the  
 Island of Britain, there is scarce any Night.

<sup>g</sup> A Youth sent to Rome from Artaxata the Capital of Armenia,  
 debauched by the Tribune who had the Custody of him.

## SATIRA III.

*Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,  
Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis  
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.  
Janua Baiarum est, & gratum littus, amœni  
Secessus, ego vel Prochyta præpono Suburræ.  
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non  
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus  
Testorum assiduos, ac mille pericula sæva  
Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense Poëtas?  
Sed dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ.  
Substitit ad veteres arcus, modidamque Capenam:  
Hic, ubi nocturnæ Numa constituebat amicæ,*

Nunc

## SATIRE III.

**T**HOU' I am disturb'd at the Absence of an old Friend, yet I can't but commend him for fixing upon the Privacy of Cumæ <sup>a</sup>, and adding one new Inhabitant to that noted Residence of the Sibyl; it lies in the high Road to <sup>b</sup> Baiæ, has a pleasant Shore and delightful Retirements. For my own part, I would rather live at the barren Island of <sup>c</sup> Prochyta, than in the middle of <sup>d</sup> Suburra; for what Place can be more wretched and solitary, and give you more frightful Apprehensions, than the frequent Fires, the continual Falling of Houses, and a thousand other Accidents that every Day happen in this dangerous City, but especially than that execrable Custom of the Poets reciting their Verses in the Dog-days? My Friend waiting for the poor little Cart that was sufficient to carry his whole Furniture, stopt at the <sup>e</sup> old Arches near the Conduit-Gate. 'Twas here that Numa in the Night consulted with his belov'd Egeria.

<sup>a</sup> A famous City of Italy; its Ruins lie on a Hill by the Sea-side, about twelve Miles North-west of Naples. The Sibyl's Grotto being in this Neighbourhood, she was hence called Cumæa and Cumana.

<sup>b</sup> A delightful City of Campania, situated near the Sea-side, between Puteoli and Misenum, and abounds in warm Springs; near it are to be seen the Remains of Caligula's Bridge. It was so called from Bais, one of Ulysses's Mates, buried there.

<sup>c</sup> A desert and rugged Island in the Tyrrhene Sea, near the Cape of Misenum.

<sup>d</sup> One of the principal Streets in Rome, frequented chiefly by the Vulgar, and Women of bad Fame.

<sup>e</sup> An Arch was a Monument of Stone like the Arch of a Bridge, erected in Memory of some Triumph or Victory. This was raised in Honour of the Horatii; and over it, and the South Gate of the City, were Pipes laid to convey the Water from the Fountain of Egeria.

<sup>f</sup> The second King of Rome, who first instilled into the Romans a Reverence for Religion; and the more strongly to recommend his  
[Laws,

Nunc sacri fontis nemus, & delubra locantur  
Judæis : quorum cophinus, sænumque supellex.

Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere jussa est  
Arbor, & ejectis mendicat sylva camænis.

In vallem Egeriæ descendimus, & speluncas

Diffimiles veris : quanto præstantius esset

Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas

Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum ?

Hic tunc Umbricitus : quando artibus, inquit, honestis

Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,

Res hodie minor est, herè quam fuit, atque eadem cras

Deteret exiguis aliquid : proponimus illuc

Ite, fatigatas ubi Dedalus exuit alas :

Dum nova canities, dum prima, & recta senectus,

Dum superest Lachesi, quod torqueat, & pedibus me

Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

Cedamus patriâ : vivant Arturius istic,

Et Catulus : maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt,

Quæis facila est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,

Siccandam

ria. Now that Grove, that sacred Fount, those hal-  
 lowed Shrines are let to Jews, whose whole Estate  
 consists in a Basket for their own Provisions, and a  
 Truss of Hay for their Cattle. Such is the Avarice  
 of the Senate, that every Tree is compell'd, as it  
 were, to pay a Tax for its Standing. The venerable  
 Grove, devoted to the Muses, long since expell'd, is  
 now a Nest of Beggars. We descend into the Vale  
 of Egeria, to those fair Wells that are really spoil'd  
 by their Ornaments. How much diviner had the  
 Waters been, if with an Edge of never-dying Grass  
 the Fount had been inclosed, nor Marble had pro-  
 fan'd the native Stone? Here then Umbricius begins :

Since, says he, this City affords no Place for the  
 Improvement of noble Arts, no Encouragement for  
 Industry, since the Evil grows worse every Day, and  
 To-morrow will file off something from the little  
 that is left, I'm resolv'd to go to Cumæ, where Dæ-  
 dalus put off his tired Wings. Whilst grey Hairs just  
 begin to appear, whilst old Age is fresh and upright,  
 and <sup>g</sup> Lachesis has yet some Thread to spin, whilst I  
 can stand upon my own Legs, and walk without the  
 help of a Staff. Let us leave our native City ; let  
 those Villains, <sup>h</sup> Arturius and Catulus, live there ; let  
 those stay behind who turn black into white, and  
 confound the Notions of Right and Wrong ; / who  
 make nothing of hiring Houses, Rivers, Havens, to  
 let out for Gain ; of cleansing common Sewers, of  
 under-

Laws, he persuaded them that every Night he conversed with a God-  
 dess, or a Nymph called Egeria, from whose Mouth he received his  
 whole form of Government: Their Place of Meeting was in a Grove  
 without the Porta Capena, dedicated to the Muses, wherein was a  
 Temple consecrated to them, and to the Goddess Egeria, whose  
 Fountain waters the Grove ; for it seems she wept herself into a  
 Fountain, for the Death of Numa. This Fountain, Grove, and  
 Temple, were let out at a yearly Rent to Jews.

<sup>g</sup> The Heathens believed that the Thread of Man's Life was dis-  
 posed of by Three fatal Sisters, Daughters of Erebus and Nox, cal-  
 led the Destinies. Clotho bore the Distaff, Lachesis spun the Thread,  
 and Atropos (when it came to the appointed End) cut it off.

<sup>h</sup> Two upstart Fellows who became rich, and monopolized all  
 Places of Profit and Advantage, of a Scavenger, Golder-finder, &c.



*Siccandum eluvium, portandum ad busta cadaver,  
Et præbere caput dominâ venale sub hastâ.*

*Quondam hi cornicines, & municipalis arena*

*Perpetui comites, notæque per oppida buccæ,*

*Munera nunc edunt, & verso pollice vulgi*

*Quem libet occidunt populariter : inde reversi*

*Conducunt foricas : & cur non omnia ? cùm sint*

*Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum*

*Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari.*

*Quid Romæ faciam ? mentiri nescio : librum*

*Si malus est, nequeo laudare, & poscere : motus*

*Astrorum ignoro : funus promittere patris*

*Nec volo, nec possum : ranarum viscera nunquam*

*Inspexi : ferre ad nuptam quæ mittit adulter,*

*Quæ mandat, nōrint alii : me nemo ministro*

*Fur erit : atque ideo nulli comes exeo, tanquam*

*Mancus, & extinctæ corpus non utile dextra.*

*Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius, & cui fervens*

*Æstuat occultis animus, semperque tacendis?*

*Nil tibi se debere putat, nil conferet unquam,*

*Participem qui te secreti fecit honesti.*

*Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,*

*Accusare potest, tanti tibi non sit opaci*

*Omnes arena Tagi, quodque in mare volbitur aurum,*

undertaking Funerals, of selling Slaves, or even themselves, by Auction. These Fellows were originally no more than Trumpeters, constant Followers of a Set of Strollers, known all the Country over by their swelled Cheeks. Now they exhibit Sword-plays at their own Expence, and from an Air of Popularity, adjudge to Death the vanquish'd Gladiator, by the Turn of their Thumbs ; from thence they return again to their old Trade of Gold-finding, and what not ? These are the Men that Fortune, in a merry Humour, raises out of the Dirt to the highest Pinnacle of human Greatness.

What shall I do at Rome ? I cannot lye ; I cannot praise a Book, or beg to read it, if it be bad. I know nothing of the Motion of the Stars ; I neither will nor can foretel the Death of a rich Father, to a gaping Heir ; I never inspected the Entrails of Toads for Poison : Let others value themselves for their Dexterity in conveying a Present or a Letter from the Adulterer to another Man's Wife. I'll be Receiver to no Thief, and therefore you see me alone, going out without one Companion, like a Limb lopp'd off, or a wither'd Arm usefess to the Body. Who is the Man caressed, but he that is conscious of deep Intrigues, whose Heart labouring with Secrets of another's Guilt, never to be revealed, burns in his Bosom ? If a Friend opens his Breast, and discloses a Secret that tends to his Honour, he does not think himself under an Obligation, nor will he reward you for your Pains in keeping it close ; but Verres must load that Man with Favours, who has Verres's Life in his Power, and can arraign him at the Bar when he pleases. Let not the golden Sand that <sup>k</sup> Tagus

F

rolls

i In a Fight of Gladiators, if the People thought he that was overcome behaved like a Coward, without Courage or Art, they used to cleech one Hand, the Thumb standing upwards, and to give the Hand a Cast gently over their Shoulder, in a kind of Contempt : as much as to say, Away with him, let him be killed, he is not fit to live.

k A River of Portugal, famous in those times for its golden Sands.

Ut somno careas, ponendaque præmia sumas

56

Tristis, & à magno semper timearis amico.

Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,

Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri;

Nec pudor obstabit. Non possum ferre, Quirites,

60

Græcam urbem, quamvis quota portio facis Achææ?

Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes,

Et linguam, & mores, & cum tibicine chordas

Obliquas, necnon gentilia tympana secum

Vexit, & ad Circum jussas prostare puellas.

65

Itæ, quibus grata est pictâ lupa Barbara mitrâ.

Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,

Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo,

Hic altâ Sicyone, ast hic Amydone relicta,

Hic

rolls within its shady Stream as a rich Tribute to the Sea, rob thee of sweet Repose, or prevail with thee to touch, at the Hazard of thy Conscience, those Bribes which thou should'st scorn, which make thee dreaded by thy wealthy Friend, who hires thee to conceal his Guilt.

I'm out of Patience, nor shall Shame restrain me from shewing what a foreign Set of Gentry (Rogues I shall carefully avoid) are the choice Favourites of our purse-proud Citizens. I can't endure, my noble Countrymen, a <sup>l</sup> Grecian Town within the Walls of Rome; and yet how small the Number of that Grecian Crew, compared with Syrians? <sup>m</sup> Orontes long ago has flow'd into the <sup>n</sup> Tiber, and introduced their Language, Customs, their crooked Harps, Fiddlers, and Country-Cymbals, and taught their common Whores to ply publickly for Cullies at the <sup>o</sup> Circus. Hasten hither you that love to ride a foreign Hackney, dressed with a painted Topknot; O <sup>p</sup> Romulus, thy Nation of Clodhoppers wear the loose <sup>q</sup> Gown of a fawning Client, and hang the Rewards of Victory about their Necks, bedawb'd with Wax and Oil like a Prize-fighter. One comes from the lofty <sup>r</sup> City of Sicyon, a second from <sup>s</sup> Amydon, a third from <sup>t</sup> An-

F 2

dros,

<sup>l</sup> Frequented by rascally Greeks and Syrians, who by their Artifices get into the Favour of the Rich.

<sup>m</sup> A River of Syria rising in Mount Libanus, and discharging itself by Antioch into the Sea.

<sup>n</sup> A famous River of Italy that runs by Rome.

<sup>o</sup> Underneath the Seats of the Circus that were Cells or Vaults, where Women, especially Foreigners, prostituted themselves for Money.

<sup>p</sup> The supposed Son of Mars by Ilia the Niece of Numitor; he was the Founder of Rome.

<sup>q</sup> Our Author observes here, (tho' this Place has proved troublesome to Expositors) that while the Greeks and other Nations were exquisite in Flattery, and in getting Money, the dull Romans were good for nothing but to trudge about for the Benefit of the Sportula, or to pursue the idle Fame arising from their Skill in Fencing.

<sup>r</sup> Sicyon, a City of Peloponnesus.

<sup>s</sup> Amydon, a City of Macedon.

<sup>t</sup> Andros, an Island in the *Aegean* Sea.

*Ut somno careas, ponendaque præmia sumas*

56

*Tristis, & à magno semper timearis amico.*

*Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,*

*Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri;*

*Nec pudor obstabit. Non possum ferre, Quirites,*

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<sup>s</sup> Amydon, a City of Macedon.

<sup>t</sup> Andros, an Island in the *Ægean* Sea.



*Hic Andro, ille Samo, hic Trallibus, aut Alabandis,* 70

*Esquilias, dictumque petunt a Vimine collem ;*

*Viscera magnarum domuum, dominique futuri.*

*Ingenium velox, audacia perditâ, sermo*

*Promptus, & Isæo torrentior : ede quid illum*

*Esse putes ? quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos :* 75

*Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,*

*Augur, Schænobates, Medicus, Magus : omnia novit*

*Graculus esuriens ; in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.*

*Ad summum non Maurus erat, nec Sarmata, nec Thrax,*

*Qui sumpsit pennas, mediis sed natus Athenis.* 80

*Horum ego non fugiam conchyliâ ? me prior ille*

*Signabit ? fultusque toro meliore recumbet,*

*Adveetus Romam, quo pruna coctona, vento ?*

*Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum*

*Hausit Aventini, baccâ nurita Sabinâ ?* 85

*Quid ? quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat*

*Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici,*

*Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat*

*Herculis, Antæum procul â tellure tenentis ?*

*Miratur vocem augustam, quâ deterius nec* 90

*Ille sonat, quo mordetur gallina marito.*

*Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare : sed illis*

*Creditur*

ros, a fourth from <sup>u</sup> Samos, a fifth from <sup>x</sup> Tralles,  
<sup>r</sup> Alabanda; hither they flock to Mount <sup>z</sup> Esqui-  
 line, or the Viminal Hill, get into the Secrets of great  
 Families, soon turn out the old Masters, and become  
 Lords themselves. They are Fellows of a quick Wit,  
 of abandon'd Impudence, of a ready Speech, and a  
 Volubility of Tongue superior to <sup>a</sup> Isæus himself.  
 What sort of a Creature will you call this? He is  
 completely a Jack of all Trades; a Grammarian, a  
 Rhetorician, a Geometrician, a Painter, a 'Nointer  
 of Wrestlers, a Soothsayer, a Rope-dancer, a Physi-  
 cian, a Conjurer; this hungry Greek knows every  
 thing: bid him fly in the Air, he'll do it: In short,  
 Dædalus, who invented Wings, was no Moor, no  
 Sarmatian, no Thracian, but born in the middle of  
 Athens. Shall I not avoid these Rascals strutting in  
 Purple? <sup>z</sup> Shall he sign his Name before mine, or sit  
 above me at Table, that sail'd to Rome with the  
 same Wind that brought a Freight of Prunes and  
 Syrian Figs? Is it then so despicable a thing to draw  
 our first Breath on Mount Aventine, and be brought  
 up with Sabine Olives? Who can bear this crafty  
 Nation of Hypocrites, crying up the Wit of a rich  
 Blockhead their Patron, commending his Lordship's  
 ugly Face, comparing his long Crane-neck, totter-  
 ing on his weak Shoulders, with the Strength of  
 Hercules shaking <sup>b</sup> Antæus in the Air, applauding  
 his squeaking Voice, tho' he creaks like a Hen, when  
 the Cock bites and treads her? We indeed can flat-  
 ter as well as they, but they are believ'd before us.

F 3

Who

<sup>a</sup> An Island in the Icarian Sea, opposite to Ionia.

<sup>x</sup> Tralles, a City of the Lesser Asia, between Caria and Lydia.

<sup>y</sup> Alabanda, a City in Caria, infamous for effeminate Men, and  
 loose singing Women.

<sup>z</sup> The seven Hills that Rome stood upon, were, the Palatine, the  
 Quirinal, the Aventine, the Esquiline, the Tarpeian or Capitoline,  
 and the Viminal, called so from the Oziers growing upon it.

<sup>a</sup> An Athenian Orator, the Master of Demosthenes.

<sup>b</sup> A Giant begot by Neptune upon the Earth; when he found  
 himself weary, he recovered his Strength and Spirits by touching the  
 Earth his Mother; and therefore when Hercules wrestled with him,  
 he held him up in the Air, that the Earth should not refresh him.

*Creditur : an melior cūm Tkaïda sustinet, aut cūm  
Uxorem Comædus agit, vel Dorida nullo*

*Cultam palliolo ? mulier nempe ipsa videtur,  
Non perſona loqui : vacua & plana omnia dicas  
Infrà ventriculum, & tenui diſtantiâ rimâ.*

95

*Nec tamen Antiochus, nec erit mirabilis illic  
Aut Stratocles, aut cum molli Demetrius Hamo :*

*Natio comæda eſt : rides ? majore cachinno*

100

*Concutitur : flet, ſi lachrymas conſpexit amici,*

*Nec dolet : igniculum brumæ ſi tempore poſcas,*

*Accipit Endromidem : ſi dixeris, æſtuo, ſudat.*

*Non ſumus ergo pares : melior qui ſemper, & omni*

*Noſte dieque poteſt alienum ſumere vultum ;*

105

*A facie jaſtare manus, laudare paratus,*

*Si bene ruſtavit, ſi rectū minxit amicus,*

*Si trulla inverſo crepitum dedit aurea fundo.*

*Præterea ſanctum nihil eſt, & ab inguine tutum :*

*Non matrona laris, non filia virgo, neque ipſe*

110

*Sponſus lævis adhuc, non filius antè pudicus.*

*Horum ſi nihil eſt, aviam reſupinat amici.*

*Scire volunt ſecreta domûs, atque inde timeri.*

*Et quoniam cœpit Græcorum mentio, tranſi*

*Gymnaſia, atque audi facinus majoris abollæ.*

115

*Stoicus occidet Baream, delator amicum,*

Who can act more to the life when he represents a Courtezan, a Wife, or a Sea-Nymph naked, upon the Stage? 'Tis not the Player, but the very Woman seems to speak, you'd swear, (allowing a small matter of Difference) 'twas all plain and bare below the Girdle. In short, the most famous Greek Actors, Antiochus, Stratocles, Demetrius, or Hæmus with his soft Voice, will be quite out of Date; for Greece is a whole Nation of Mimicks: do but smile, he laughs out till his Sides shake; to see a Friend in Tears, he weeps, but with no Manner of Concern; call for a little Fire in Winter-time, he instantly claps on his thick Shag-coat; say you're hot, he sweats. So that we are not upon a Level with these Fellows, who have always an artificial Face to clap on, especially a Copy of their Patron's Countenance, are ever ready to lift up their Hands with Admiration, and bless themselves, if their Lord does but so much as belch with a Grace, if he pisses with a clear Stream, if he does but c smack with an Air, after he has turn'd up the Bottom of the golden Bowl, and supp'd up the last Drop.

Besides, there is nothing so sacred that can escape the Lust of these rank Greeks, not the Mistress of the Family, nor the Maiden Daughter, nor the young Bridegroom, nor the Son before untainted; if you have none of these in your House, they will take up with your old Grandame; they work themselves into the Secrets of your Family, then you fear them as your Masters. And now we are speaking of these Sycophants, do but step into their Schools, and you'll hear an Account of Villainy perpetrated by a grave Professor with his Philosophick Cloak.

d Egnatius the Stoick murder'd his Pupil Barea, the  
Informer

c This Passage refers to the Greek Custom of applauding a Man after he had drank a large Vessel (such as the Trulla was) at a Draught; which clean Carousing was generally expressed by a Smack, or kissing the Bottom of the Cup.

d He impeached Barea Soranus his Pupil of High-treason in Nero's Time, but he was himself condemned and executed in the Reign of Vespasian, upon the Information of Masonius Rufus.

*Discipulumque senex, ripâ nutritus in illâ,  
Ad quam Gorgonei delapsa est penna caballi.*

*Non est Romano cuiquam locus hic, ubi regnat  
Protogenes aliquis, vel Diphilus, aut Erimanthus,* 120

*Qui gentis vitio nunquam partitur amicum ;  
Solus habet. Nam cùm facilem stillavit in aurem*

*Exiguum de naturæ, patriæque veneno,  
Limine summoveor : periêrunt tempora longi*

*Servitii : nusquam minor est jactura clientis.* 125

*Quod porro officium (ne nobis blandiar) aut quod*

*Pauperis hic meritum? si curet nocte togatus*

*Currere, cùm Prætor licetorem impellat, & ire*

*Præcipitem jubeat, dudum vigilantibus orbis,*

*Ne prior Albinam, aut Modiam collega salutet?* 130

*Divitis hic servi claudit latus ingenuorum*

*Filius : alter enim, quantum in legione Tribuni*

*Accipiunt, donat Calvinæ, vel Catienæ,*

*Ut semel atque iterùm super illam palpitet : at tu*

*Cùm tibi vestiti facies scorti placet hæres,* 135

*Et dubitas altâ Chionem deducere sellâ,*



Informer betray'd his Friend, the old Tutor was the Death of his Scholar ; this Monster was a Greek, bred upon the Coasts of e Tarsus, where Pegasus stumbling in the Air, dropt a Feather from his Heel. This is no Place for a true Roman, where none are caressed but a Set of Greek Flatterers, a Protogenes, a Diphilus, or Erimanthus, who, by the wicked Custom of their Nation, never admit a Partner into the Confidence of their Friend, but keep him close to themselves. For if one of these Fellows does but infuse one Drop of his Country's Poison, or his own, into the easy Ear of my old Patron, I'm immediately turn'd out of Doors, my long slavish Attendance is all forgot ; and indeed nothing is less regarded here, than the Loss of an old Client. But (not to flatter ourselves) what do we poor Dependants get ? what Advantage have we Wretches by waiting before Day at the Gates of the Rich, when the very Magistrates, the Prætor himself, hurries on his f Lictor to get there before us, orders him, Neck or nothing to be first at the Levee of the Wealthy and Childless, (who rise early expecting the Ceremony) and is afraid lest his Colleague should pay his Compliments to rich Albina or Modia before him ?

Here you shall see the Sons of Gentlemen giving the Wall to a purse-proud Slave ; another Rascal shall afford as much for a Night's Lodging or two with Calvina or Catiena, as a Captain's Pay ; when you are glad to take up with a common masked Strumpet ; you stick close to her, and dare not so much as offer your Hand to Chione, to help her from her stately Chair.

Produce

e A City of Cicilia, where Pegasus (a poetical winged Horse generated from the Blood of Medusa) as he was rode by Bellerophon, stumbled in the Air, and spraining his Fetlock, dropt a Feather from his Heel, from whence the Town was called Tarsus.

f The Prætor was attended by a Lictor, a sort of Executioner, that carried on his Shoulder an Axe within a Bundle of Rods, signifying the different Punishments of petty and capital Offenders, these being only whipt, these beheaded.



*Da testem Romæ tam sanctum, quam fuit hospes  
Numinis Idæi : procedat vel Numa, vel qui  
Servavit trepidam flagranti ex æde Minervam :  
Protinus ad censum : de moribus ultima fiet* 140  
*Quæstio : quot pascit servos ? quot possidet agri  
Fugera ? quam multâ, magnâque paropside cœnat ?  
Quantum quisque suâ nummorum servat in arcâ,  
Tantum habet & fidei. Fures licet & Samothracum,  
Et nostrorum aras, contemnere fulmina pauper* 145  
*Creditur, atque Deos, Dis ignoscentibus ipsis.  
Quid, quod materiam præbet causasque jocosum  
Omnibus hic idem, si fœda & scissa lacerna,  
Si toga sordidula est, & ruptâ calceus alter  
Pelle patet : vel si consuto vulnere crassum* 150  
*Atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix ?  
Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,  
Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit, Exeat, inquit,  
Si pudor est, & de pulvino furgat equestri  
Cujus res legi non sufficit, & sedeant hic* 155  
*Lenonum pueri, quocunque in fornice nati.  
Hic plaudat nitidi præconis filius inter  
Pinnirapi cultos juvenes, juvenesque lanistæ.*

Produce an Evidence at Rome, as just as <sup>g</sup> Scipio Nasica the Protector of the Idæan Cybele, let Numma himself appear, or <sup>h</sup> Lucius Metellus, who snatch'd Minerva trembling from the Flames, the first Enquiry is about his Fortune, his Honesty is last examined. How many Servants does he keep? What Estate has he in Land? How many Courses has he at his Table? The Credit of an Evidence in Court is believ'd in Proportion to the Money in his Purse. Swear, if you please, by the Altars of the great <sup>i</sup> Samothracian Gods, or by the Deities of <sup>k</sup> our own, yet a poor Witness is supposed to despise the Terrors of Thunder, to bid Defiance to the Powers Divine, who know he swears for Bread, and therefore absolve him of the Perjury. Besides, what an everlasting Subject for the Jest and Raillery is such a poor Fellow as this, if his Gown be a little soiled, or if the Sole of one of his Shoes gapes from the upper Leather, or if the many Seams shew the fresh and clumsy Thread where the Rents have been cobbled up? Poverty, with all its Plagues, has no greater Curse attending it, than that it makes Men ridiculous. Get out, says the Pit-keeper, move from these cover'd Benches, for Shame, they belong to the Knights, you are not qualified by Law to sit here; this Place is taken up by the Spawn of Cock-bawds, whatever Brothel they were born in. Here let the Son of some spruce Cryer sit, attended by the gallant Youth train'd up by Sword-players and Fencing-masters.

<sup>g</sup> When Cybele, Mother of the Gods, was first brought to Rome, with Advice from the Oracle, that she should be lodged in the House of the best Man in the City, the Senate voted she should be received in the House of Scipio Nasica.

<sup>h</sup> When the Temple of Vesta was burnt down, Lucius Metellus, Pontifex Maximus, rescued the Palladium, or the wooden Image of Pallas brought from Troy; but venturing too desperately into the Fire, he lost both his Eyes.

<sup>i</sup> They were Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, and Vesta, brought by Dardanus from Samothracia, an Island in the Ægean Sea, into Phrygia, and by Æneas from Troy into Italy; they are called by Virgil, Dii Patrii.

<sup>k</sup> He means all the other Gods added to those above, at different Times, in the many Ages since Æneas.

*Sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit Othoni.*

*Quis gener hîc placuit censu minor, atque puellæ* 160

*Sarcinulis impar? quis pauper scribitur hæres?*

*Quando in consilio est Edidibus? agmine factò*

*Debuerunt olim tenues migrâsse Quirites.*

*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat*

*Res angusta domi; sed Romæ durior illis* 165

*Conatus: magno hospitium miserabile, magno*

*Servorum ventres, & frugi cænula magna.*

*Fictilibus cænare pudet, quod turpe negavit*

*Translatus subitò ad Marsos, mensamque Sabellam,*

*Contentusque illic Veneto, duroque cucullo.* 170

*Pars magna Italiæ est, si verum admittimus, in quâ*

*Nemo togam sumit, nisi mortuus. Ipsa dierum*

160

165

masters. Thus was vain <sup>l</sup> Otho pleas'd to fix the Seats. Who can hope to be a Son-in law, if he be of less Fortune, or his Bags are lighter than those of his Mistress? Who makes a poor Man his Heir; When sits he in Counsel with the <sup>m</sup> Ædiles? The poor Romans ought long ago to have separated from the Rich in a Body, and never to have returned. 'Tis no small Difficulty for a Man to strike out to Advantage in Life, whose Virtues are cramped by a narrow Fortune; but the Attempt is much more difficult at Rome. A wretched Lodging comes dear, Servants are kept at a great Charge, a small Supper at the best hand is expensive. We are ashamed to eat off earthen Dishes, yet a Man would think it no Reproach, were he to remove suddenly among the <sup>n</sup> Marrians, or to see the hard Fare of the <sup>o</sup> Sabelians, he would there be content to wear the common Dress, the blue Hood, coarse as it is.

To speak the Truth, there is a great Part of Italy, where no one puts on the Roman <sup>p</sup> Gown till he dies. When the Solemnity of a Country Festival is

G

celebrated

170

ua

<sup>l</sup> L. Roscius Otho, when he was Tribune, passed a Theatrical Law wherein he distinguished the Roman Knights from the Commonalty, assigning fourteen Benches in the Theatre only for the Knights; that is, for such as had a Knight's Estate, four hundred Sesteria.

<sup>m</sup> The Romans had three Sorts of Ædiles; the first were Ædiles Curules, from the Chariot they rid in; these were chosen out of the Senate, and had the Care of repairing the Temples and private Houses. The second were Ædiles Plebeii, chosen out of the People; these had the Charge of Weights and Measures, of looking after the publick Conduits, and making Provision for Festival Plays. The third were Clerks of the Market, inspecting the Corn and Victuals; these were the Ædiles Cereales in ordinary, the extraordinary were the Annona Præfecti.

<sup>n</sup> They were a stout People of Italy, descended from Marcius, Son to the Witch Circe.

<sup>o</sup> They inhabited that Part of Italy lying upon the Mountains, between the Marrians and the Sabines.

orum

<sup>p</sup> The Roman Confederates, in many Parts of Italy, lived plainly and without Pomp all their Life-times, and never wore the Toga Gown till they were dead, and carried to their Funerals, and then it was put on. The Toga was a Garment without Sleeves, of a semicircular Form, different in Largeness according to Mens Wealth or Poverty, though the just Size of it were six Ells. Under this they wore a short Garment, the Tunica or Coat.

*Festorum herboſo colitur ſi quando theatro*

*Majeſtas : tandēque redit ad pulpita notum*

*Exodium, cūm perſonæ pallentis hiatum*

175

*In gremio matris formidat ruſticus infans :*

*Æquales habitus illic, ſimilemque videbis*

*Orcheſtram, & populum ; clari velamen honoris,*

*Sufficiunt tunica ſummis Ædilibus albæ.*

*Hic ultra vires habitûs nitor : hîc aliquid plus*

180

*Quâm ſatis eſt ; interdum alienâ ſumitur arcâ.*

*Commune id vitium eſt : Hîc vivimus ambitioſâ*

*Paupertate omnes : quid te moror ? Omnia Romæ*

*Cum pretio. Quid das, ut Coſſum aliquando ſalutes ?*

*Ut te reſpiciat clauſo Veiento labello ?*

185

*Ille metit barbam, crinem hic deponit amati :*

*Plena domus libis venalibus : accipe, & illud*

*Fermentum tibi habe : præſtare tributâ clientes*

*Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia ſervis.*

*Quis timet, aut timuit gelidâ Præneste ruinam ;*

190

*Aut poſitiis nemoroſa inter Juga Volſiniis, aut*

*Simplicibus Gabiis, aut proni Tiburis arce ?*

*Nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine ſultam*

*Magnâ parte ſui : nam ſic labentibus obſtat*

*Villicus, & veteris rimæ contexit hiatum,*

195

*Securos pendente jubet dormire ruinâ.*

*Vivendum*

celebrated by acting of Plays upon a Theatre of Turf; when the well-known Farce at length diverts the Audience, and the Country Boy trembles in his Mother's Lap at the Sight of a pale gaping Goblin with his wide Mouth, you'll see every Body in the same Dress, the same Simplicity appears in the Pit, and on the Stage, and the Chief *Ædiles*, as a Distinction of their high Office, are known only by their plain white Coats. But here, every one goes fine beyond his Fortune; here a Nicety of Dress prevails, more than People can afford, beyond what is necessary, often upon Credit, and out of another's Purse. This is a common Vice: We are all poor and prodigal, In short, every thing at Rome is bought and sold. What would you give once to pay your Compliments to *Cossus*? or, that proud *Veiento*, without speaking a Word, would vouchsafe to look down upon you with a gracious Eye? One you'll see submitting to shave the Face, another to consecrate the <sup>q</sup> first Beard of a favourite Page: the House is full of delicate light Sweetmeats, which these Fellows sell; the four Leaven, which heaves and swells in your Stomach, keep to yourself; we poor Clients are forced to pay standing Wages, and to increase the Veils of these smooth-skin'd Servants at our own Expence.

Who fears, or ever fear'd, the Fall of a House at the cold City of <sup>r</sup> *Præneste*? or at *Volturnum*, situated between shady Mountains? or at innocent *Gabii*? or the Tower of *Tibur* hanging on the Brow of a Hill? We live in a City that for the most Part stands upon Stilts; for so the Steward props up the Houses ready to fall; he daubs over the Gapings of the old Cracks, then bids you sleep secure, the Walls at the same time tumbling about your Ears. Let me

G 2

live

<sup>q</sup> It was the Custom to dedicate the Hair and first Beard to some Deity; accordingly *Seneca* observes, that *Nero's* Beard was put in Box adorned with Pearls, and consecrated.

<sup>r</sup> *Præneste*, *Volturnum*, &c. Towns of Italy.



*Vivendum est illic, ubi nulla incendia, nulli  
 Nocte metus: jam poscit aquam, jam frivola transfert  
 Ucalegon: tabulata tibi jam tertia fumant:*  
*Tu nescis; nam si gradibus trepidatur ad imis, 200  
 Ultimus ardebit, quem tegula sola tuetur  
 A pluviâ; molles ubi reddunt ova columbae.  
 Lectus erat Codro Proculâ minor, urceoli sex  
 Ornamentum abaci; necnon & parvulus infra  
 Cantharus, & recubans sub eodem marmore Chiron;  
 Jamque vetus Græcos servabat cista libellos, 206  
 Et divina Opici rodebant carmina mures.  
 Nil habuit Codrus: quis enim negat; & tamen illud  
 Perdidit infelix totum nil: ultimus autem  
 Ærumnae cumulus, quodd nudum, & frustra rogantem  
 Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit. 211  
 Si magna Asturii cecidit domus: horrida mater,  
 Pullati proceres, differt vadimonia Prætor:  
 Tunc gemimus casus urbis, tunc odimus ignem:  
 Ardet adhuc? & jam accurrit, qui marmora donet, 215  
 Conferat impensas: hic nuda & candida signa;  
 Hic aliqui præclarum Euphranoris, & Polycleti;  
 Hæc Asianorum vetera ornamenta deorum;  
 Hic libros dabit, & forulos, mediamque Minervam;  
 Hic modium argenti: meliora, ac plura reponit 220*

*Persicus*

live out my Days where there is no Alarm of Fire, nothing to terrify me in the Night. My Neighbour Ucalegon frightens me to death; now he cries out for Water, then he moves off his good-for-nothing Lumber; your third Story is now all of a Smoke, and you know nothing of it; for the Ground-floor is on fire, your Cock-loft will soon be in a Blaze, which the Roof alone defends from the Rain, and where tame Pigeons usually harbour to lay their Eggs.

Codrus lies in a Bed shorter than his short-legg'd Wife Procula; six small Jugs are the Ornament of his Cupboard's Head; beneath also stand a little Can, and the Figure of a <sup>s</sup> Chiron lying along as a Supporter of the Marble Furniture. An old mouldy Chest secures his Greek Poets, and barbarous Mice gnaw the Verses tho' divine. Codrus indeed has little or nothing to lose; who denies that? yet the poor Wretch lost all that nothing; and to complete the Weight of his Misfortunes, no one would relieve him naked, and begging hard for a Crust of Bread, or offer him a Bit of Meat, or House-room, or a Bed to lie on. But if the Palace of Asturius is on fire, the Women run with their Hair about their Ears, the Senators are in Mourning, the Prætor adjourns the Courts of Justice; then we lament the Misfortune of the City, then we hate the very Name of Fire. Is it still burning? You'll meet one hurrying with a present of Marble, and computing the Expence of the Building; another sends in naked Statues, and polished with the nicest Art; a third offers some remarkable Piece, finished by the masterly Hand of <sup>t</sup> Euphranor or Polycletus: and then comes a Lady with a Curiosity, the ancient Ornaments of the Asiatick Deities. Another will give him Books and Book-cases, and an exact Figure of Minerva to the Waist. Another runs with a Peck of Silver. In short, this most prodigal Persian, without a Child,

G 3

has

\* One of the Centaurs, half Man half Horse.

† Euphranor and Polycletus, two excellent Statuaries.

*Persicus orborum lautissimus, & meritò jam  
Suspectus, tanquam ipse suas incenderet ades.*

*Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,  
Aut Fabrateria domus, aut Frusinone paratur,  
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum: 225*

*Hortulus hic, puteusque brevis, nec reste movendus,  
In tenues plantas facili diffunditur haustu.*

*Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,  
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagorais.*

*Est aliquid quocunque loco, quocunque recessu, 230  
Unius sese dominum fecisse lacertæ.*

*Plurimus hic ager moritur vigilando: sed illum  
Languorem peperit cibus imperfectus, & hærens  
Ardenti stomacho; nam quo meritoria somnum  
Admittunt? magnis opibus dormitur in urbe. 235*

*Inde caput morbi: rhedarum transitus arcto  
Vicorum inflexu, & stantis convicia mandræ  
Eripiunt somnum Druso, vitulisque marinis,  
Si vocat officium, turbâ cedente vehetur  
Dives, & ingenti curret super ora Liburno, 240*

*Atque ceter leget, aut scribet, aut dormiet intus:  
Namque facit somnum clausâ lætica fenestrâ.*

*Ante tamen veniet; nobis properantibus obstat  
Unda prior, magno populus premit agmine lumbos  
Qui sequitur: ferit hic cubito, ferit assere duro 245  
Alter; ad hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam.*

has better Furniture and more of it than before ; so that he becomes justly suspected to have set his own House on fire for the purpose.

Could you but be forced from the Pleasures of the Circensian Games, you might buy an excellent House at Sora, at <sup>u</sup> Fabrateria, or Frusino, for one Year's Rent that you pay for a dark Dog-hole at Rome. Here you have a little Garden, a Well not so deep as to want a Rope for the Water, which spreads itself among the tender Plants with a gentle Stream. Live here fond of thy rural Fork, cultivate thy little Spot, and you'll soon furnish out a Feast for an hundred Pythagoreans that live upon Pulse. It is something to be Master of so much Ground, in any Place, be it ever so retired, as a Lizard can turn himself about in.

Here many a sick Man dies for want of Sleep ; the Disease is first occasioned by a bad Digestion, the Meat clogging his burning Stomach ; for who can sleep within the Noise of Taverns ? The Rich must pay dear for a Night's Rest in this City. Thus begins the Distemper : The passing of Chariots in the narrow Turning of the Streets, and the Brawling of the Drivers when there is a full Stop, will not suffer even drowsy Drusus, or the sleepy Sea-Calves, so much as to nod. If a rich Man has Business abroad, he is easily carried, the Croud making way for him, he sweeps over our Heads, borne on the Shoulders of his tall <sup>x</sup> Liburnians, he can read or write, or take a Nap if he pleases, as he moves along ; for his Chair, when the Windows are drawn up, composes him to sleep ; yet he arrives first at the Place. A Croud before us hinders our Speed, and a Mob with its heavy Weight presses upon us behind ; one hunches me with his Elbow, another pushes me with the hard Pole of his Chair ; here a Beam strikes me on the Head, there a Tub. My Legs are perfectly

<sup>u</sup> Fabrateria, &c. poor Towns in Italy.

<sup>x</sup> The Chairmen at Rome commonly came from Liburnia, a Part of Illyria, between Istria and Dalmatia.

*Pingua crura luto : plantâ mox undique magnâ*

*Calcor, & in digito clavus mihi militis hæret.*

*Nonne vidis quanto celebretur sportula fumo ?*

*Centum convivæ ; sequitur sua quemque culina : 250*

*Corbulo vix ferret tot vasa ingentia, tot res,*

*Impositas capiti, quot recto vertice portat*

*Servulus infelix : & cursu ventilat ignem,*

*Scinduntur tunicæ sartæ : modò longa coruscat*

*Sarraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum 255*

*Plaustra vehunt, nutant altè, populoque minantur :*

*Nam si procubuit, qui saxa Ligustica portat*

*Axis, & eversum fudit semper agmina montem,*

*Quid superest de corporibus ? quis membra, quis ossa*

*Invenit ? obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver \* 260*

*More animæ. Domus intereâ securo patellas*

*Jam lavat, & buccâ foculum excitat, & sonat unctis*

*Strigilibus, pleno & componit linthea gutto.*

*Hæc inter pueros variè præperantur : at ille*

*Jam sedet in ripâ, tetrumque novitius horret 265*

*Porthmea ; nec sperat cænosi gurgitis alnum*

*Infelix, nec habet quem porrigat ore trientem,*

*Respice*



fectly plastered with Dirt ; I am trod upon by some flatFoot or other every Step I take, and a Soldier, with his Hobnails in his Shoes, sticks close upon my Corns.

Don't you see with what a Smoke the Sportula is pursued ? A hundred Guests at a Time ! every one followed by his y portable Kitchen, to keep his Dole of Meat hot. Gorbulo, with all his Strength, could scarce bear so many large Vessels, such a Load of Pans upon his Head, as one of these wretched Fellows carry with a steady Neck, fanning the Fire as he goes along. His Clothes just come from the Butcher's, are torn from his Back. Now a long Piece of Fir shakes as the Cart jogs forward ; another Wagon is loaded with a huge Pine ; these Trees lying out beyond the Carriage, tremble aloft, and threaten the People as they pass ; for if the Axle tree should break, that supports a Load of 2 Ligurian Stones, and tumble the Weight of this Rock as it were upon the Croud, what becomes of their Bodies ? who can find their Limbs, or their Bones ? Every Carcase of them is ground to Powder, and is invisible as their Souls. The Family at home in the mean time, knowing nothing of the Misfortune, prepare for the Sportula, they wash the Plates, blow the Fire with their Mouths, clean the Scrapers, well oiled to prevent hurting the Skin, fold the Rubbing-cloths, and get ready the Horn of Oil, to drop upon the Master as he bathes. Thus the Servants, every one in their Place, hasten their Work. When, alas ! the Man that should bring the Supper, sits upon the Bank of Styx, trembles, being just come, at the grim Look of Charon, is out of hopes, poor Ghost, of being ferried over the muddy Lake, not having in his Mouth the Farthing to pay for his Passage.

Now

y A Vessel of the same Use with a Kitchen ; it was divided into two Cells, in the uppermost of which they could put their Sportula, or Dole of Meat ; in the lower one they had Fire to dress their raw, or steep the dressed Flesh warm. This was portable, and the faster they went with it, the better the Fire burned with it.

2 Marble dug out of the Quarries in Liguria, upon the Apennine Mountains.



Respice nunc alia, ac diversa pericula noctis :  
 Quod spatium tectis sublimibus, undè cerebrum  
 Testa ferit, quoties rimosa & curta fenestris 270  
 Vasa cadunt, quanto percussum pondere signent  
 Et ledant silicem : possis ignavus haberi,  
 Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si  
 Intestatus eas ; adeò tot fata, quot illà  
 Nocte patent vigiles, te prætereunte, fenestræ, 275  
 Ergo optes, votumque feras miserabile tecum,  
 Ut sint contentæ patulas effundere pelves.  
 Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum fortè cecidit,  
 Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum  
 Pelidæ ; cubat in faciem, mox deinde supinus : 280  
 Ergo non aliter poterit dormire : Quibusdam  
 Somnum rixa facit : sed quamvis improbus annis,  
 Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina lona  
 Vitari jubet, & comitum longissimus ordo ;  
 Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea lampas. 285  
 Me, quem luna solet deducere, vel breve lumen  
 Candele, cujus dispenso & tempero filum,  
 Contemnit : miseræ cognosce præmia rixæ,  
 Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.  
 Stat contrà, starique jubet ; parère necesse est : 290  
 Nam quid agas, cùm te furiosus cogat, et idem  
 Fortior ? unde venis ? exclamat : cujus aceto,  
 Cujus conche tumes ? quis tecum scetile porrum  
 Sutor, & elixi vervecis labra comedit ?

Now reflect upon the many Sorts of Dangers that attend walking the Streets by Night ; consider how lofty the Buildings are, from whence a Pot-herd dashes out your Brains ; how often are Pieces of crack'd or broken Pitchers thrown from the Windows, with what a Weight they mark the Pavements, and bruise the very Stones ? You would be thought indolent, and unguarded against sudden Accidents, if you should venture abroad to Supper without making your Will. So many fatal Misfortunes are in your Way, as there are Lodgers awake with their Windows open in the Streets where you pass. Therefore you may pray and be glad to get off with this wretched Comfort, that nothing worse than a Close-stool is emptied upon your Head.

The drunken Bully, if he chances to fight with nobody, lies upon Thorns, he is restless in the Night, as Achilles lamenting the Loss of his Friend <sup>a</sup> Patroclus ; now he lies upon his Face, then tosses upon his Back ; he can't otherwise set his Eyes together. These Scourers can't sleep without a Quarrel ; yet saucy as he is by the Heat of Youth, and mad with Wine, he has Wit enough in his Cups not to jostle a Man of Quality, whose purple Robes, and a long Train of Attendants, that guard him with Flambeaus and brazen Lamps, oblige him to keep his Distance. But poor me, that usually walk home by Moon-light, or the Benefit of a Candle, whose Wick I manage and husband to the best Advantage, he uses with Scorn. Hear now the Prologue to this unhappy Fray, if you can call it a Fray, where you lay on with your Cudgel, and I bear the Blows. He stops you, and bids you stand, you must submit ; for what can you do when you are in a Madman's Hands, who is likewise too strong for you ? Whence come you, he cries, whose Vinegar and windy Beans swell in your Maw ? What Cobler have you club'd with for chopt Leeks,

<sup>a</sup> He was slain by Hector at the Siege of Troy, which so enraged Achilles (who dearly loved him) that he never rested till he had sacrificed Hector to the Manes of his Friend.

*Nil mihi respondes? aut dic, aut accipe calcem:*

298

*Ede ubi consistas: in quâ te quæro profectâ?*

*Dicere si tentes aliquid, tacitusve recedas,*

*Tantundem est: feriunt pariter: vadimonia deinde*

*Irati faciunt. Libertas pauperis hæc est:*

*Pulsatus rogat, et pugnis concisus adorat,*

300

*Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.*

*Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliât te*

*Non deerit: clausis domibus, postquam omnis ubique*

*Fixa catenatæ siluit compago tabernæ.*

*Interdum & ferro subitus grassatur, agit rem,*

305

*Armato quoties tutæ custode tenentur*

*Et Pontina palus, & Gallinaria pinus.*

*Sic inde huc omnes tanquam ad vivaria currunt.*

*Quâ fornace graves, qua non incude catenæ?*

*Maximus in vinculis ferri modus, ut timeas, ne*

310

*Vomer deficiat, ne marrae & sarcula defint.*

*Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas*

*Secula, quæ quandam sub regibus atque tribunis*

*Viderunt uno contentam corcere Romam.*

*His alias poteram, & plures subnectere causas:*

315

*Sed jumentam vocant, & sol inclinât; eundem est:*

*Nam mihi commotâ jamdudum mulio virgâ*

*Innoxit: ergo vale nostri memor; & quoties te*

*Roma tuo refici properantem reddit Aquino,*

Leeks, and a boil'd Sheep's-head ? Don't you answer ? Speak, or you'll be kick'd. Say, where do you live ? At what Temple-Door shall I find you begging ? Now, if you offer to speak, or go off without saying a Word, the Case is the same, they lay on as heavily. Then in a Passion they bind you over for an Assault. Such is a poor Man's Liberty at Rome ! Drub'd as he is, he is forced to ask Pardon, and bruis'd with Fifty-Cuffs, he begs hard to walk off with a few Teeth in his Head.

Nor is this alone what you have to fear ; for a Thief may rob you when the House is close barr'd, and the Shutters of all the Shops are pinn'd, and the Doors chain'd. Sometimes a Street-Robber attacks you suddenly with his Dagger, and does your Business ; especially since they are driven by a strong Guard from their Lurking-holes in the Pontine Fen, and the Gallinarian Wood ; from thence to Rome they run in Shoals for better Quarters. Such a Nest of Rogues we have, that every Forge, every Anvil is employ'd to make Chains for them. So much Iron is used for Fetters, that you may well fear we shall want Plough-shares, Mattocks, and Rakes. Happy were our great Ancestors, happy may you call those Times, when, under the Government of Kings and Tribunes, one Prison was sufficient for all the Criminals in Rome.

To these I could add many other Reasons for leaving the City : but my Team calls me, the Sun grows low, I must be gone, the Carter long ago gave me Notice by cracking his Whip. Farewel therefore ; remember your Friend ; and as often as you hurry out of Town, to refresh yourself at your beloved <sup>b</sup> Aquinum, draw me from Cumæ with you to

H the

<sup>b</sup> A Town of the Latins near Samnium, famous for the Birth-place of Juvenal, and likewise of that great Schoolman Thomas Aquinas, called by our Countrymen, St. Thomas of Watering, from the Moistness of the Situation. Ceres had a Temple there, called Elvina Ceres, or Ceres of the Washe ; from whence the Spring and River of Elvis took their Names. Yet Juvenal had some dry Ground there belonging to his Estate, called Diana's Hill.

*Me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam*

*Convellè Cumis : Satyrarum ego (nī pudet illas)*

*Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.*

## SATIRA IV.

**E**CCE iterum Crispinus ; & est mihi sæpe vocandus

*Ad partes ; monstrum nullā virtute redemptum*

*A vitiis, æger, solāque libidine fortis :*

*Delicias viduæ tantum aspernatur adulter.*

*Quid refert igitur quantis jumenta fatiget*

*Porticibus, quantā nemorum veſtetur in umbrā,*

*Fugera quot vicina foro, quas emerit ades ?*

*Nemo malus felix ; minimè corruptor, & idem*

*Incestus, cum quo nuper vittata jacebat*

*Sanguine adhuc vivo terram subitura sacerdas.*



the Temple of Ceres of the Marshes, and your adored Diana. I will come prepared to assist you, if you please, in your Satires (if they are not ashamed of my poor Help) in that cold Place of your Retirement.

## S A T I R E I V.

ONCE more behold Crispinus ! I shall often have Occasion to call him upon the Stage, a Monster that has not the Pretence of one single Virtue to qualify his Vices ; feeble and weak, strong only in his Lust. All but a Widow's loathsome Charms go down with this Adulterer. What matters it then, in what large <sup>a</sup> Portico's he tires his Mules, to save him from the Rain, or in what shady Groves he is carried by his Slaves from the Sun's Heat, how many Acres he owns near the <sup>b</sup> Forum, or what stately Houses he has bought ? The Villain can never be happy, much less a Corrupter of Chastity, guilty of Incest likewise, one that lately debauched a <sup>c</sup> veiled Vestal, who must soon suffer the Punishment of being buried alive. But these

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are

<sup>a</sup> The luxurious Romans expended vast Sums of Money in building Ground-galleries (like our Piazzas) standing upon Marble Pillars, they were used sometimes to ride in them.

<sup>b</sup> There were many Forums in Rome. This was the Forum Vetus, the old Forum, in the Heart of the City, where were the Rostra, or Pulpits for Orations, and their Courts of Justice sat. It was surrounded with Rows of stately Buildings.

<sup>c</sup> The Vestal Virgins had the Charge of keeping the sacred Fire. If one was convicted of Uchastity, she was either immured alive, or buried alive in the Ground, which was executed in this Form : She was led to the Campus Sceleratus, a Field within the Walls of the City, near the Colline Gate. In a Vault under Ground, there was a bed prepared, a burning Light, a little Bread, Water, and Milk ; the Vestal was bound alive, and laid on a Bier, and so carried through the Forum with great Silence and Horror ; when they came to the grave, the Bier being set down, and she unbound, the Priest praying secretly,



*Sed nunc de factis levioribus : & tamen alter  
Si fecisset idem, caderet sub iudice morum.*

*Nam quod turpe bonis, Titio, Scioque, decebat*

*Crispinum : quid agas, cum dira, & fœdior omni*

*Crimine persona est ? nullum sex millibus emit,*

*Æquantem sanè paribus sestertia libris,*

*Ut perhibent, qui de magnis majora loquuntur.*

*Consilium laudo artificis, si munere tanto*

*Præcipuam in tabulis ceram senis abstulit orbi.*

*Est ratio ulterior, magnæ si misit amicæ,*

*Quæ vehitur clauso latis specularibus antro.*

*Nil tale expectes : emit sibi : multa videmus,*

*Quæ miser & frugì non fecit Apicius : hoc tu*

*Succinctus patriâ quondam, Crispine, papyro.*

*Hoc pretium squamæ ? potuit fortasse minoris*

*Piscator, quàm piscis, emi. Provincia tanti*

*Vendit agros : sed majores Apulia vendit.*

*Quales tunc epulas ipsum glutisse putemus*

*Induperatorem ? cum tot sestertia, partem*

*Exiguam,*

re small Faults, yet if another had been guilty of them, he would have fallen under the Judgment of the Censors ; for what would be infamous in a Man of Character, in Titius and Seius, is becoming in Crispinus.

What can you do with such a Wretch, whose Person is more filthy and forbidding than his Crimes ? He gave six Sestertia for a Barble of six Pounds weight, amounting to a Sestertium a Pound, as they tell the Story who hear great Matters, but make them greater by telling. I should commend him as a Man of Design, if by so noble a Present he had prevailed upon some old Fellow, rich and childless, to name him first in his Will ; or, which would have been more to the Purpose, he had sent it to some Whore of Quality, that is carried in her close Chair with the wide Glasses drawn up. You are to expect no such matter, he bought it for himself. We see many Extravagancies which the poor and frugal d Apicius was never guilty of, thou, Crispinus, wrapped up when thou cam'st to Rome in thy own Country<sup>e</sup> Flags, hast the Impudence to attempt. What, give so much for Fins and Scales ? No doubt you might have bought the Fisherman cheaper than the Fish ; Acres might have been purchased in some Provinces ; in Apulia you might come into an Estate for the same Price.

What a luxurious Meal, think you, was devoured by his Master Domitian, when this Purple Court-

H 3

Buffoon

secretly, [brought her and set her on a Ladder, by which she descended, and presently turned back from her, the Ladder being drawn up, they threw in the Earth, and filled up the Cave's Mouth. The Reason of which Punishment, was either because they would not honour such an Offender with the common Rite of Burning, who had so ill attended upon the Holy Fire ; or because they would not seem to offer Violence, by a forced Death, to a consecrated Virgin, thinking that after this manner they suffered her to die as it were of her own Accord.

d A noted Epicure in the Time of Nero ; he spent an immense Estate upon his Guts, and growing poor and despised, hanged himself.

e A coarse Garment made of the Bark of the Reed Papyrus, that grows in the fenny Places of the Rivers in Egypt.

*Exiguam, & modicæ sumptam de margine cœnæ  
Purpureus magni ructârit scurra palatî,  
Jam princeps equitum, magnâ qui voce solebat  
Vendere municipales pascuâ de merce siluros ?*

*Incipe Calliope, licet hic considerare : non est  
Cantandum, res vera agitur : narrate puellæ  
Pierides ; prosit mihi vos dixisse puellas.*

*Cùm jam semianimum laceraret Flavius orbem  
Ultimus, & calvo serviret Roma Neroni ;  
Incidit Adriaci spatium admirabile rhombi,  
Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica sustinet Ancon,  
Implevitque sinus : neque enim minor hæserat illis,  
Quos operit glacies Mæotica, ruptaque tandem  
Solibus effundit torpentis ad ostia Ponti  
Desidia tardos, & longo frigore pingues.  
Destinat hoc monstrum cymbæ linique magister  
Pontifici summo : quis enim proponere talem,  
Aut emere auderet ? cùm plena & littora multo  
Delatore forent : dispersi protinus algæ  
Inquisitores agerent cum remige nudo ;*

Non

Buffoon gorged himself at the Expence of so many  
 Messengers, with a small Dish fit only to stand upon  
 the Side-board, at an ordinary Imperial Entertainment?  
 A Sycophant now first in the Equestrian  
 Order, that used to get his Living by buying the  
 Refuse of the Fish-market, and bawling out Pieces  
 of his own Country Shads about the Streets.

Begin <sup>f</sup> Calliope, let me be more particular on  
 this Subject; this is no Fiction, but a true Fact.  
 Assist me, my <sup>g</sup> Pierian Maids, in the Relation; let  
 me have a Right to your Favour, for calling you  
 Maids, and asserting your Virtue.

When Domitian, the last of the <sup>h</sup> Flavian Family,  
 had torn the World to Pieces, half destroyed by the  
 Cruelty of his Reign, and Rome was governed by  
 Nero the second with his bald Pate, an Adriatic  
 Turbot of a wonderful Size chanced to be caught  
 before the Temple of Venus at <sup>i</sup> Ancona, built by  
 the Greeks. It filled the Bosom of the Net, nor was  
 it less than those inclosed by Ice in the Lake of  
 Mæotis, which throws them out in Shoals) when  
 the Waters are free by the Sun's Heat) at the Mouth  
 of the Euxine Sea, noted for its slow Tide; they  
 are unwieldy for want of Exercise, and fattened by  
 long Winter's Cold. The Master of the Boat and  
 Nets resolves to present this monstrous Fish to the  
 Chief Pontifex; for who dares offer such a Prize  
 to Sale, or indeed to buy it? Especially when all the  
 Shore is covered with Tide-waiters; those Searchers  
 of Sea-weed, prowling about the Coasts, would cer-  
 tainly

<sup>f</sup> The chief of the nine Muses, the Mother of Orpheus, and said  
 to be the Inventress of Heroic Verse.

<sup>g</sup> The Muses, so called from Pierius their Father, who begot  
 them of Antiopa.

<sup>h</sup> The Flavian Family, as it was Imperial, began in Vespasian,  
 and ended in Domitian.

<sup>i</sup> The Metropolis of Picenum in Italy, built by the Greeks on  
 the Shore of the Adriatic Sea.

<sup>k</sup> A vast Lake freezing in Winter, that in Summer discharges it-  
 self into the Euxine Sea, by the Cimmerian Bosphorus.

<sup>l</sup> To the Emperor Domitian, for the Emperors were generally  
 Chief Pontiffs.

Non dubitaturi fugitivum dicere piscem, 50  
 Depastumque diu vivaria Cæsaris, inde  
 Elapsum, veterem ad dominum debere reverti.  
 Si quid Palphurio, si credimus Armillato,  
 Quicquid conspicuum, pulchrumque est æquore toto,  
 Res fisci est, ubicunque natat : donabitur ergo, 55  
 Ne pereat, jam lethifero cedente pruinis  
 Autumno, jam quartanam sperantibus agris.  
 Stridebat deformis hyems, prædamque recentem  
 Servabat : tamen hic properat, velut urgeat Auster :  
 Utque lacus suberant, ubi, quanquam diruta, servat 60  
 Ignem Trojanum, & Vestam colit Alba minorem,  
 Obstitit intranti miratrix turba parumper :  
 Ut cessit, facili patuerunt cardine valvæ :  
 Exclusi expectant admissa opsonia patres.  
 Itur ad Atridem : tum Picens, accipe, dixit, 65  
 Privatis majora focis ; genialis agatur  
 Iste dies ; propera stomachum laxare saginis,  
 Et tua servatum consume in sæcula rhombum :  
 Ipse capi voluit : quid apertius ? & tamen illi  
 Surgebant cristæ : nihil est, quod credere de se 70  
 Non possit, cùm laudatur Dis æqua potestas.  
 Sed deerat pisci patinæ mensura : vocantur  
 Ergo in concilium procures, quos oderat ille ;  
 In quorum facie miseræ, magnæque sedebat.



50 ainly inform against the poor Fisherman, and not  
 eruple to say the Fish had escaped out of the Em-  
 peror's Store, and therefore ought to be returned to  
 his old Master. If we credit the sage Opinion of  
 those scandalous Spies, Palphurius or Armillatus,  
 whatever the Sea affords that is extraordinary, any  
 Fish that excels the common Fry, swim where it  
 55 will belongs to Cæsar. I will make a Present of it,  
 therefore, says the Fisherman, lest it should stink,  
 though the Heats of fainty Autumn were over, the  
 Frosts were begun, and the Sickly shook with the  
 Apprehension of Quartan Agues. Rough Winter  
 whistled with the Wind, and kept the Fish sweet,  
 yet the Man hurried as if a southern Gale blew full  
 60 in his Teeth. When he came to the Lake, where  
 the City of <sup>m</sup> Alba, tho' in Ruins, keeps in the Tro-  
 an Fire, and worships the Goddess Vesta in a meaner  
 way, the gaping Croud at first prevented his Entrance;  
 but soon making way, the folding Doors flew nimbly  
 open, he is conducted to the Emperor, the Conscript  
 65 Fathers wait without to take a View of this delicious  
 Present; 'Accept, Great Sir, says the Picenian  
 Fisherman, this Turbot, too large for common  
 Kitchens; let this Day be devoted to your Impe-  
 rial Genius; haste to unload your Stomach, and  
 indulge yourself with this prodigious Fish, pre-  
 serv'd to honour your auspicious Reign; it would  
 70 force itself into the Net.' What more fulsome?  
 Yet the Emperor swallows the Bait, and struts upon  
 the Compliment; for any Thing, however absurd,  
 will go down when a Prince is flatter'd, and believes  
 himself possessed of a Power equal with the Gods.  
 But there was no Stew-pan, it seems, large enough  
 to dress the Fish, the Senators, therefore, his much  
 hated Counsellors, are presently summoned; a ghast-  
 ly Paleness, that always waits upon the dangerous  
 Friendship

Paller

<sup>m</sup> A City of Italy, built by Ascanius the Son of Æneas. Tul-  
 lus Hostilius, King of Rome, took away all the Treasure and Re-  
 licks, which the Trojans had placed there in the Temple of Vesta;  
 only out of a superstitious Fear, the Fire was left.



*Pallor amicitia. Primus, clamante Liburno,*  
*Currite, jam sedit; raptâ properabat abollâ*  
*Pegasus, attonitæ positus modo villicus urbi:*  
*Anne aliud tunc Præfeci? quorum optimus atque*  
*Interpres legum sanctissimus; omnia quanquam*  
*Temporibus diris tractanda putabat inermi*  
*Iustitiâ. Venit & Crispi jucunda senectus,*  
*Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite*  
*Ingenium. Maria, ac terras, populosque regenti*  
*Quis comes utilior, si (ade & peste sub illâ)*  
*Sævitiâ damnare, & honestum offerre liceret*  
*Consilium? sed quid violentius aure tyranni?*  
*Cum quo de nimbis, aut æstibus, aut pluvioso*  
*Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici.*

*Ille igitur numquam direxit brachia contra*  
*Torrentem: nec civis erat, qui libera posset*  
*Verba animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.*

*Sic multas hyemes, atque octogesima vidit*  
*Solstitia, his armis, illo quoque tutus in aulâ.*

*Proximas ejusdem properabat Acilius ævi*

*Cum juvene indigno, quem mors tam sæva maneret,*

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Et.

friendship of the Great, appear'd in their Faces.  
 First, a Liburnian Slave bawls out, 'Run, run,  
 Cæsar is set.'<sup>n</sup> Pegasus the Lawyer tucks up his  
 Gown, and makes the best of his way, he was lately  
 made Bailiff of the affrighted City; for what more  
 were the Præfects of Rome in those Times? He  
 was an excellent Magistrate, and most religious  
 Dispenser of the Laws; yet in those dangerous Days  
 he thought it safest to administer Justice with a very  
 black Hand.

Next came Crispus, pleasant in his old Age, as  
 remarkable for Sweetness of Temper, as for his Elo-  
 quence and Good-nature. What Counsellor could  
 be more useful to Cæsar, (over Seas and Lands and  
 Men Supreme) had he the Liberty, under that Bane  
 and Plague of Mankind, boldly to condemn his Cru-  
 elty, and assist him with his honest Advice? But  
 what's more dreadful than a Tyrant's Ear? His chief  
 Favourite, though speaking upon the most indifferent  
 Subjects, (such as Showers, and Heats, or a wet  
 Spring) runs the Hazard of his Life. This Man,  
 therefore, never attempted to swim against the Stream  
 nor was he one of those Citizens who speak freely  
 what they think, or dare to sacrifice themselves to  
 the Cause of Truth. After this Manner, and pro-  
 tected with this Armour, he lived to the Age of  
 eighty Years, even in the Court of Domitian.

After him hurried P Acilius, a Man of the same  
 Age, followed by his Son, unworthy of that cruel  
 Death that hastily dispatched him by the Sword of  
 the

<sup>n</sup> An eminent civil Lawyer born in Alba.

<sup>o</sup> Vibius Crispus, a subtle smooth-tongued Orator, who lived to  
 be fourscore Years old, in the several Courts of evil Emperors.  
 He was born in Placentia.

<sup>p</sup> Acilius Glabrio, a Senator of singular Prudence and Fidelity.  
 His Son Domitius came with him to this Council about the Tur-  
 bot; but both of them were afterwards charged with Designs of In-  
 novation, and were condemned. The Father's Sentence was chang-  
 ed into Banishment, the more to grieve him with the Remembrance  
 of his Son's Death. The Son, to save his Life, affected Madness,  
 and fought naked with Lions in the Albane Theatre; but the Ty-  
 rant Domitian was not to be deceived, but put him to Death.

Et domini gladiis jam festinata : sed olim  
Prodigio par est in nobilitate senectus :  
Unde fit, ut malim fraterculus esse gigantum.  
Profuit ergo nihil misero, quod comminans urfos  
Figebat Numidas, Albanâ nudus arenâ  
Venator : quis enim jam non intelligat artes  
Patricias ? quis priscum illud miretur acumen,  
Brute, tuum ? facile est barbato imponere regi.  
Nec melior vultu, quamvis ignobilis ibat  
Rubrius, offensæ veteris reus, atque tacendæ ;  
Et tamen improbrior Satyram scribente cinado.  
Montani quoque venter adest, abdomine tardus :  
Et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo ;  
Quantum vix redolent duo funera : sævior illo  
Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire fusurro :  
Et qui vulturibus servabat viscera Dacis  
Fuscus, marmoreâ meditatus prælia villa :  
Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,  
Qui nunquam visæ flagrabat amore puella,  
Grande, & conspicuum nostro quoque tempore monstrum  
Cæcus adulator, dirusque a ponte satelles,  
Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes,  
Blandaque devexæ jactaret basia rheda,

the Tyrant. But many Years ago, old Age among the Nobles was a sort of Prodigy; my Choice, therefore, is to be a Pigmy-Brother of the Giants sprung out of the Earth. It was of no Advantage to this unhappy Youth, to affect Madnefs, to engage with Numidian Bears, desperately and unarmed, in the Amphitheatre at Alba; for who can now be a Stranger to these Artifices of the Nobility? Who, q Brutus, any longer wonders at the subtle Part you acted? It was an easy Matter in your Days to impose upon the Simplicity of a King, with his Beard much deeper than his Sense.

Rubrius followed next, with no better a Face than his Companions, tho' of a Plebeian Family, guilty of an old Crime not fit to be named; and yet more addicted to Scandal than the Pathic Nero, who took upon him to write Satire.

Montanus likewise thrust in his Belly, unwieldy with his fat Guts, and Crispinus dropping with Eastern Ointments, more than is commonly used at two Funerals. Then Pompey, the more cruel of the two, who, by soft Whispers in the Tyrant's Ear, is Cut-throat to the Court; and r Fuscus (whose Body was reserved for Dacian Vultures) studying the Art of War among the soft Retirements of his Marble Villa. Cunning Veiento next, with bloody s Catullus, raging with Lust at the very Name of a Beauty which he could not see, the grand and noted Monster of these Times; a blind base Flatterer, raised from begging on the Bridge to be a murdering Minister of State; fit still to run beside the Waggon-Wheels upon the Road to Aricia, and fawningly to kiss his Hand, intreating for Alms. None seemed

## I

more

q Lucius Junius Brutus, who saved his Life by affecting to play the Fool in the Court of Tarquinius Superbus.

r Cornelius Fuscus was sent General by Domitian against the Dacians, where his Army and himself were lost.

s Catullus Messalinus, a bloody Villain, tho' blind, whose Informations cost many their Lives. He was raised by Domitian from begging at the Foot of the Aricine Hill in the Via Appia, to be a Minister of State.

Nemo magis rhombum stupuit : nam plurima dixit  
 In lævum conversus : at illi dextra jacebat 120  
 Bellua : sic pugnas Cilicis laudabat, & iæsus ;  
 Et pegma, & pueros inde ad velaria raptos.  
 Non cedit Veiento, sed ut fanaticus æstro  
 Percussus, Bellona, tuo divinat ; & ingens  
 Omen habes, inquit, magni clarique triumphi : 125  
 Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno  
 Excidet Arviragus : peregrina est bellaa, cernis  
 Erectas in terga sudes ? hoc defuit unum  
 Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret, & anos.  
 Quidnam igitur censes ? conciditur ? absit ab illo 130  
 Dedecus hoc, Montanus ait ; testa alta paretur,  
 Quæ tenui muro spatiosum colligat orbem :  
 Debetur magnus patinæ subitusque Prometheus :  
 Argillam, atque rotam citius properate : sed ex hoc  
 Tempore jam, Caesar, figuli tua castra sequantur. 135  
 Vicit digna viro sententia : noverat ille  
 Luxuriam imperii veterem, noctesque Neronis  
 Jam medias, aliamque famem, cum pulmo Falerno  
 Arderet : nulli major fuit usus edendi  
 Tempestate meâ. Circeis nata forent, an 140



more astonish'd at the Fish, tho' unhappily he made his Compliments with his Face the wrong way ; for the Mullet lay upon his right Hand. So he used, blind as he was, to praise the Sword-Plays of the Cilician Fencers, to cry aloud, Well hit, to applaud the Scenical Machines, and the Boys that seemed to fly from the Coverings of the Theatre.

Veiento came not short of him ; but as † Bellona's Priest with Prophecy inspired, he thus divines : ' See, Sir, the mighty Omen of a Triumph great and illustrious ! some Captive King, or fierce † Arviragus tumbling from his British Chariot, shall own your Power ; the Fish, observe, comes from a distant Sea ; d'ye see the Fins, like Spears, bristling upon his Back ? ' This Flatterer said every thing upon the Occasion, except discovering the Mullet's Country and his Age. What think you, must he be cut ? says Cæsar. Far, cries Montanus, be so great a dishonour from this noble Fish ; rather provide a deep earthen Pan, whose thin Sides may contain his great Circumference ; call in a skilful Potter, that like Prometheus can soon make a Dish ; haste hither with the Clay and Wheel ; for, Cæsar, from this time your Camps should never want such useful Workmen. This Counsel, worthy of the Author, prevail'd ; he knew the old Luxury of the Imperial Court, and Nero's Midnight Suppers, and what raised a new Appetite when his Lungs were heated with † Falernian Wine. No one in our Days understood better the Delicacy of Eating ; he could tell at the first Taste whether an Oyster was bred  
I 2 upon

† The same as Minerva the Goddess of War, Sister to Mars, called likewise Enys and Pallas, whose Priests sacrificed their own Blood to her, and were immediately so inspired as to explain things present, and to foretel what was to come.

‡ A King of Britain, and an inveterate Enemy to the Romans in the Reign of Domitian.

× Wine made of Grapes growing upon the Falernian Mountains in Campania.



*Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo*

*Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu ;*

*Et semel aspecti littus dicebat echini.*

*Surgitur, & misso Proceres exire jubentur*

*Concilio. quos Albanam Dux magnus in arcem*

145

*Traxerat attonitos, & festinare coactos,*

*Tanquam de Cattis aliquid, torvisque Sicambris*

*Dicturus ; tanquam diversis partibus orbis*

*Anxia præcipiti venisset epistola pennâ.*

*Atque utinam his potiùs nugis tota illa dedisset*

150

*Tempore sævitie, claras quibus abstulit urbi*

*Illustresque animas impunè, & vindice nullo.*

*Sed periit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus*

*Cæperat : hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti.*

SATIRA

upon the y Circæan or Lucrine Rocks, or was  
drudged for at the Bottom of the British Sea at Rich-  
borough; and at the first Sight of the Crab, would  
name the Shore he came from.

They rise, the Council is dismissed, the Nobles by  
Command withdraw, whom the great General's  
Summons forced against their Wills, trembling, to  
attend with Haste at Alba; as if some sudden News  
he would declare of the fierce z Catti, or the stern  
Sicambri! or if Expresses of some fresh Alarm had  
arrived by flying Posts, from different Parts of the  
Empire.

And, indeed, I could wish that such Trifles had  
taken up the whole time of this cruel Reign, that,  
unpunished, deprived the City of so many brave and  
illustrious Souls, who fell unrevenge'd. At length  
the Tyrant perished; for when he offered to exercise  
his Cruelty against the Rabble, they took him off,  
reeking with the Blood of the <sup>a</sup> Lamian Family,  
and the chief Nobility in Rome.

y The Circæan Rocks were about Cajeta, where there was a  
Temple dedicated to Circe; the Lucrine Rocks were in the Bay of  
Lucrinum in Campania.

z Catti were Germans, now subject to the Landgrave of Hesse.  
The Sicambri were the Inhabitants of Guelderland.

a The Lamian Family was most noble, being derived from Kings,  
who (by the Testimony of Homer) reigned in Cajeta. Of this Fa-  
mily was Ælius Læmis, whose Wife, Domitia Longina, Domitian  
took away, and afterwards put the Husband to death.

## SATIRA V.

*S*I te prepositi nondum pudet, atque eadem est mens,  
 Ut bono summa putes alienam vivere quadrā;  
 Si potes illa pati, quæ nec Sarmentus iniquas  
 Cæsaris ad mensas, nec vilis Galba tulisset,  
 Quamvis jurato metuam tibi credere testi. 5  
 Ventre nihil novi frugalius: hoc tamen ipsum  
 Defecisse puta, quod inani sufficit alvo:  
 Nulla crepido vacat? nusquam pons, & tegetis pars  
 Dimidia brevior? tantine injuria cœnæ?  
 Tam jejuna fames; cum possis honestius illic 10  
 Et tremere, & sordes farris mordere canini?  
 Primo fige loco, quod tu discumbere jussus  
 Mercedem solidam veterum capis officiorum:  
 Fructus amicitiae magnæ cibus: imputat hunc Rex,  
 Et quamvis rarum, tamen imputat. Ergo duos post 15  
 Si libuit menses neglectum adhibere clientem,  
 Tertia ne vacuo cessaret culcitra lecto,  
 Unam simus, ait: votorum summa; quid ultra  
 Quæris? habet Trebius, propter quod rumpere somnum  
 Debeat, & ligulas dimittere; sollicitus, ne 20

## SATIRE V.

IF you are not ashamed of your way of Life, and continue still to think the chiefest Happiness consists in eating at another's Table ; if you can tamely digest those Affronts which neither a Sarmmentus nor servile Galba could bear, when they dined with Cæsar, I should be afraid to believe your Evidence, tho' upon Oath. Nature, I know, is content with a little ; yet, suppose you wanted that little to satisfy your empty Belly, is there no Hole by the Highway, no vacant Bridge to beg at, no Piece of an old torn Mat to cover you, and plead for Charity ? Is a Supper with such sour Sauce worth your while ? Is Hunger so craving ? when you might with more Reputation shrug your Shoulders and beg, or gnaw a hard Crust fit for the Dogs ?

Take this for granted, in the first Place, that one Invitation makes you ample amends for all your past Services. A Meal's Meat is the Reward of a long Friendship. This your mighty Lord calls a Favour ; he charges it so, though he invites you but seldom : therefore if he vouchsafes, after two Months, to send for you, half-starved, to his Table, only to make a third Man ; hear him but say, ' Let's sup together,' you enjoy the Height of your Wishes ; what can you desire more ? Trebius for this will break his Rest, and hurry away with his Clothes unbuttoned, left

a A Roman Knight, that by his Buffoonery insinuated himself into the Favour of Augustus Cæsar, and often came to his Table; where, to the Dishonour of his Quality, he bore all manner of Scoffs and Affronts. Galba was such another Droll in the Time of Tiberius.

b In the Roman Dining room was a Table in fashion of a Half moon or Hemicycle, against the round Part whereof they set three Couches, every one containing three Persons when they had their full Number ; the Hemicycle being left for the Waiters.

*Tota salutatrix jam turba peregerit orbem  
 Sideribus dubiis, aut illo tempore, quo se  
 Frigida circumagunt pigri sarraca Boötæ.  
 Qualis cæna tamen? vinum, quod succida nolit  
 Lana pati: de convivâ Corybanta videbis. 25  
 Jurgia proludunt: sed mox & pacula torques,  
 Saucius, & rubrâ deterges vulnera mappâ;  
 Inter vos quoties, libertorumque cohortem  
 Pugna Saguntinâ fervet commissa lagenâ?  
 Ipse capillato diffusum Consule potat, 30  
 Calcatamque tenet bellis socialibus uvam,  
 Cardiacò nunquam cyathum missurus amico.  
 Gras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus, aut de  
 Setinis, cujus patriam, titulumque senectus  
 Delevit multâ veteris fuligine testæ: 35  
 Quale coronati Thræsea, Helvidiusque bibebant,  
 Brutorum & Cassi natalibus. Ipse capaces*

*Heliadum*

est the Circle that attends his Lord's Levee should have finished their Compliments, by Break of Day, when the Stars almost disappear, or earlier, when Charles's Wain is seen to roll slowly about the North Pole.

But what sort of Supper is this at last? The Lees of Wine not fit for the Dyers to soke their greasy Wool in, which made the Guests as mad as the Priests of Cybele! You begin with calling Names, then, provoked by Blows, you fling the Bottles about, and wipe your Wounds with Napkins stained with Blood. How often have you and the Troop of Freedmen of the House engaged in pitched Battle with <sup>c</sup> Saguntine Stone-pots? Your Patron at the same time indulges with old Wine, laid in when our Consuls wore their Beards long, and admires the Juice of the Grape pressed in the time of the Social War, not vouchsafing a Cup of it to a Friend, tho' sick at heart. Then for change he drinks the Growth of the <sup>d</sup> Albane or <sup>e</sup> Setine Hills; the Age of these Vines, and the thick Mouldiness of the old Casks, have quite defaced the Marks which should shew the Place and the Date when they were made. Such generous Wine <sup>f</sup> Thraseas and Helvidius, <sup>g</sup> crowned with Flowers, drank on the Birth-days of the two illustrious Bruti and Cassius.

Virro

<sup>c</sup> Coarse earthen Vessels made at Saguntum, a City of Spain, famous for holding out against Hannibal.

<sup>d</sup> The Albane Hills bore a pleasant Grape, and the Vines have not yet degenerated; for the Vino Albano is now esteemed the best Stomach Wine in Italy.

<sup>e</sup> Setia, the City that gives name to these Hills, lies not far from Terracina in Campania.

<sup>f</sup> Thraseas Pætus was Son-in-Law to Helvidius Priscus; both would willingly have laid down their Lives to preserve Rome from the Tyranny of Nero, as D. Junius Brutus ventured his to free the Romans from the Tarquin Family; or M. Brutus and Cassius theirs, to deliver their Country from the Power of Julius Cæsar. Thraseas bled to death by the Command of Nero, and Helvidius was banished.

<sup>g</sup> The Romans, upon Festival-days, when they used to drink hard, crowned their Heads with cooling Flowers, to allay the Heat of the Wine, and to bind their Foreheads to suppress the Fumes ascending.



*Heliadum crustas, & inæquales beryllo*

*Virro tenet phialas: tibi non committitur aurum;*

*Vel si quando datur, custos affixus ibidem,*

*Qui numeret gemmas, unguesque observet acutos.*

*Da veniam, præclara illic laudatur iaspis;*

*Nam Virro (ut multi), gemmas ad pocula transfert*

*A digitis: quas in vaginæ fronte solebat*

*Ponere zelotypo juvenis prælatus Hiarbæ*

*Tu Beneventani sutoris nomen habentem*

*Siccabis calicem nasorum quatuor, ac jam*

*Quassatum, & rupto poscentem sulphura vitro.*

*Si stomachus domini fervet vinovæ cibovæ,*

*Frigidior Geticis petitur decocta pruinis.*

*Non eadem vobis poni modi vina querebar?*

*Vos aliam potatis aquam. Tibi pocula cursor*

*Cætulus dabit, aut nigri manus ossæ Mauri,*

*Et cui præ mediam nolis occurrere noctem,*

*Clivosa veheris dum per monumenta Latina.*

*Flos Asiæ ante ipsum, pretio majore paratus,*

*Quàm fuit & Tullî census pugnacis, & Anci:*

*Et, ne te teneam, Romanorum omnia regum*

*Frivola. Quod cum ita sit, tu Cætulum Ganymedem*

*Respicit.*

Virro carouses in large Amber Bowls (Tears of the <sup>h</sup> Heliades) set round with Beryls ; you are not trusted with a golden Cup, or if you are, he places a Guard upon you to count the Stones, and mark your long sharp Nails, lest you should scratch them out. You must excuse it ; for a Jasper of great Value sparkles full in your Eyes. Virro (like many others) removes the Stones from his Rings, and sets them in his Cups ; such as Æneas (preferred by Dido before the jealous <sup>i</sup> Hiarbas) used to wear upon the Top of his Scabbard. You, at the same time, must drink out of the <sup>k</sup> Beneventine Cobler's Glass with four Ears, crack'd, and fit for nothing but to be chang'd for Brimstone-Matches.

If your Patron's Stomach is over-heated with Wine and High-feeding, Water is got ready, which after boiling grows colder than the Scythian Frost. Did I complain just now that you were not served with the same Wine ? Why you are not allowed the same Water. Some Gætulian Foot-boy, or the Hand of a raw-boned Blackmoor, gives you the Cup ; such a frightful Figure you would not care to meet at Midnight, when you ride over the steep Latin Way among the Tombs. Before Virro the Flower of Asia stands, a Boy purchased at a higher Price than warlike <sup>l</sup> Tullus or Ancus were ever worth ; in short, of more Value than the trifling Fortunes of all the Roman Kings. So then, when you want a Glass, call upon your own black <sup>m</sup> Ganymede behind you. A Boy

<sup>h</sup> The Daughter of Phœbus and Clymene, who bewailing their Brother Phaeton, was turned into Poplar Trees, from whose Tears came Amber.

<sup>i</sup> Hiarbas, a King of Gætulis, who courted Dido who built Carthage. But she (according to Virgil) preferred Æneas to him.

<sup>k</sup> An ugly Glass, that bore the Name of Vatinus, the drunken Cobler of Beneventum ; the four Noses of it, it seems, were rudged and bossed like his Nose. It was the Custom then to change away broken Glass for Brimstone-Matches.

<sup>l</sup> Two of the Roman Kings.

<sup>m</sup> The Son of Tros, King of Troy, so beautiful that Jupiter sent his Eagle to fetch him up to Heaven, where he made him his Cup-bearer.

*Respice, cū sities : nescit tot millibus emptus  
 Pauperibus miscere puer : sed forma, sed ætas  
 Digna supercilio. Quando ad te pervenit ille ?  
 Quando vocatus adest calidæ, gelidæve minister ?  
 Quippe indignatur veteri parère clienti ;  
 Quodque aliquid poscas, & quòd se stante recumbas.  
 Maxima quæque domus servis est plena superbis.  
 Ecce alius quanto porrexit murmure panem.*

*Vix fractum, solidæ jam mucida frusta farine,  
 Quæ genuinum agitent, non admittentia morsum.  
 Sed tener, & niveus, mollique siligine factus  
 Servatur domino : dextram cohibere memento :  
 Salva sit artoptæ reverentia : finge tamen te  
 Improbulum ; superest illic qui ponere cogat.  
 Vin' tu consuetis, audax conviva, canistris  
 Impleri, panisque tui novissè colorem ?  
 Scilicet hoc fuerat, propter quod sæpe relictâ  
 Coniuge, per montem adversum, gelidasque cucurri  
 Esquilias, fremeret savâ cū grandine vernus  
 Jupiter, & multo stillaret penula nimbo.*

*Aspice, quàm longo distendat pectore lancem,  
 Quæ fertur domino, squilla ; & quibus undique septa  
 Asparagis, quâ despiciat convivia caudâ,  
 Cū venit excelsi manibus sublata ministri.  
 Sed tibi dimidio constrictus Cammarus ovo  
 Ponitur, exiguâ feralis cœna patellâ.*

*Ipse Venafrano piscem perfundit : at hic, qui*

Boy that cost so many Thousands, scorns to cool the Wine for such spunging Guests : his Beauty, his Age, make him look upon you with Disdain. When does he offer to come near you ? If you call, does he stir a Step to serve you with hot Water or cold ? In- deed he can't bear to wait upon an old Hanger-on at his Master's Table ; he resents it that you should offer to command him, and lie along at your Ease while he stands. The Houses of Men of Quality are abundantly supplied with such insolent Servants.

See with what Muttering another of them gives you Bread, hard and mouldy Crusts of the coarser Sort, that strain your very Grinders. But the most delicate and white Manchet of the finest Flour, is reserved for your Master. Remember to hold your Hands off ; keep in the good Graces of that great Man the Butler : But suppose you had the Assurance to take a Piece, you have one near you that will soon make you lay it down : ' Can't you, saucy Fellow, be content to cram yourself out of the Basket you have been used to ? Don't you know the Colour of your own Bread ?' Alas ! was it for this I so often got out of a warm Bed from my Wife, and hurried up the steep Ascent of cold Mount Esquiline, through April Showers and cruel Hail, the Water all the while running from my Great-coat in Streams ?

See how the Lobster, a Dainty for your Master, with his long Body stretches out the Dish ; with what a Tail he seems to scorn the Table, as he comes borne aloft by the Hands of a tall Slave ? Your Commons is a poor Crab, beat up with half an Egg, served in a little Platter, a Supper for the <sup>n</sup> Dead. Virro makes his Fish swim in Oil of <sup>o</sup> Venafrum ;

K

but

The Romans used to place upon the Sepulchres of the Dead, to appease their Ghosts, a little Milk, Honey, Water, Wine, and Olives, and strewed Flowers.

The Oil made at Venafrum, a City of Campanis, was the best in Italy.

*Pallidus offertur misero tibi caulis, olebit  
Laternam ; illud enim vestris datur alveolis quod  
Canna Micipsarum prorâ subvexit acutâ ;  
Propter quod Romæ cum Bocchare nemo lavatur ;  
Quod tutos etiam facit à serpentibus Afros.*

*Mullus erit domino, quem misit Corsica, vel quem  
Taurominitanæ rupes, quando omne peractum est,  
Et jam defecit nostrum mare ; dum gula sævit,  
Retibus affiduis penitus scrutante macello  
Proxima ; nec patitur Tyrrhenum crescere piscem :  
Instruit ergo focum provincia : sumitur illinc  
Quod captatur omat Lenas, Aurelia vendat.*

*Virroni murena datur, quæ maxima venit  
Gurgite de Siculo : nam dum se continet Auster,  
Dum sedat, & siccat madidas in carcere pennas,  
Contemnunt mediam temeraria lina Charybdim.*

*Vos anguilla manet, longæ cognata colubræ,  
Aut glacie aspersus maculis Tiberinus, & ipse  
Vernula riparum, pinguis torrente cloacâ,  
Et solitus mediæ cryptam penetrare Suburræ.*

*Ipsi pauca velim, facilem si præbeat aurem :  
Nemo petit, modicis quæ mittebantur amicis  
A Senecâ, quæ Piso bonus, quæ Cotta solebat*

*Largiri :*



out such a poor Fellow as you must take up with Herbs half withered, and Lamp Oil. Your wooden Saucer is filled with greasy Stuff, brought hither in sharp-beaked Canoes of Africa. It stinks so, that when Bocchar the Mauritanian King was at Rome, no one would go into the same Bath with him; the nasty Smell of it secured the Moors even from the black Serpents of the Country.

Your Patron must have a Barbel caught upon the Corsican Shore, or among the <sup>q</sup> Taurominian Rocks, for our own Seas fail us, and are quite exhausted: so boundless is the Gluttony of the Age, that our Fishermen are continually searching the neighbouring Waters with their Nets, nor will they suffer the Fry in the Pyrrhene Sea to come to a proper Growth. Our Provinces therefore are obliged to supply our Kitchens; from thence Lenas is furnished to make Presents to the rich Aurelia, in hopes of being her Heir, who sells them again, having more than she can use at home.

Virro has a Present made him of an extraordinary Lamprey, caught in the Sicilian Sea; for when the South Wind is still and calm, and sits in his Æolian Cave, pruning his dropping Wings, the adventurous Fishermen despise the Dangers of the Waves, even Charibdis itself. You must take up with a muddy Eel, Sister of the slender Snake, or with a Pike bred in the Tiber, spotted by Winter's Ice, confined within the Banks, fed with the Ordure of the common Sewer, and used to swim through the Drains as far as the Suburra. A Word with Virro, if he can hear with Patience; no one expects from you the same Civility that Seneca shewed to his poor Clients, or the Bounty that the generous Piso and Cotta used,

K 2

(for

<sup>p</sup> Corsica is an Island in the Mediterranean, between Sardinia and Italy.

<sup>q</sup> The Sea-coasts near Taurominium in Sicily.

<sup>r</sup> A dangerous Whirlpool in the Streights of Sicily.

<sup>s</sup> Seneca, C. Piso Calpurnius, Aurelius Cotta, noble Romans, of great Courtesy and Munificence.



*Largiri : namque & titulis, & fascibus olim  
Major habebatur donandi gloria : solū  
Poscimus, ut cœnes civiliter : hoc face, & esto,  
Esto (ut nunc multi) dives tibi, pauper amicis.*

*Anseris ante ipsum magni jecur, anseribus par  
Altilis, & flavi dignus ferro Meleagri  
Fumat aper : post hunc raduntur tubera, si ver  
Tunc erit, & faciunt optata tonitrua, cœnas  
Majores ; tibi habe frumentum, Alledius inquit,  
O Libye, disjunge boves, dum tubera mittas.  
Struclorum interea, ne qua indignatio desit,  
Saltantem species, & Chironomonta volanti  
Cultello ; donec peragat dictata magistri  
Omnia ; nec minimo sanè discrimine refert,  
Quo gestu lepores & quo gallina secetur.*

*Ducêris plantâ, velut ictus ab Hercule Cacus,  
Et ponere foris, si quid tentaveris unquam  
Hiscere, tanquam habeas tria nomina. Quando propinat  
Virro tibi, sumitque tuis contacta labellis  
Pocula ? quis vestrū temerarius usque adeo, quis  
Perditus, at dicat regi, bibe ? Plurima sunt, quæ  
Non audent homines pertulâ dicere lænâ.  
Quadringenta tibi si quis Deus, aut similis Dīs,  
Et melior satis donaret ; bomuncio quantus*

for in those times the Glory of giving was esteemed greater Honour than high Titles and Offices) we only desire that you would be upon a Level with your Guests; behave so, and then (as many do) be as luxurious as you please when you sup alone, and as sparing with your Friends, provided you all fare like.

Your Patron has the Liver of a large Goose set before him, or of a crammed Capon full as large, or a Boar smoaking, worthy of the fair-hair'd Meleager's Spear. Then, if it be in the Spring, the with'd-for Thunder furnishes the Table with Mushrooms, these are shredded in the Dish. O Lybia, says Alledius the Glutton, keep your Corn to yourself, unyoke your Oxen, so that you'll supply us with Mushrooms. And to put you out of all Patience, you'll see a sinical Carver capering and brandishing his nimble Knife according to Art, till he has gone through his Work, and executed the Orders of his Master; nor is it a Matter of small Concern, let me tell you, with what an Air you uncase a Hare, or spoil a Fowl. You will be dragged by the Heels (as a Cacus when Hercules had killed him) and turned out of Doors, if you offer to act the Master of Quality, or make the least Complaint. When does Virro so much as drink to you? or takes the Cup you have once touched with your Lips? Which of you has the Assurance, who is so desperate among you as to say to your great Monarch, Drink Sir. There are many Things that will not bear mentioning by a Man in Rags.

But if any God, or Godlike Man (kinder than the Fates) would bestow upon you a Knight's Fortune,

K 3

tune,

† The Son of Oeneus, King of Caledonia; his Father sacrificing to the Gods, made his offering to all the Deities except Diana; which so much incensed her, that she sent a wild Boar that destroyed the whole Country of Ætolia. Meleager with his Mistress Atalanta, hunted this Boar, and slew him.

‡ A Robber and Stealer of Cattle in Italy, the Son of Vulcan; he was slain by Hercules, and dragged out of his Cave by the Heels.

*Ex nihilo fieres ! quantus Virronis amicus !*

*Da Trebio, pone ad Trebium : vis, frater, ab istis* 135

*libus ? O Nummi, vobis hunc præstat honorem ;*

*Vos estis fratres. Domines tamen, & domini re x*

*Si vis tu fieri, nullus tibi parvulus aulâ*

*Luserit Æneas, nec filia dulcior illo.*

*Jucundum & charum sterilis facit uxor amicum.*

*Sed tua nunc Micalæ pariat licet, & pueros tres* 141

*In gremium patres fundat simul ; ipse loquaci*

*Gaudebit nido ; viridem thoracæ jubebit*

*Afferri, minimasque nuce, assemque rogatum,*

*Ad mensam quoties parasitus venerit insans.* 145

*Vilibus ancipites fungi ponentur amicis,*

*Boletus domino ; sed qualem Claudius edit,*

*Ante illum uxoris post quem nihil amplius edit*

*Virro sibi, & reliquis Virronibus illa jubebit*

*Poma dari, quorum solo pascaris odere ;* 150

*Qualia perpetuus Phæacum autumnus habebat ;*

*Credere quæ possis surrepta srororibus Afris.*

*Tu scabies frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit*

*Qui tegitur parmâ & galeâ ; metuensque flagelli*

735 fortune, poor Mortal, how great would you become  
 from nothing? how much respected by Virro?  
 \* Present this Plate to Trebius; set this Dish before  
 Trebius; will you accept, dear Brother, of this  
 choice Bit? O Gold! to thee he pays this Ho-  
 141 nour; thou and he are Brothers. But would you  
 be called my Lord, or my Lord's Lord, you must have  
 no Child to prevent Virro's being your Heir, no little  
 Boy playing in your Hall, or a Daughter more endear-  
 ing of the two. A barren Wife never fails to procure  
 a Man the most kind and engaging Friends. Yet if  
 your Wife Micale is brought to bed, and makes you  
 a Present of three Boys at a time, if you are rich,  
 150 Virro will please himself with prattling with them in  
 the Cradle, he will order the green Stomacher to  
 be brought in, the small Nuts and the Silver Penny,  
 so often as the coaxing Boy comes to his Table.

Wretched Guests as you are, shall have Toad-  
 stools set before you, Mushrooms are Meat for your  
 Master, such as \* Claudius swallowed before his  
 145 Wife's fatal Present, after which he eat no more.  
 Virro will order for himself and his Companions  
 the choicest Fruits, the very Smell of which will fill  
 your Belly, such as perpetual Autumn produces in  
 the Garden of † Alcinous, or you'd believe stolen  
 from the Orchard of the ‡ Hesperides. You at the  
 same time have the Pleasure of sour Crabs, § such as  
 the Ape mumps upon in Garrison, where (armed  
 with Helmet and Shield, and quaking at his Master's  
 150 Lash) he learns to cast the Dart like a Soldier, from  
 the

\* The Roman Emperor; he married Agrippina his Niece, who  
 sent him into the other World, by poisoning his Mushrooms, which  
 was his favourite Dish.

† A King of the Island Corcyra; his Orchard was famous for the  
 choicest Fruits.

‡ The Daughters of Hesperus, who had Orchards in Africa, that  
 bore golden Fruit.

§ This has been reckoned a perplexing Passage; some have ren-  
 der'd it thus: 'Such as the young Soldiers armed with Shield and  
 150 Helmet, are forced to gnaw in Garrison, trembling under the Rod  
 of Capella, that rough Centurion, as he teaches them the Exercise  
 of throwing the Dart;' which perhaps maybe the better of the two.

*Discit ab hirsuta jaculum torquere Capellâ.*

155

*Forſitan impenſæ Virronem parcere credas :*

*Hoc agit, ut doleas : nam quæ comœdia ? mimus*

*Quis malior plorante gulâ ? ergo omnia fiunt,*

*Si neſcis, ut per lachrymas effundere bilem*

*Cogaris, preſſoque diu ſtridere molari.*

160

*Tu tibi liber homo, & Regis convivâ videris ;*

*Captum te nidore ſuæ putat ille culinæ :*

*Nec malè conjectat : Quis enim tam nudus, ut illum*

*Bis ferat, Hetruſcum puero ſi contigit aurum,*

*Vel nodus tantum, & ſignum de paupere loro ?*

165

*Spes benè cœnandi vos decipit : ecce dabit jam*

*Semeſum leporem, atque aliquid de chunibus apri :*

*Ad nos jam veniet minor aſtilis : inde parato,*

*Intaſtoque omnes, & ſtriſto pane tacetis.*

*Ille ſapit, qui te ſic utitur : omnia ferre*

170

*Si potes, & debes ; pulſandum vertice roſo*

*Præbebis quandoque caput, nec dura timebis*

*Flagra pati, hic epulis, & tali dignus amico.*

the Back of a Goat on which he is ridiculously  
 placed. You may think perhaps that Virro does  
 this to save Charges ; no, he does it to vex ye. For  
 what Comedy, what Mimick, can be more divert-  
 ing than Gluttony disappointed ? All this, if you  
 don't know it, is done to make you vent your Rage  
 by your Tears, to fly out with open Mouth, and  
 gnash aloud with your Grinders. You may think  
 yourself a Person of some Figure, and fancy you are  
 a welcome Guest at your Lord's Table, but he  
 knows you are led only by the Smell of his Kitchen,  
 Nor does he think amiss ; for who is so wretched as  
 to bear such a Tyrant twice ? especially if he be a  
 Person of Family, and when a Youth, wore the  
 Golden Bos, or if he be no more than a Freed-  
 man, distinguished by his poor <sup>c</sup> Leathern Bos, as  
 a Mark of Liberty The Hope of a good Supper  
 deceives you. ' Sure he'll send us that half Hare ?  
 some of that Boar's Haunch, or that fat Hen will  
 come down to us. So there you all sit with your  
 stale Bread untouched before you, in strong Expec-  
 tation, without daring to say a Word. Every Man  
 of Sense would use you so ; if you can bear all this,  
 you ought ; you'll soon come to take a Knock on  
 your shaven Pate, like a Slave ; you'll not be afraid  
 of a sound Drubbing, worthy of such a Feast and  
 such a Friend.

b The Golden Bos (brought in among the Romans by the Etru-  
 rians) permitted first only to Noblemen's Children, afterwards to all  
 Freeborn, was made in the Shape of a Heart, and worn before the  
 Breast, to prompt their young Age to the Study of Wisdom.

c The Sons of those whose Parents had been first Servants, were  
 Besses of Leather.



## SATIRA VI.

**C**REDO pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam  
In terris, visamque diu; cū frigida parvas  
Præberet spelunca domos, ignemque, Laremque,  
Et pecus, & dominos communi clauderet umbrā :  
Silvestrem montana torum cū sterneret uxor  
Frondebis : & culmo, vicinarumque ferarum  
Pellibus : haud similis tibi Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus  
Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos :  
Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis,  
Et sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito.  
Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo, cæloque recenti  
Vivebant homines ; qui rupto robore nati,  
Compositique luto nullos habuere parentes.  
Multa pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsan,  
Aut aliqua extiterant, & sub Fove, sed Fove nondum  
Barbato, nondum Græcis jurare paratis  
Per caput alterius : cū furem nemo timeret

Caulibus,

## S A T I R E VI.

GRANT that Chastity in the Reign of <sup>a</sup> Saturn  
 staid and was seen for some time upon Earth,  
 when a damp Cave afforded a narrow Shelter for  
 the Fire and the Household God, and covered the  
 Flock and the Shepherd with its common Shade :  
 When the Mountain Wife made her rural Bed with  
 Leaves and Chaff, and with the Skins of neigh-  
 bouring wild Beasts far unlike you <sup>b</sup> Cynthia, or  
 you <sup>c</sup> Lesbia, whose Eyes smarted with crying for  
 the Death of your Sparrow ; but our Dame put out  
 her full Breasts, to be drawn by a lusty Offspring,  
 and often made a rougher figure than her Husband,  
 who indulg'd himself with Acorns till he belch'd  
 again : for Men lived otherwise than they do now,  
 when the World was young, and the Air fresh, they  
 seemed as if they were cut out of Heart of Oak,  
 and, without Parents to corrupt them, originally  
 formed out of the Earth. Perhaps many Footsteps  
 of ancient Chastity, or some at least, remained even  
 under <sup>d</sup> Jove, but it must be whilst he was young,  
 before he had Hair upon his Chin, before the Greeks  
 broke their Oaths, though sworn in the Name of  
 their Deities, when no one feared a Thief would  
 rob

<sup>a</sup> The Son of Cœlum and Vesta. Under his Reign in Italy, the  
 Poets place the Golden Age, when the Earth, not forced by the  
 Plough and Harrow, afforded all sorts of Grain and Fruit, the whole  
 World was common, and without Inclosure.

<sup>b</sup> Cynthia, Mistress to the Poet Propertius.

<sup>c</sup> Mistress to Catullus, who writ an Elegy on the Death of her  
 Sparrow.

<sup>d</sup> The Son of Saturn and Ops ; the Time of his Reign was called  
 the Silver Age. The most innocent Part of the Silver Age was be-  
 fore Jove had a Beard ; for when once Down grew upon his Chin,  
 what Pranks he play'd with the Ladies are well known ; Iron Bars  
 and Locks could not hold against his Golden Key.

*Caulibus, aut pomis, sed aperto viveret horto.  
Paulatim deinde ad superos Astrea recessit  
Hâc comite, atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.  
Antiquum & vetus est, alienum, Posthume, lectum  
Concutere, atque sacri Genium contemnere fulcri.  
Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas :  
Viderunt primos argentea sæcula mæchos.  
Conventum tamen, & pactum, & sponsalia, nostrâ  
Tempestate paras ; jamque à tonsore magistro  
Peeteris, & digito pignus fortasse dedisti.  
Certè sanus eras : uxorem, Posthume, ducis ?  
Dic, quâ Tisiphone ? quibus exagitare colubris ?  
Ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam ?  
Cum pateant altæ, caligantesque fenestræ ?  
Cum tibi vicinum se præbeat Æmilius pons ?  
Aut si de multis nullus placet exitus, illud  
Nonne putas melius, quòd tecum pusio dormit ?  
Pusio qui noctu non litigat : exigit à te  
Nulla jacens illic munuscula, nec queritor quòd  
Et lateri parcas, nec quantum jussit, anheles.  
Sed placet Ursidio lex Julia : tollere dulcem  
Cogitat heredem, cariturus turture magno,  
Mullorumque jubis, & captatore macello.  
Quid fieri non posse putes, si jungitur ulla*

rob him of his Herbs or Apples, but every one had his Garden without Inclosure. At length Justice by degrees retired to the Gods with Chastity her Companion, and the two Sisters left the Earth at once.

It has been a Practice of old standing, Friend Posthumus, to violate another's Bed, and to despise the Genius that attends upon the sacred Marriage-Rites. Every other Vice was the Produce of the Iron Age; Adultery was introduced in the Silver Times. But in this Age of ours, Thou, it seems art entering into Treaties, making of Jointures and Contracts; thy Hair, forsooth, is trimm'd by a Master-Barbar, and perhaps thou hast made a Present of the Wedding-Ring. There was a Time when thou wast in thy Wits: What? Posthumus think of a Wife? Tell me what Fury haunts thee, what Snakes of Hell possess thee? Canst thou bear the Tyrant a Wife, when so many kind Halters may be had? When so many dazzling high Windows lie open, from whence to take a Leap? When the Æmilian Bridge over the Tiber is so near you? But if none of these ways of making your Exit please, is it not better, think you, to have your Page lie by you, your Page, I say, who never torments you with Curtain-Lectures, desires no Favour of you, nor complains that you don't use him as he desires, but takes all Care to preserve your Health.

But Urfidius, it seems, is mightily pleased with the Julian Law, which punishes Adultery with Death, and thinks to have a sweet Boy of his own to inherit his Estate, tho' he forfeits all the Presents given in expectation of being his Heir, the fair Trout, the Garbel with its large Fins, and all the tempting Decadencies of a full Market. What can you think impossible to come to pass, if you should once see a Woman

See A Bridge built over the Tiber by Æmilius Scaurus, about a Mile from Rome.

Persons that were rich, without Children, were courted with valuable presents by fawning Sycophants, in hopes of being their Heir.

*Ursidio ? si mæchorum notissimus olim*  
*Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capistro,*  
*Quem toties textit periturum cista Latini ?*  
*Quid, quodd' & antiquis uxor de moribus illi* 45  
*Queritur ? O medici mediam pertundite venam :*  
*Delicias hominis ! Tarpeium limen adora*  
*Pronus, & auratam Junoni cæde juvencam,*  
*Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.*  
*Pauca adeò Cereris vittas contingere dignæ ;* 50  
*Quarum non timeat pater oscula. Neſſe coronam*  
*Postibus, & densos per limina tende corymbos.*  
*Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit ? ocyùs illud*  
*Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.*  
*Magna tamen fama est cujusdam rure paterno* 55  
*Viventis : vivat Gabiis, ut vixit in agro ;*  
*Vivat Fedenis, & agello cedo paterno.*  
*Quis tamen affirmat nil ælûm in montibus, aut in*  
*Sp. luncis ? adeò ſenuerunt Júpiter & Mars ?*  
*Porticibusne tibi monstratur ſcæmina voto*

man yoked to Urfidius ? If one, formerly the most noted of Debauchees, should thrust his awkward Neck into the Marriage-Noose ? One who, quaking every Joint of him, had been so often hid in a Chest, like <sup>g</sup> Latinus in the Play ? O but he looks out for a Wife of the same Virtue with those of former times ! Bleed him, Doctor, in the middle Vein. A very nice Gentleman ! down on your bare Knees at the Door of the Capitol, and offer a Heifer with gilded Horns to Juno the Regent of the Marriage-Bed, if such a Rake as thou shouldst chance to have a Wife of tolerable Modesty. There are few Women, let me tell you, qualified by their Chastity to be admitted to the Rites of Ceres, few that their very Fathers dare salute with Safety.

But, Posthumus, <sup>h</sup> dress your Gates with Garlands, and spread Branches of Ivy thick at your Door : will one Man be enough for your Lady Iberina ? You will as soon force her to confess she will be content with one Eye. Yet you say there is a mighty Talk of one honest Girl brought up at her Father's Farm in the Country ; that's for want of Temptation ; let her come to <sup>i</sup> Gabii, and see if she lives there with the same Innocence ; try her at <sup>k</sup> Fidenæ, and if she preserves her Virtue, I will allow that possibly there may be such a thing as an honest Lass in the Country, under her Father's Care. But who can say, that no Love-tricks were ever play'd upon the Top of a Hill, or in the Hollow of a Cave ? Are Jupiter and Mars grown so old ? Can a Woman, worthy of your Wish, be shewn you in any of our publick Walks ? Can

<sup>g</sup> The Comedien Latinus play'd upon the Stage the Gallant to an Adulteress, who upon the unexpected Return of her Husband, locked him up in a Chest ; a Part, it seems, that had been really acted by Urfidius, in his younger Days.

<sup>h</sup> Upon Wedding Days the common People crowned their Doors and Door-posts with Ivy ; but Persons of Fortune made use of Laurel, and built Scaffolds in the Streets, for the Spectators to see the Nuptial Solemnity.

<sup>i</sup> A Town of the Volscians, about ten Miles from Rome.

<sup>k</sup> A City of Italy.



*Digna tuo ? cuneis an habent spectacula totis*

*Quod securus ames, quodque inde excerpere possis ?*

*Chironomon Ledam molli saltante Batyllo,*

*Tuccia vesica non imperat : Appula gannit*

*Sicut in amplexu : subitum & miserabile longum*

65

*Attendit Thymeles : Thymeles tunc rustica discit.*

*Ast aliae, quoties aulea recondita cessant,*

*Et vacuo clausoque sonant fora sola theatro,*

*Atque a plebeiis longè Megalesia ; tristes*

*Personam, thyrsūque tenent, & subligar Acci.*

70

*Urbicus exodio risum movet Attellanae*

*Gestibus Autonoeis ; hunc diligit Ælia pauper.*

*Solvitur his magno comædi fibula. Sunt, quæ*

*Chrysegonum cantara vetent, Hispulla tragædo*

*Gaudet :*

Can the Boxes, Pit or Gallery, afford one that you may place your Love upon with Safety? or make a Choice of? That Country Creature Tuccia could not contain herself, when soft Batyllus charm'd her by the Motion of his Hands, as he was dancing the <sup>1</sup> Leda; Appula was all Ecstasy! and Thymele attends patiently to every Action, the quick, the languishing Air; Thymele, rustic as she is, practises till she becomes Mistress of the Trade.

There are other Ladies, who as often as the Playhouse Scenes are lock'd up, when there is no Noise but at the Bar, the Theatres being empty and shut, and in the long Vacation between the <sup>m</sup> Plebeian and Magalesian Games, these Ladies are so melancholy and impatient, that they divert themselves with the Dress of the Actors, by handling the Mask, the <sup>n</sup> Thyrsus, and Sash of Arcius the Player. Urbicus, the noted Buffoon, makes them merry with a ridiculous <sup>o</sup> Atellan Interlude, wantonly acted in Imitation of <sup>p</sup> Autonoe: For this, Ælia, poor as she is, doats upon him; the Stroller lets himself out to the best Bidder. Chrysogonus the fine Singer is so admired by the Ladies, that they have crack'd his Voice. Hispulla doats upon a Tragedian; for you don't

<sup>1</sup> The Daughter of Thestius, embraced by Jupiter in the Shape of a Swan: The Action, it seems, was imitated in a Dance by Batyllus the Pantomime, whose lascivious Postures were wonderfully pleasing to the Country Ladies, Tuccia, Appula, and Thymele.

<sup>m</sup> The Magalesia were Games dedicated to the Honour of Cybele, Mother of the Gods. The Plebeian Games were instituted, either in Remembrance of the People's Liberty, after the Expulsion of their Kings, or for the Reconciliation of the People, after their Secession to Mount Aventine. The first of these were exhibited in April, the other in November.

<sup>n</sup> The Thyrsus was a Spear twisted about with Ivy, proper to Bacchus; in every Theatre (formed like a Half-moon) at the two Horns or Ends of it, there were Altars, one consecrated to Bacchus, the other to that God to whom the Shews were dedicated.

<sup>o</sup> These sorts of Interludes were so called from Atella, a City of the Oscii, where they were first used.

<sup>p</sup> Autonoe was the Daughter of Cadmus, and Mother of Ædion, turned into a Stag, and torn to Pieces by his Hounds. There was a sort of a Play made upon this Subject.

*Gaudet : an expectas, ut Quintilianus ametur ?*

75

*Accipis uxorem, de quâ citharædus Echion*

*Aut Glaphyrus fiat pater, Ambrosiusve choraules.*

*Longa per angustas figamus pulpita vicos :*

*Ornentur posses, & grandi janua lauro,*

*Ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo*

80

*Nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimat infaus.*

*Nupta senatori comitata est Hippiæ ludium*

*Ad Pharon & Nilum, famosæque mœnia Lagi,*

*Prodigia, & mores urbis damnante Canopo.*

*Immemor illa domûs, & conjugis, atque sororis,*

85

*Nil patriæ indulgit ; plorantesque improba gnatos,*

*Utque magis stupeas, ludos, Paridemque reliquit.*

*Sed quanquam in magnis opibus, plumâque paternâ,*

*Et segmentatis dormisset parvula cunis,*

*Contempsit pelagus ; famam contempserat olim,*

90

*Cujus apud molles minima est jactura cathedras.*

*Tyrrhenos igitur fluctus, latèque sonantem*

*Pertulit Ionium, constanti pectore, quamvis*

*Mutandum toties esset mare. Iusta pericli*

S;

don't suppose such a one as she should be captivated with the Gravity of a <sup>q</sup> Quintilian. Still thou must have a Wife ! So Echion the Harper, or Glaphyrus the Fidler, or Ambrosius the Piper, may make thee a Father. Come, get every thing ready, let us erect a Stage in a narrow Alley, to celebrate the Wedding ; let your Gates be adorned, and your Doors, with Laurel Boughs, that so, my Lentulus, the noble Heir of your wealthy Family, in his Bed of State, may be distinguished by his Face to be the Son of Euryalus the Sword-player.

Hippia, married to a Senator, ran away with Sergius the Gladiator, to the Island <sup>r</sup> Pharos and the Nile, and to the famous City of Alexandria, where Lagus the Father of Ptolemy reigned, the leud City of Canopus condemning such a Prodigy of Lasciviousness, and the Manners of our debauched City. She, unmindful of her Family, her Husband and Sister, had no Respect for her native Country, but, wicked as she was, abandoned her Children crying after her ; and, what will more surprize you, she left the Pleasure of the Circensian Games, and <sup>s</sup> Paris her favourite Actor. And tho', when a Child, she had slept in her Cradle under an embroider'd Quilt, had been brought up in the greatest Affluence, and laid upon a Bed of Down in her Father's House, she despised the Dangers of the Ocean ; her Reputation indeed she made light of long ago, a Loss among our fine Ladies of the least Concern. Hippia therefore bravely bore the Tossings of the Tyrrhene Waves, and the Ionian roaring at a great Distance, nothing shock'd tho' she was to sail over so many different Seas. Had these sort of Women had an honest and just Reason for venturing such Hazards, they would have

<sup>q</sup> A grave Rhetorician, born at Calaguris in Spain ; he taught Rhetorick at Rome, and was Tutor to Juvenal.

<sup>r</sup> A small Island at the Mouth of the Nile, wherein was a Tower with Lights, to guide Ships in the Night.

A handsome young Actor, a Favourite to the Emperor Domitian, and to his Empress.

*Si ratio est, & honesta, timent; pavidoque gelantur  
Pectore, nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis:*

96

*Fortem animum præstant rebus, quos turpiter audent.*

*Si jubeat conjux, durum est conscendere navim;*

*Tunc sentina gravis; tunc summus vertitur ær.*

*Quæ mæchum sequitur, stomacho valet: illa maritum*

*Convomit: hæc inter nautas & prandet, et errat*

101

*Per puppim, & duros gaudet tractare rudentes.*

*Quâ tamen exarsit formâ? quâ capta juventâ*

*Hippia? Quid vidit, propter quod ludia dici*

*Sustinuit? nam Sergiolus jam radere guttur*

105

*Cæperat, & seculo requiem sperare lacerto.*

*Præterea multa in facie deformia; sicut*

*Attritus galeâ, mediisque in navibus ingens*

*Gibbus, & acre malum semper stillantis ocelli.*

*Sed gladiatur erat; facit hoc illos Hyacinthos:*

110

*Hoc pueris, patriæque, hoc prætulit illa sorori,*

*Atque viro: ferrum est, quod amant: hic Sergius idem*

*Acceptâ rude cæpisset Veiento videri.*

*Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Hippia curas?*

*Respice rivales Divorum: Claudius audi*

115

have been frightened out of their Wits ; their Blood  
 runs cold at their Heart, and they tremble so, that  
 they are not able to stand upon their Feet ; But  
 they shew an undaunted Spirit when their leud Plea-  
 sures are in pursuit. If the Husband of this Lady  
 had commanded her to go to Sea ; Oh, she would  
 cry, 'tis hard for a Woman to crawl up the Ship-side,  
 the Stink of the Pump is intolerable, I'm giddy, the  
 Sky turns round : To follow her Gallant, her Sto-  
 mach bears every thing, with her Husband, she is  
 sea-sick, and spues in his Bosom : now she can dine  
 among the Ship's Crew, walk upon the Deck, and  
 takes Delight to pull at a hard Rope's End But  
 with what Charms was Hippia so enflamed, with  
 what young Lover was she captivated ? What could  
 she see in him worth undergoing the Scandal of be-  
 ing called a Gladiator's Trull ? For her dear Sergy  
 had begun to shave under the Chin, like an old Fel-  
 low, and hopes for a Discharge from fighting, on  
 account of the Cuts he has received on his Arm.  
 Besides, he had many things disagreeable in his Face,  
 his Forehead gaul'd by his Helmet, a great Wen on  
 the middle of his Nose, and a sharp Rheum always  
 dropping from his Eyes. But he was a Gladiator !  
 This makes him as beautiful as <sup>t</sup> Hyacinthus was in  
 the Eyes of Apollo. This Character she prefers to  
 her Children, to her Country, to her Sister, and to  
 her Husband. 'Tis the Sword they love : but let this  
 very Sergius once receive the <sup>u</sup> Cudgel as a Token  
 of his Dismission, he will appear in the Eyes of Hip-  
 pia as insignificant as her old Husband Veiento.

Why are you concerned at the Vices of a private  
 Family, at what Hippia has done ? See now the Ri-  
 vals of the Gods, our noble Emperors ; hear what  
 Infamy

<sup>t</sup> The Son of Amyclas, and beloved by Apollo, by whom after his  
 death, he was turned into a purple Flower called a Hyacinth.

<sup>u</sup> A Cudgel given to Gladiators, or Sword-players, in token of a  
 discharge and Release from that Exercise.



*Quæ tulerit : dormire virum cùm senferat uxor,  
 ( Ausa Palatino tegetem præferre cubili,  
 Sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos )  
 Linquebāt, comite ancillâ non ampliùs unâ ;  
 Et nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero, 120  
 Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar,  
 Et cellam vacuum, atque suam : tunc nuda papillis  
 Constitit auratis, titulum mentita Lyciscæ,  
 Ostenditque tuum, generose Britannice, ventrem.  
 Excepit blanda intrantes, atque æra peposcit : 125  
 Mox lenone suas jam dimittente puellas,  
 Tristis abit ; sed, quod potuit, tamèn ultima cellam  
 Clausit, adhuc ardens rigida tentigine vulvæ,  
 Et lassata viris, nondum satiata recessit :  
 Obscurisque genis turpis, fumoque lacernæ 130  
 Fæda, lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.  
 Hippomones, curmenque loquar, coctumque venenum,  
 Privignoque datum ? faciunt graviora coctæ  
 Imperio sexûs, minimùmque libidine peccant.  
 Optima sed quare Cesennia teste marito ? 135  
 Bis quingenta dedit, tanti vocat ille pudicam :  
 Nec Veneris pharetris macer est ; aut lampade fervet :*

infamy x Claudius has suffered ; the Wife, when she perceived the good Man asleep, slipt from him (for the Imperial Whore impudently preferred an old Mat to a Bed of State, and went hooded out of a Night) one of her chaste Maids of Honour only attending her, and with a yellow Veil to hide her black Hair, she entered the Stews, warm with the old Patchwork Quilt, and goes into the empty Cell which she had hired ; there she stood with her Breasts naked, adorned with Jewels, falsely calling herself by the Name of the admired Courtesan y Lycisca : and, most noble Britannicus, the Mother that gave thee Life, becomes a common Prostitute in a Bawdy-house. She kindly received the Cullies that came, and demanded their Money. . But now the old Procurer is sending home his Wenches ; the Empress turns out with a bad Heart, staid to the utmost, and the very last locks up her Cell, still burning with the Rage of Lust, and departed tired with Men, but not satisfied ; dirty by the Sweat of the Faces of her Gallants, and foul with the Smoke of the z Lamp, she brought home to Cæsar's Bed the Steam of a Brothel.

Shall I speak of their Love Potions, or their Charms, or their poisonous Draughts made up by Art, and given to a Son in law that stands in the way ? Women act the greatest Villanies when urged on by the haughty Empire of their Sex ; they do least Mischief by gratifying their Lust.

But why is Cæsennia praised as the best of Wives, and by her Husband ? Well she may, she brought her Thousands, her Fortune makes her chaste ; the Man never pined away by the Shaft, or burned with the

x Messalina, the Wife of the Emperor Claudius, took the Opportunity, when her Husband was asleep, to go to the common Stews like a Prostitute.

y The most famous Courtesan of those times, whose Name was chalked over the Chamber-door where Messalina entertained her Customers.

z In the Stews they had Lamps hanged up, on the back Part of which was expressed, hieroglyphically, to whom they were dedicated.

*Inde faces ardent ; veniunt à dote sagittæ.*

*Libertas emitur : coram licet innuat, atque*

*Rescribat, vidua est, locuples quæ nupsit avaro.*

140

*Cur desiderio Bibulæ Sertorius ardet ?*

*Si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.*

*Tres rugæ subeant, & se cutis arida laxet,*

*Fiant obscuri dentes, oculique minores ;*

*Collige scarinulas, licet libertus, & exi ;*

145

*Jam gravis es nobis, & sæpè emungeris ; ex*

*Ocyûs, & propera ; sicco venit altera naso.*

*Intereà calet, & regnat, poscitque maritum*

*Pastores, & ovem Canusnam, ulmosque Falernas.*

*Quantulum in hoc ? pueros omnes, ergastula tota,*

150

*Quodque domi non est, & habet vicinus, ematur.*

*Mense quidem brumæ, cùm jam mercator Iäson*

*Clausus, & armatis obstat casa candida nautis,*

*Grandia tolluntur crysellina, maxima rursûs*

*Myrrhina, deinde adamas notissimus, & Berenices*

155

*In digito factus pretiosior : hunc dedit olim*

*Barbarus incestæ ; dedit hunc Agrippa sorori,*

*Observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges, -*

the Flame of Love; he took fire at the Portion, the Dowry shot the Darts. Such a Wife purchases the Liberty of having her Will, tho' she tips the Wink or writes a Letter to her Gallant, before the good Man's Face. A rich Woman married to a covetous Husband has the same Privileges as a Widow.

Why is Sertorius so passionately fond of his Wife Bibula? If you examine the Truth, the Face not the Wife is agreeable. Let but three Wrinkles come over her Forehead, and her Skin grow dry and flimsy, let her Teeth turn black, and her Eyes sink in her Head, and you shall hear the Freedman crying, Pack up your Trumpery, and be gone, you're a Burden to the Family, your Nose is always running; be gone quickly, I say, make haste, there's another in your Place with a dry Nose.' Till then she's all Fire, a perfect Tyrant, insists that her Husband shall supply her with Shepherds, with a Canusian Sheep, and Falernian Wine; these are Trifles, she must be furnished with the finest Boys, with whole Workhouses of Slaves, and whatsoever she has not, and her Neighbour has, must be purchased. In the coldest Month of Winter, when Jason the Merchant dares not stir out, and the Snow upon the Houses discourages the Mariners ready to go to Sea, her Husband must venture the most dangerous Voyages to fetch her large Vessels of Chrystal, and the fairest Bowls of Myrrh, besides the famous Diamond which improved in Lustre by being on Berenice's Finger: This Jewel the Barbarian Agrippa formerly made a Present of, he gave it to his incestuous Sister, in that Country where Kings celebrate their Festival Sabbaths

a Canusium, a Town of Apulia, upon the River Aufidus; it afforded the best Sheep, and the finest Wool in Italy, which Nature had dyed with a Tincture of red.

b The Berenice intended by our Author, was the Daughter of Agrippa, the first of that Name, King of Judæa: She was a Woman of infamous Lewdness, and suspected of Incest with Agrippa her Brother: She was beloved by Titus, and was in a fair way of becoming a Roman Empress.

*Et vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.*

*Nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna videtur ?* 161

*Sit formosa, decens, dives, sæcunda, vetustos*

*Porticibus disponat avos, intactior omni*

*Crinibus effusis bellum dirimente Sabinâ :*

*(Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.)*

*Quis feret uxorem, cui constat omnia ? malo* 163

*Malo Venusinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater*

*Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers*

*Grande supercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.*

*Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem, victumque Syphacem*

*In castris, & cum totâ Carthagine migra.* 170

*Parce, præcor, Pæan ; & tu, Dea, pone sagittas ;*

*Nil pueri faciunt, ipsam configite matrem ;*

*Amphion clamat : sed Pæan contrahit arcum.*

*Extulit ergo gregem natorum, ipsumque parentem,*

*Dum sibi nobilior Latonæ gente videtur,* 173

*Atque eadem scrofa Niobe sæcundior albâ.*

*Quæ tanti gravitas ? quæ forma, ut se tibi semper*

*Imputet*

abbaths barefoot, and their old Kindness to Swine  
suffers them to escape the Knife, and to die with Age.

What? will no one of the whole Herd of Ladies I  
have mentioned, make you a fit Wife? Suppose her  
handsome, virtuous, rich, fruitful, and displays in her  
Hall all the Images of her Ancestors; let her be more  
chaste than all the Sabine Women, who with their  
Hair flowing about, put an End to the War between  
their Husbands and their Fathers (a Miracle indeed,  
and as rare to be met with as a black Swan) who  
can bear a Woman with all these Accomplishments?  
I would rather choose a Country Lass of Venusium,  
than you, <sup>c</sup> Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi, if with  
all your great Virtues, you bring with you an insur-  
erable Pride, and as part of your Fortune, reckon  
up the Triumphs of your Ancestors; prithee take  
thy Hannibal, and thy Syphax, routed as he was,  
with his Camp burnt, and be gone with all thy  
Carthaginian Pageantry along with thee.

And Amphion cries, Spare, Apollo, I beseech you,  
and you, Diana, lay down your Arrows, my Chil-  
dren have done nothing; kill the Mother only: but  
Apollo draws his Bow, and slew the whole Family  
of Children, and the Father himself. The Pride of  
Niobe his Wife procured this Calamity; for she pre-  
tended more Honour than the Race of Latona, and  
to be more fruitful than the White Sow, found by  
Eneas near Lavinium.

What Modesty? what Beauty is of that Value for  
which she must domineer over you all the Days of  
her

<sup>c</sup> The Mother of those two mutinous Tribunes, Caius and Ti-  
tinius Gracchus, Daughter of Scipio Africanus, who conquer'd  
Hannibal, and Syphax King of Numidia, and subjected Carthage to  
the Power of Rome.

<sup>d</sup> The Son of Jupiter by Antiope: He married Niobe, the Daugh-  
ter of Tantalus. She had by him fourteen Sons, and seven Daugh-  
ters; and, being proud of her Fruitfulness, she scorned the Theban  
Matrons, for sacrificing to Latona, that had but two Children: But  
those two, Apollo and Diana, sensible of this Affront to their Mo-  
ther, shot to death all the Children in one Day, not sparing Am-  
phion. Niobe was afterwards turned into a Marble Statue.



Imputet ? hujus enim rari, summique voluptas  
 Nulla boni, quoties animo corrupta superbo 179  
 Plus aloës quàm mellis, habet. Quis deditus autem  
 Usque adeò est, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,  
 Horreat ? Inque diem septenis oderit horis ?  
 Quædam parva quidem ; sed non toleranda maritis.  
 Nam quid rancidius, quàm quòd se non putat ulla  
 Formosam, nisi quæ de Thuscâ Græcula facta est ? 185  
 De Sulmonensi mera Cecropis ? omnia Græcè ;  
 Cùm sit turpe minùs nostris nescire Latinè.  
 Hoc sermone pavent ; hoc iram, gaudia, curas,  
 Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. Quid ultra ?  
 Concumbunt Græcè. Dones tamen ista puellis : 190  
 Tunc etiam, quam sextus & octogesimus annus  
 Pulsat, adhuc Græcè ? non est hic sermo pudicus  
 In vetulâ, quoties lascivum intervenit illud,  
 ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΨΥΧΗ modò sub lodice relictis  
 Uteris in turbâ. Quod enim non excitat inguen 195  
 Vox blanda & nequam ? digitos habet : ut tamen omnes  
 Subsistant pennæ : dicas hæc molliùs Æmo  
 Quanquam, & Carpophoro ; facies tua computat annos.  
 Si tibi legitimis pactam, junctamque tabellis  
 Non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur 200  
 Causa ; nec est quare cœnam & mustacea perdas,  
 Labente officio, crudis donanda : nec illud,

Quod

her Life? A Man receives no Delight from such a rare Jewel of a Wife, her Pride spoils every thing agreeable in her, and mixes more Gall than Honey with all his Pleasure; where is the Man so very uxorious, who must not abhor such a Woman, whom he cries up for her Virtue, and daily hates for seven Hours in the twelve?

There are some Faults in a Wife of no great account, but are yet insupportable to a Husband; for what is more fulsome than for Women to think that no one can pretend to Beauty, unless she has renounced her native Language, and from a Tuscan prattles Greek? From a plain Sulmonite becomes a meer Athenian? Every thing must be lisped out in Greek; whereas 'tis a trifling sort of Ignorance with such, to know nothing of their Mother-tongue: In this Dialect they express their Fears, their Anger, their Joys, their Cares, and all the Secrets of their very Souls; what would you have more? they prostitute themselves in Greek. You may pardon these Fooleries in Girls; but for you, whose Pulse beats eighty-six, to be still mumbling of Greek? This way of speaking is impudent in an old Woman, when she is languishing with these wanton Words in her Mouth, MY LIFE, MY SOUL, they must be delivered in Greek. You publickly use Expressions that were just now whispered within the Curtain; for what Passion is not raised by a soft and tempting Word? It is a strong Provocative: see how you display all your Charms to invite, yet though you lisp your fond Words with a softer Air than *Æmus* or *Carpophorus*, the famous Players, you make no Impression, still your Age is written on your Forehead.

If you cannot love a Woman fairly contracted and married to you by License, there can be no Reason why you should marry at all; why you should throw away the Expence of a Wedding Supper, or of the Bride-Cake given to the Guests of a weak Stomach, when the Entertainment is over, nor why

Quod primâ pro nocte datur ; cûm lance beatâ  
 Dacicus, & scripta radiat Germanicus auro,  
 Si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni 205  
 Est animus : submitte caput cervice paratâ  
 Ferre jugum : nullam invenies, quæ parcat amanti.  
 Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis,  
 Et spoliis ; igitur longè minûs utilis illi  
 Uxor, quisquis erit bonus, optandusque maritus.  
 Nil unquam invitâ donabis conjuge : vendes 211  
 Hâc obstante nihil : nihil, hæc si nolit, emetur.  
 Hæc dabit affectus : ille excludetur amicus  
 Jam senior, cujus barbam tua janua vidit.  
 Testandi cûm sit lenonibus, atque lanistis | 215  
 Libertas, & juris idem contingat arena,  
 Non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur hæres.  
 Pone crucem servo : meruit quo crimine servus  
 Supplicium ? quis testis adest ? quis detulit ? audi,  
 Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est. 220  
 O demens, ita servus homo est ? nil fecerit, esto :  
 Hoc volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas.  
 Imperat ergo viro : sed mox hæc regna relinquit,  
 Permutatque domos, & flammea conterit : inde  
 Avolat, & sprete repetit vestigia lecti, 225  
 Ornatas paulò antè fores, pendentia linquit  
 Vela domûs, & adhuc virides in limine ramos.  
 Sic crescit numerus ; sic fiunt octo mariti

Quinqu

you should lose the Present offered to the Bride for the Favour of the first Night, the large Basen full of shining Gold, with Domitian's Titles stamp'd upon every Piece.

But if you are so simply uxorious as to give yourself up wholly to the Service of a Wife, stoop your Head low, and your Neck willing to bear the Yoke, you'll never find a Woman that used her Lover with any Mercy; tho' she loves you to Distraction, she takes Delight in plaguing and plundering of you; and therefore an honest Man that would make a good Husband, has the least Temptation in the World to be married. You shall not dare to give any thing away without Madam's Consent; you shall sell nothing if she opposes it; nothing must be bought if she refuses; she will direct all your Passions; an old Friend must be shut out that used to be welcome at your House from a Youth; and when Panders, Prize-fighters, and Gladiators have the Liberty of making their Wills as they please, your Wife will dictate your's, and name her Drudges your Rivals to enjoy your Estate. Crucify that Slave, cries she; for what Offence, says the Husband, has he deserved this Punishment? What Evidence is there? Who accuses him? Consider, my Dear, you cannot take too long time to weigh things when a Man's Life is concerned. O Fool, replies she, call you a Slave a Man? He has done nothing, perhaps, be it so; such is my Pleasure, so I command; and for a Reason, 'tis my Will to have it so. Thus she plays the Tyrant; but she soon gives up her Power here, changes her Family, and by often marrying wears out her Bridal Veils; this Husband she casts off, and returns again to the Man she scorn'd. She leaves the Gates just before adorned for her Wedding, and the Garlands yet green upon the Door: Thus the Number increases so in five Years, she makes

*Quinque per autumnos : titulo res digna sepulchri.*

*Desperanda tibi salvâ concordia socru :*

230

*Illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti :*

*Illa docet, missis a corruptore tabellis,*

*Nil rude, nil simplex rescribere : decipit illa*

*Custodes, aut ære domat : tunc corpore sano*

*Advocat Archigenem, onerosaque pallia jactat,*

235

*Abditus interea latet accersitus adulter,*

*Impatiensque moræ filet, & præputia ducit.*

*Scilicet expectas, ut tradat mater honestos,*

*Aut alios mores, quam quos habet ? utile porro*

*Filiolam turpi vetulæ producere tarpem.*

240

*Nulla ferè causa est, in quâ non fœmina litem*

*Moverit, accusat Manilia, si rea non est.*

*Componunt ipsæ per se, formantque libellos,*

*Principium atque locos Celse dictare paratæ.*

*Endromidas Tyrias, & fœmineum ceroma*

245

*Quis nescit ? vel quis non vidit vulnera pali ?*

*Quam*



VI  
 takes up e eight Husbands ; a fine Character to be  
 scribed upon her Tomb-stone !

230 You must despair of having Peace at home, so  
 long as your Wife's Mother lives ; for she teaches  
 her Daughter to triumph in the Plunder of her stript  
 Husband ; she teaches her to write back no ill-bred  
 or simple Answer to the Letters sent her by her Gal-  
 ant. She deceives the Spies set upon her, or bribes  
 them with Money ; and when the Wife is in perfect  
 Health, the old Bawd, for a Blind, sends for Archi-  
 enes the Physician, and takes off some of the heavy  
 ed-clothes, as if the Patient was unable to bear  
 235 them ; the Adulterer, in the mean time, ready at  
 Command, lies concealed in the Closet, and impa-  
 tient of Delay, holds his Breath for fear of being  
 discovered, and prepares for the vile Attempt. No  
 wonder ; for can you expect that a Mother should  
 refuse virtuous Principles, or different from her own ?  
 Besides, it is a profitable Article to an old Procu-  
 ess, to bring up her Daughter to the same Trade.

240 There is scarce a Trial at Bar, but a Woman is  
 some way engaged in it ; Manilla, if she be not  
 Defendant, is sure to be Plaintiff : they form the  
 process, and draw up Pleas upon their own Judg-  
 ment, and are so forward as to prescribe to Celsus  
 the eminent Council, how he is to open a Cause,  
 and when to reply.

Who is unacquainted with the f purple Rug, and  
 the Gladiators Oil used now by the Ladies ? Who  
 sees not the Holes they make by pushing at a s Post,  
 as

245 e The Poet does not mention this Number by Chance, that be-  
 yond the utmost Extent of Divorces allowed by the Roman Law ;  
 beyond that was accounted Adultery.

246 f Women had the Impudence to fight Prizes, and anoint them-  
 selves with Oil, like common Fencers ; like them, they wore Rugs  
 after their Exercise, for fear of catching Cold ; but, to shew their  
 pride, they were of Purple.

g This was the Exercise of the Palatia used by the Soldiers in  
 their Camp, but now practised by impudent Women : A Stake was  
 fixed in the Ground about six Feet high, at which they went  
 through all the Points of the Fencers Art, as with an Enemy, by  
 way of Preparations to a true Fight.



*Quem cavat assiduis sudibus, scutoque laceffit,  
Atque omnes implet numeros; dignissima prorsus  
Florali matrona tubâ; nisi si quid in illo*

*Pectore plus agitet, veræque paratur arenæ.*

250

*Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,  
Quæ fugit à sexu, & vires amat? hæc tamen ipsa  
Vir nollet fieri: nam quantula nostra voluptas?*

*Quale decus rerum, si conjugis auctio fiat,  
Balteus, & manica, & crista, crurisque sinistri  
Dimidium tegmen: vel si diversa movebit*

256

*Prælia, tu felix, ocreas vendente puellâ.*

*Hæ sunt, quæ tenui sudant in cyclade, quarum  
Delicias & panniculus bombycinus urit.*

*Aspice, quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus,*

260

*Et quanto galeæ curvetur pondere: quanta  
Poplitibus sedeat; quàm denso fascia libro;  
Et ride, scaphium positis cùm sumitur armis.*

*Dicite vos neptes Lepidi, cæcivæ Metelli,*

*Gurgitis aut Fabii, quæ ludia sumpserit unquam*

265

*Hos habitus? quando ad palum gemat uxor Asylli?*

*Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,*

*In quo nupta jacet: minimùm dormitur in illo.*

*Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orbâ tigride pejor,*

*Cum simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti,*

270

Aut

as they practise, which they continually bore with their wooden Swords? and defy with their Shield as if it were a living Enemy? how they go through all their Exercises? worthy for their Impudence to be summoned to celebrate the wanton Festival of the Goddess<sup>b</sup> Flora, unless they have some farther Design, and exercise in order to fight a Prize publicly upon the Stage. What Modesty can that Woman pretend to, that puts on a Helmet, and puts off the Tenderness of her own Sex? But she loves to look manly, and yet would by no Means be a Man: for alas! have not they much the Advantage of us? What an Honour to a Family would it be, to have your Wife's Accoutrements put up to Auction, her Belt, her Gauntlets, her Plume of Feathers, and her Half-Boot upon her left Leg? Or, if she chuses to engage with other Weapons, happy must the Husband be to see her fighting Buskins set to sale; yet these are the Ladies who at other times sweat under the thinnest Sarcenet, and are almost stifled under the Weight of the finest Silk. See with what Vigour she cries HAH! at every Thrust? how she staggers under the great Weight of her Helmet? how firmly she poises herself upon her Hams? how she is tuckt up close for the Exercise? and then smile, to see her after all lay down her Arms, and put on her Veil like a Woman. Tell me, ye Grand-daughters of Lepidus, or of blind Metellus, or of Fabius Gurgus, what Gladiator's Trull in your Days assumed this Dress? when saw you the Wife even of Asyllus the sword player pushing at a Post?

The Bed wherein a married Woman lies, always promotes Contention and mutual Scolding; the least sleep is to be had there. Then is a Wife insupportable to her Husband, then is she worse than a Tigress robbed of her Whelps, when conscious of her own secret Adultery, she pretends to weep, and either quarrels

<sup>b</sup> The Floral Games were celebrated by Harlots with naked Impudence, who danced through the Streets to the Sound of a Trumpet.

*Aut odit pueros, aut fœdâ pellice plorat  
Uberibus semper lachrymis, semperque paratis  
In statione tuâ, atque expectantibus illam,  
Quo jubeat manare modo : tu credis amorem ;  
Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places, fletumque labellis  
Exorbes ; quæ scripta, & quas lecture tabellas,  
Si tibi zelotipæ retigantur scrinia mœchæ !  
Sed jacet in servi complexibus, aut equitis : dic,  
Dic aliquem, sodes hîc, Quîntiliane, colorem.  
Hæremus : dic ipsa : olim convenerat, inquit,  
Ut faceres tu quod velles ; necnon ego possem  
Indulgere mihi : clames licèt, & mare cœla  
Confundas, homo sum. Nihil est audacius illis  
Deprênsis : iram atque animos à crimine sumunt.  
Unde hæc monstra tamen, vel quo de fonte requiris ?  
-Præstabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas  
Quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva sinebat  
Tecta labor, somnique breves, & vellere Thusco  
Vexatæ, duræque manus, ac proximus arbi  
Hannibal, & stantes Collinâ in turre mariti.  
Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala : sævior armis*

quarrels with the Servants as privy to their Master's Intrigues, or charges him falsely with keeping a Whore, her Tears being always abundant, always ready to expect the Word of Command, in what manner to flow out. Thou, poor <sup>i</sup> Hedge-Sparrow, believest this to be Love; thou flatterest thyself with this Fancy, and kissest off her Tears with thy Lips; but wert thou to search into the Cabinet of this jealous Strumpet, what Letters, what Love-Epistles would'st thou read!

But suppose she be actually caught in the Embraces of your Slave, or her Gallant; tell me, thou great Orator Quintilian, tell, I beg you, any Colour for an Excuse. The Council is at a Loss; tell me, Madam, yourself: Why, cries she, you know when we were married, it was agreed that you might do what you would, I likewise was to please myself; now bawl your Heart out, and turn the World topsy-turvy, Homo is a Name common to both. In short, there is nothing more audacious than Women surprized in the Fact, they assume an Air of Insolence and Courage from their very Guilt.

Do you ask now from whence proceed these monstrous Crimes, from what Fountain do they spring? A mean Fortune heretofore preserved the Chastity of the Roman Women, nor would hard Labour, and a short Allowance of Sleep, suffer their low Cottages to be corrupted with Vice. Their Hands were tired and hardened with spinning of Tuscan Wool; besides, <sup>k</sup> Hannibal was hovering about the City, and their Husbands were forced to keep Guard in the Colline Gate. But now we suffer the Calamities of a long Peace; Luxury, more terrible than the Arms  
of

<sup>i</sup> The poor Fellow that was made a Cuckold, our Author calls Curruca, or Hedge-Sparrow, doubtless because that Bird feeds the young Cuckoos that are laid in its Nest.

<sup>k</sup> A great Carthaginian General, who, after he had given the Romans a terrible Rout at Cannæ, march'd within three Miles of Rome, which obliged the Citizens to keep constant Guard.

Luxuria incubuit, viſtumque ulciſcitur orbem.  
 Nullum crimen abeſt, facinusque libidinis, ex quo  
 Paupertas Romana perit : hinc fluxit ad iſtos  
 Et Sybaris colles, hinc & Rhodas, atque Miletos, 295  
 Atque coronatum, & petulans, madidumque Tarentum.  
 Prima peregrinos obſcæna pecunia mores  
 Intulit, & turpi fregerunt ſecula luxu  
 Divitiæ molles. Quid enim Venus ebria curat ?  
 Inguinis & capitis quæ ſint discrimina, nescit ; 300  
 Grandia quæ mediis jam noctibus oſtea mordet,  
 Cùm perfuſa mero ſpumant unguenta Falerno,  
 Cùm bibitur conchâ, cùm jam vertigine teſtum  
 Ambulat, & geminis exurgit menſa lucernis.  
 I nunc, & dubita quâ ſorbeat æra ſannâ 305  
 Tullia ; quid dicat notæ Collacia Mauræ ;  
 Maura pudiciæ veterem cùm præterit aram.  
 Noctibus hîc ponunt lecticas, miſturunt hîc ;  
 Effigiemque Deæ longis ſiphonibus implent ;  
 Inque vices equitant, ac lunâ teſte moventur : 310  
 Inde domos abeunt. Tu calcas, luce reversâ,  
 Conjugis urinam, magnos viſurus amicos.  
 Nota Bonæ ſecreta Deæ, cùm tibia lumbos  
 Incitat, & cornu pariter, vinoque feruntur  
 Attonita, crinemque rotant, ululantque Priapi 315  
 Mænades : ô quantus tunc illis mentibus ardor  
 Concubitûs ! quæ vox ſaltante libidine ! quantus  
 Ille meri veteris per curra madentia torrens !



of our Enemies, consumes us, and takes ample Revenge for our Triumphs over the conquer'd World. No Villainy, no Attempt of Lust is a Stranger to us since the Roman Poverty decayed ; from that time have broke in upon us the Vices of the City & Sybaris, of the Island of Rhodes and Miletus, and of the saucy and drunken Tarentines with Garlands upon their Heads. Filthy Money first introduced foreign Customs : effeminate Riches have enervated the Virtue of the times by shameful Luxury ; for what does a drunken Woman care for ? She knows no difference between Top or Bottom ; one, I mean, who eats large Oysters at Midnight, who indulges herself with Ointments, that mixed with Falernian Wine ferment again, who drinks out of large Bowls, when the Room seems to turn round, the Table to rise, and the Candles to shew double.

Now go, and doubt if you can, with what Lust Tullia the Strumpet tosses up her Nose, what a filthy Dialogue passes between the impudent Collacia and her Confidante Maura ; Maura, I say, as she goes by the old Altar of Chastity. Here the Chairs wait of a Night, here they stain and pollute the Image of the Goddess by turns, the Moon all the while looking upon them. From thence they go home ; thou, on the morrow, in the way to the Levee of thy great Friends, treadest upon the Spot where thy Wife so shamefully exposed herself.

The secret Rites of the Good Goddess are now made publick, when these Votaries of Priapus, provoked by the Musick of the Pipe and Horn, and raised by the Vapours of Wine, like distracted Women, toss about their Hair, and make a strange Howling. How their Desires are inflamed ! how agitated ? what Cries, what Postures ? what a Torment

k A City of Calabria : The Inhabitants were so addicted to Pleasure and Effeminacy, that their Luxury became proverbial. The People of Tarentum (a City in the same Country) of the Island of Rhodes and Malta, were equally famous for their Lewdness and Debauchery.



*Lenonum ancillas positâ Laufella coronâ*  
*Provocat, & tollit pendentis præmia cexæ :* 320  
*Ipsa Medullinæ frictum crissantis adorat.*  
*Palnam inter dominas virtus natalibus æquat.*  
*Nili tibi per ludum simulabitur, omnia fient*  
*Ad verum, quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo*  
*Laomedontiades, & Nestoris hernia possit.* 325  
*Tunc prurigo moræ impatiens : tunc scæmina simplex ;*  
*Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro :*  
*Jam fas est, admitte viros : jam dormit adultere ?*  
*Ille jubet sumptu juvenem properare cucullo :*  
*Si nihil est ; servis incurritur : abstuleris spem* 330  
*Servorum, veniet conductus aquarius : hic si*  
*Quæritur, & desunt homines ; mora nulla per ipsam,*  
*Quo minùs imposito clunem submittat asello.*  
*Atque utinam ritus veteres, & publica saltem*  
*His intacta malis agerentur sacra : sed omnes* 335  
*Noverunt Mauri, atque Indi, quæ Psalteria penem*  
*Majorem, quàm sint duo Caesaris Anticatones,*  
*Illuc, testiculi sibi conscius undè fugit mus,*  
*Intulerit ; ubi velari pictura jubetur,*  
*Quæcunque alterius sexûs imitata figuram est.* 340  
*Et quis tunc hominum contemptor Numinis ; aut quis*  
*Sympuvium ridere Numæ, nigrumque catinum,*  
*Et Vaticano fragilos de monte patellas*

rent of Filthiness flows all about them? The leud Laufella proposes a Prize among the most infamous Strumpets, and in the impure Contention obtains the Victory; but she is all in rapture when Medullina acts her Part, the more vile, the greater Honour they obtain. Nothing is dissembled in their Sports, every thing is acted to the life, enough to fire <sup>l</sup> Priam frozen with Age, and <sup>m</sup> Nestor bursten as he was. Then they are out of all Patience; they shew all the Woman undisguised; a general Cry is heard through all the Place. Now is the time, let in the Men; does the Adulterer sleep still? Then, with her Veil on, she orders the next young Fellow to be brought in; if he is not to be found, she calls eagerly for the Slaves; if there be no hopes of them, a Waterman must be hired and introduced; if, at last, no Men are to be had, she is impatient of Delay, and submits to prostitute herself to an Ass, below her kind.

And I could wish that the ancient Rites and the publick Ceremonies of Religion were performed free from these Obscenities; but the remotest Nations, all the Moors and Indians know how Clodius, in the Habit of a singing Wench, brought with him a larger stock of Impudence, than the Compass of the two Books writ by Julius Cæsar, called <sup>n</sup> Anti-Cato's, rolled together; and to those Solemnities which a Mouse, knowing himself to be of the Male kind, avoids; where a Picture that represents a Man, is order'd to have a Curtain before it. But who was the Man even then that presumed to despise the Gods, or to laugh at the Earthen Chalice of Numa, used in Sacrifices, or the black earthen Bowl, or the brittle Ware made with the Clay of the Vatican Hill? but

now

<sup>l</sup> The last King of Troy; he lived to a great Age, and was slain by Pyrrhus.

<sup>m</sup> King of Pylos; he is said to have lived three Ages.

<sup>n</sup> Cæsar, to reflect upon the Memory of Cato Major that was dead, wrote two Books, which he called Anti-Cato's: and when they were rolled up in the Form of a Cylinder, as all Books then were, they made a considerable Bulk.

*Aufus erat ? sed nunc ad quas non Clodius aras ?*

*Audio, quid veteres olim moneatis amici :*

*Pone seram, cohibe. Sed quis custodiet ipsos*

*Custidos ? cauta est, & ab illis incipit uxor.*

*Jamque eadem sumnis pariter, minimisque libido ;*

*Nec melior, silicem pedibus quæ conterit atrum,*

*Quàm quæ longorum vehitur cervice Syrorum*

*Ut spectet ludos, conducit Ogulnia vestem,*

*Conducit comites, sellam, cervical, amicas,*

*Nutricem, & flavam, cui det mandata, puellam.*

*Hæc tamen, argenti superest, quodcunque paterni,*

*Lævibus athleticis, ac vasa novissima donat.*

*Multis res angusta domi est : sed nulla pudorem*

*Paupertatis habet ; nec se metitur ad illum,*

*Quem dedit hæc, posuitque modum, tamen utile quid sit,*

*Prospiciunt aliquando viri ; frigusque, famemque,*

*Formicâ tandem quidam expavere magistrâ.*

*Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina censum :*

*At velut exhaustâ redivivus pullulet arcâ*

*Nummus, & è pleno semper tollatur acervo,*

*Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi gaudia consent.*

*Sunt quas eunuchi impelles, ac mollia semper*

*Oscula delectent, & desperatio barbæ,*

*Et quod abortivo non est opus ; illa voluptas*

*Summa tamen, quod jam calidâ matura juventâ*

*Inguina traduntur medicis, jam pectine nigro.*

*Ergo expectatos, ac jussos crescere primùm*

*Testiculos, postquam cœperunt esse bilibres,*

*Tonsoris damno tantùm rapit Heliodorus.*

*Conspiciunt*

VL  
345  
How do we not see a Clodius shewing his Impieties  
at every Altar ?

I hear you old Friends, what Advice you design  
to give me : Lock her up, you'll cry, seal up the  
Door ; but who shall guard her very Keepers ? She  
is subtle ; the Wife first begins to tamper with these,  
The same Passions work in all Women from the  
highest to the lowest ; nor is she more virtuous than  
350  
she goes barefoot upon the hard Flint Stones, than the  
nice Dame carried in her Chair upon the Shoulders  
of a Couple of tall Syrians.

That she might see the Plays, poor Ogulnia hires  
her very Clothes, her Waiting-women, her Chair,  
her Cushion to lean upon, her Companions, her  
Nurse, and a pretty golden-lockt Girl for her Con-  
fidante ; at length she bestows the little she has left  
of her Fortune, the very last Piece of her Plate, upon  
a Company of smooth-faced Wrestlers.

Many Women are straitened in their Fortune at  
home, but not one retains a Sense of her Poverty  
or lives within the Bounds that a mean Condition  
should prescribe to her ; Men indeed sometimes con-  
sider what makes for their own Advantage, and  
360  
some, by the Example of the Ant, are at long-run  
made to fear the Severity of Cold and Hunger : but  
an extravagant Woman never perceives her Circum-  
stances decaying ; and as if Money, like a Plant,  
would revive and bud again in an empty Chest, and  
365  
she were always to take out of a full Heap, she never  
once reflects how expensive her Pleasures are.

Other Ladies there are that take delight in soft  
Eunuchs, and are always pleased with their tender  
Kisses ; that they cannot be scrubbed by a hard  
Beard, or want Physick to make them miscarry.  
The Height of their Pleasure is, that the Surgeon  
370  
Heliodorus performs the Operation upon his Patient  
in the Bloom of Youth, when all his Parts are ripe  
and full-grown, all but his Beard, which is the Bar-  
ber's Loss. This lusty Eunuch, remarkable at a  
distance,

*Conspicius longè, cunctisque notabilis intrat  
 Balnea, nec dubiè custodem vitis & horti  
 Provocat, à domina factus spado : dormiat ille* 375  
*Cum dominâ : sed tu jam durum, Posthume, jamque  
 Tondendum eunucho Bromium committere noli.*

*Si gaudet cantu, nullius fibula durat  
 Vocem vendentis Prætoribus ; organa semper  
 In manibus : densi radiant testudine totâ* 380  
*Sardoniches : crispo numerantur pectine chordæ,  
 Quo tener Hedymeles operam dedit : hunc tenet, hoc se  
 Solatur, gratoque indulget basia plectro.*

*Quædâm de numero Lamiarum, ac nominis alti,  
 Cum farre & vino Janum, Vestamque rogabat :* 385  
*An Capitolinam deberet Pollio quercum  
 Sperare, & fœdibus promittere, quid faceret plus  
 Ægrotante viro ? medicis quid tristibus erga  
 Filiolum ? stetit ante aram, nec turpe putavit  
 Pro citharâ velare caput ; distataque verba* 390  
*Protulit, (ut mos est) & apertâ palluit agnâ.  
 Dic mihi nunc, quæso ; dic, antiquissime Divum ;  
 Respondes his, JANE pater ? magna otia cœli :  
 Non est, (ut video) non est, quid agatur apud vos.  
 Hæc de comœdis te consulit : illa tragædum* 395

stance, and known to every one, stalks into the bath, a strong Provocative no doubt. The Fellow made a Gelding by his Mistress; let him by my consent sleep with her for her Pains: but, Friend Posthumus, don't you trust your favourite Boy, as Bump as Bacchus, to come under the Hands of his libidinous Eunuch.

If a Woman delights in Singing, no hired Musician at the Theatre can keep himself safe from her Attempts. Her Instrument is always in her Hands; precious Stones, thick-set, sparkle all about the Lute; she runs over all the Strings in their Order, with the trembling Quill, which the dear Hedymeles had made use of; the Quill she presses in her Hands, with this she comforts herself in his Absence, and delights in fixing upon it her warmest Kisses.

A Lady of the Lamian Name, and of a noble Family, had the Impudence to apply to the Deities Janus and Vesta, with an Offering of Meal and Wine, in order to know whether Pollio the Harper might hope for the Oaken Crown, the Musick-prize given to the Conqueror in the Capitol, and promise Success to his Instrument. What could she do more for her sick Husband? What for an only Son given over by his Physicians? She stood before the Altar, nor did she think it any Shame to veil her Head like a suppliant, for a Harper; she went through the Form of Prayer (as the Custom is) and grew pale as the Lamb was opening by the Sooth-sayer, lest the Tokens should prove unfortunate. Tell me now, I beseech you, tell me, Father Janus, the most antient of the Gods, do you give me an Answer to such as these? Your Godships must have a deal of idle Time in Heaven, nor can you (as I see) have any Business, any at all among you, to take Notice of such Votaries. This Lady consults you about a Comedian, the

Domitian instituted Sports in honour of Jupiter Capitolinus, which were celebrated every fifth Year; and he that came off victorious was rewarded with an Oaken Crown.



*Commendare volet ; varicosus fiet haruspex.  
Sed cantet potiùs, quàm totam pervolet urbem  
Audax, & cœtus possit quàm ferre virorum :  
Cumque paludatis ducibus, præsente marito,  
Ipsa loqui rectâ facie, stricctisque mamillis.*

*Hæc eadem novit, quid tota fiat in orbe :  
Quid Seres, quid Thraces agant : secreta novercæ,  
Et pueri : quis amet ; quis decipiatur adulter.  
Dicet, quis viduam prægnantem fecerit, & quo  
Mense, quibus verbis concumbat quæque, modis quot.  
Instantem regi Armenio, Parthoque Cometen  
Prima videt : famam, rumoresque illa recentes  
Excipit ad partas ; quosdam facit : isse Niphatem  
In populos, magnoque illic cuncta arva teneri  
Diluvio : mutare turbes, subsidere terras,  
Quocunque in trivio, cuicunque est obvia, narrat.*

*Nec tamen id vitium magis intolerabile, quàm quod  
Vicinos humiles rapere, & concidere loris  
Exorata solet : nam si latratibus alti  
Rumpuntur somni ; fustes huc ocyùs, inquit,  
Afferte, atque illis dominum jubet antè feriri,  
Deinde canem : gravis occursum, teterrima vultu,  
Balnea nocte subit : conchas, & castra moveri  
Nocte jubet ; magno gaudet sudare tumultu :  
Cum lassata gravi ceciderunt brachia massa,*

her recommends a Tragedian to your Care; truly the Priest will be so tired with attending upon such customers, that his Legs must swell.

But let your Wife please herself with singing, rather than run all the Town over like a Prostitute, and press herself into Mens Company without Distinction, rather than before her Husband converse with Officers in red Coats, with an impudent Face, and her Breasts bare.

This Wife of yours knows what is doing all the World over; what the Scythians and Thracians are about: the Amour between the Stepmother and the Son; who intrigues with another Man's Wife; what adulterer has been jilted. She can tell who got the Widow with Child, the very Month, how oft, and what she said. She first discovered the Comet that threatened Ruin to the Armenian and Parthian Kings; she catches up News, and the freshest Stories, at the very Gates, some she invents; at every Turning, and to every one she meets, she tells how the River Niphates destroyed Numbers of People, and laid the Country under Water; that Cities were shaken by Earthquakes, and Mountains tumbled down.

Yet this Itch of Gossiping is more easily endured than the Cruelty she uses towards her poor Neighbours, whom she orders to be seized and horse-whipp'd, tho' begging for Mercy; for if she be disturbed out of a sound Sleep by the barking of a Dog, she calls out to her Servants, "Haste hither with your Clubs;" she commands them first to lay hand on the Cur's Master, and then upon the Cur. She is frightful to meet, and terrible to look at. She goes by Night into the Bath, orders her Vessels and baggage to follow her, and delights to sweat in State among a Hurry of Attendants. When her Arms are tired by the Exercise of swinging the 9 Lead, and the

A great River of Armenia the less, dreadful to the Inhabitants when it overflows.

They that sweat before they bathed, swung two leaden Balls, each Hand one, and then were anointed.

*Callidis & cristæ digitos impressit aliptes,  
Ac summum dominæ femur exclamare coëgit,  
(Convivæ miseri intereà somnoque fameque  
Urgentur) tandem illa venit rubicundula, totum  
OEnophorum sitiens, plenâ quòd tenditur urnâ  
Admotum pedibus, de quo sextarius alter  
Ducitur ante cibum, rabidam facturus orexim,  
Dum redit, & . . . to terram ferit intestino.  
Marmoribus rivi properant, aut lata Falernum  
Pelvis olet : nam sic tanquam alta in dolia longus  
Deciderit serpens, bibit, & vomit, ergo maritus  
Nauseat, atque oculis bilem substringit opertis.*

*Illâ tamen gravior, quæ cùm discumbere cœpit,  
Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoscit Elisæ ;  
Committit vates, & comparat ; inde Maronem,  
Atque aliâ parte in trutinâ suspendit Homerum.  
Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis  
Turba tacet ; nec causidicus, nec præco loquatur,  
Altera nec mulier : verborum tanta cadit vis ;  
Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas  
Pulsari. Jam nemo tubas, nemo æra fatiget,  
Una laboranti poterit succurrere Lunæ.  
Imponit finem sapiens & rebus honestis.  
Nam quæ docta nimis cupit & facunda videri,  
Crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet.*

the arch Bath-keeper, that anoints her, has play'd a Knave's Trick with his Fingers, and made her cry out, (her Guests in the mean time miserably starving for Hunger, or gaping for Sleep) she comes at length all flush'd, longing for a whole Flagon of Wine; a full Vessel is set ready at her Feet, of which she takes two Quarts before Supper. This she does for Whet, to get her a sharp Appetite. Up it comes, the washing of her Stomach gushes upon the Floor; it runs like a River upon the Pavement, or else she vomits in a wide Bason, which smells strong of Faernian Wine: So a long Snake that slips into a deep Cask of Wine, drinks and spues. The Husband is sick at the Sight, and stifles his Resentment by turning his Eyes another way.

She is still more intolerable when she affects to play the Critick at Table, applauds the Genius of Virgil, and excuses poor Dido dying for Love. She quotes the Poets and compares them; Virgil she weighs in the Scale, and Homer in the other. The Grammarians are Fools to her, the Rhetoricians are struck dumb, the whole Company is mute, not even a Lawyer, a common Crier, not one of her Female Gossips, can put in a Syllable where she is; she comes down with such a Torrent of Words, that you would wear so many Basons or Bells were ringing. There is no Occasion for Tabors or Trumpets, she alone with her Noise is able to relieve the labouring Moon. She reads you Lectures like a Philosopher, upon the End, and the Means, and the Summum Bonum. Such a Lady that pretends to more than ordinary Learning and Eloquence, ought to be distinguished as a Philosopher, by wearing a Coat that comes

When the Moon was eclipsed, the Romans superstitiously thought that she was under the Power of some Charms or Incantations, against which nothing would prevail, but the Sound of brass, from Trumpets, Basons, Kettles, &c.

The Dress of Philosophers was a Coat that came no lower than the Mid-leg. They used to offer a Hog to Sylvanus, the God of the

*Cedere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari.* f

*Non habeat matrona, tibi quæ juncta recumbit,  
Dicendi genus, aut curtum sermone rotato  
Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes :  
Sed quædam ex libris, & non intelligat, odi* 450  
*Hanc ego, quæ repetit, voluitque Palæmonis artem,  
Servatâ semper lege & ratione loquendi,  
Ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus,  
Nec curanda viris Opicæ castigat amicæ  
Verba. Solæcismum liceat fecisse marito.* 455

*Nil non permittit mulier sibi : turpe putat nil,  
Cum virides gemmas collo circumdedit, & cum  
Auribus extensis magnos commisit elenchos.  
Intolerabilius nihil est quam fœmina dives.  
Interea sæda aspectu, ridendaque multo* 460  
*Pane tumet facies, aut pingua Poppæana  
Spirat, & hinc miseri viscantur labra mariti.  
Ad mæchum veniet lotâ cute ; quando videri  
Vult formosa domi ? mæchis foliata parantur ;  
His emitur, quicquid graciles huc mittitis, Indi.* 465  
*Tandem aperit vultum, & tectoria prima reponit :*

*Incipit*

comes no lower than the Middle-Leg ; she ought to sacrifice a Hog to Sylvanus, and to pay the common Fee, a Farthing, at the Bath.

Let not the Wife of thy Bosom, that lies by thee, know any thing of the Art of Logick, how to come over you smartly with a short & Enthymeme, or pretend to be perfect in History. I'll allow her to have some Taste of Books, but she should not understand too much : I hate a Woman that is always conning and turning over her Grammar-Rules like a Pedant, and placing her Words exactly in Mood and Tense, who is for ever plaguing me with her old-fashioned Verses that I know nothing of, and correcting her gossiping Companions for speaking a Word improperly, which a Man would take no Notice of ; a Husband surely may be allowed to break a Priscian's Head, without Danger to his own.

A Woman denies herself nothing, thinks nothing dishonourable, when her Neck shines with a String of Emeralds, and her Ears are stretched with the Weight of the longest Pearls. Nothing can be more insufferable than a Wife that brought you a Fortune. Observe how filthy her Face looks, how bloated and ridiculous it appears, daubed over with a thick Paste, or smells strong of \* Poppæan Ointment. This is the Glue-pot for her Husband's Lips. To her Gallant she comes with her Skin clean ; when does she take the Pains to look agreeable at home ? She is perfumed with the Oil of Spikenard for the Caresses of her Adulterers ; for them she purchases all the Sweets brought hither by the slender Indians ; for them it is she uncases her Face, and takes off the

O 2

Plaster.

*Incipit* Woods ; at which Sacrifice a Woman was forbid to be present, neither did that Sex pay any thing for bathing.

\* An imperfect kind of Syllogism, wanting one Proposition.

u A famous Grammarian. To speak false Latin, is called breaking his Head.

x Poppæa, the Wife of Nero : She invented a sort of Pomatum, to preserve her Beauty ; and when she was banished from Rome, she had fifty She-Ases along with her, for their Milk to wash in.



*Incipit agnosci, atque illo lacte fovetur,  
Propter quod secum comites educit asellas,  
Exul Hyperboreum si dimittatur ad axem.  
Sed quæ mutatis inducitur, atque fovetur  
Tot medicaminibus, coctæque sigilinis offas  
Accipit, & madidæ; facies dicetur, an ulcus?*

470

*Est operæ pretium penitus cognoscere toto  
Quid faciant, agitentque die. Si nocte maritus  
Aversus jacuit, periit libraria, ponunt  
Cosmetæ tunicas, tardè venisse Liburnus  
Dicitur, & pœnas alieni pendere somni  
Cogitur: hic frangit ferulas, rubet ille flagello,  
Hic scuticâ: sunt quæ tortoribus annua præstant.*

475

*Verberat, atque obiter faciem linit; audit amicas,  
Aut latum pictæ vestis considerat aurum;  
Et cædens longi repetit transacta diurni.  
Et cædit donec lassis cædentibus, E x i,  
Intonet horrendum, jam cognitione peractâ  
Præfectura domûs Siculâ non mitior aulâ.  
Nam si constituit, solitoque decentiùs optat  
Ornari; & properat, jamque expectater in hortis,  
Aut apud Isiacæ potiùs sacraria lenæ;*

485

Componit

Plaistering; she begins to look like herself, and only smooths her Skin with a Wash of Asses Milk. So that were she banished to the North Pole, she would have a Train of these Creatures along with her. But a Complexion daubed and poulticed with so many different Cosmeticks, crusted with so many Pastes of white Bread and Milk; a Face would you call it, or a Sore?

It is worth while to take a Survey how our Ladies spend their Time all the Day long. If the Husband chances to turn his Back upon her in the Night; the House-keeper is undone, her Tire-women must strip, the Footman is chastised for staying of his Message, and is forced to suffer for the Drowsiness of his Master. One has a Bundle of Canes broke upon him, another bleeds with Whips, a third with Thongs. Some of our Women hire Beadles by the Year, to lash their Servants. The Executioner lays on, she unconcerned is daubing her Face, prattling with her Visitors, examining the Gold Embroidery of her Gown, and asking Questions (the Fellow still laying on) about the long Accounts of the Day. In short, she has no Mercy till the Tormentors are quite tired; then she cries out with a frightful Note, "Be gone, you Rascal, now you have made up your Accounts." The Government of such a Family is more cruelly exercised than the Tyranny of a Sicilian Court.

But if she makes an Assignment, and resolves to be dressed neater than usual, or is in a Hurry to meet her Gallant, who waits for her in Lucullus's Gardens, or rather at that noted Place of Intrigue the Temple of Isis, poor Psecas with her Hair torn about

y In the Reign of Phalaris, or the Dionysii.

z She was Daughter to the River Inachus, and one of Jove's Mistresses, who, for fear of Juno, turn'd her into a Cow. She was afterwards restored to her Shape, married Osiris, and after her Death was worshipped as a Goddess by the Egyptians. Her Temple at Rome was a Place of Resort for Wenches, Pimps, and Bawds.

Componit crinem laceratis ipsa capillis  
 Nuda humeros Psecas infelix, nudisque mamillis. 490  
 Altior hic quare cincinnus? taurea punit  
 Continuo flexi crimen, facinusquæ capilli.  
 Quid Psecas admisit? quænam est hæc culpa puellæ  
 Si tibi displicuit nasus tuus? altera levum  
 Extendit, pectitque comas, & volvit in orbem. 495  
 Est in consilio matrona, admotaque lanis  
 Emeritâ quæ cessat acu: sententia prima  
 Hujus erit; post hanc ætate, atque arte minores  
 Censebunt: tanquam famæ discrimen agatur,  
 Aut animæ: tanta est quærendi cura decoris. 500  
 Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum  
 Ædificat caput: Andromachen à fronte videbis:  
 Post minor est: aliam credas, cedo, si breve parvi  
 Sortita est lateris spatium, breviorque videtur  
 Virgine Pygmæâ, nullis adjuta cothurnis, 505  
 Et levis erectâ confurgit ad oscula plantâ.  
 Nulla viri cura intereâ, nec mentio fiet  
 Damnorum: vivit tanquam vicina mariti:  
 Hoc solo propior, quod amicos conjugis odit,  
 Et servos, gravis est rationibus. Ecce furentis 510  
 Bellonæ, matrisque Deûm chorus intrat, & ingens  
 Semivir, obscæno facies reverenda minori,  
 Molliâ qui ruptâ secuit genitalia testâ,  
 Jampridem cui rauca cohors, cui tympana cedunt  
 Plebeia, & Phrygiâ vestitur bucca tiarâ; 515  
 Grande sonat, metuique jubet Septembris, & austri

about her Ears, and stript to the Waist, is forced to set every Lock in its proper Place ; " Hufsee, why " is this Curl higher than it should be ? " Presently the Whip is laid on, to revenge the Disorder of the least Hair. But what has poor Psecas done ? How is the Girl in Fault, if your Ladyship, looking in the Glass, does not like your own Nose ? Another opens and combs out the Locks on the Left-side, and turns them into Rings. Her old Nurse (now put to spin, being past using the Crisping-pin) is called to Council, her Opinion is first asked ; the younger Maids, according to their Age and Experience, vote next. As if her Character, her very Life were at stake, so anxious is she of appearing beautiful at such a time. She builds up her Head with so many Rows and Stories of Curl, that to meet her, you'd think her as tall as a Andromache ; behind she sinks into a Dwarf, you would not take her for the same Woman. Excuse her, I beg, especially if she happens to be short in the Waist, if she seems less than a Maiden Pigmy, without the Advantage of high-heel'd Shoes, and is forced to spring up, on tip-toe for a Kiss. No Concern for the poor Cuckold all this while, no Regard for the Ruin of his Estate ; she lives as if she were no more than a Neighbour to him ; in this only like a Wife, that she hates all her Husband's Friends and Servants, and is a grievous Burden to him by her Expences.

Lo, a Procession of the Priests of Cybele and mad Bellona ! A lusty Eunuch, Chief Pontiff, leads the Van, a reverend Gelding, not half-provided, who with a broken Shell had spoil'd the tender Tokens of his Manhood : To him the hoarse Tribe of his inferior Clergy, beating their Timbrels, bow low ; a Phrygian Turbant covers his Head tied under the Chin, Loudly he bawls, ' Beware September, and ' the fatal Blasts of the South-wind, unless your Wife ' will

a The Wife of Hector, a Masculine Lady, and very tall.

*Adventum, nisi se centum lustraverit ovis,  
Et xerampelinas veteres donaverit ipsi ;  
Ut quicquid subiti & magni discriminis instat,  
In tunicas eat, & totum semel expiet annum.  
Hybernium fractâ glacie descendet in amnem,  
Ter matutino Tiberi mergetur, & ipsis  
Vorticibus timidum caput abluet : indè Superbi  
Totum regis agrum, nuda ac tremebunda cruentis  
Erepat genibus. Si candida jusserit Io,  
Ibit ad Ægypti finem, calidâque petitas  
A Meroë portabat aquas, ut spargat in æde  
Isidis, antiquo quæ proxima surgit ovili.  
Credit enim ipsius dominæ se voce moneri.  
En animam & mentem, cum quâ Dî nocte loquantur !  
Ergo hic præcipuum, summumque meretur honorem,  
Qui grege linigero circumdatus, & grege calvo  
Plangentis populi, currit derisor Anubis.  
Ille petit veniam, quoties non abstinet uxor  
Concubitu, sacris observandisque diebus ;  
Magnaque debetur violato pœna cadurco :*

VI.  
524  
525  
526  
r!  
will purify herself with a <sup>b</sup> Lustration of a hundred Eggs, and offer her old murry-coloured Garments to the High Priest, then all sudden and impending Evils will pass into the Clothes devoted; and thus at once are purged all the unlucky Omens of the Year.' At his Command she'll plunge into the River in the Depth of Winter, through broken Ice, or in the coldest Morning dip three Times in the Tiber, or bathe her trembling Head in the most frightful Whirlpools; then shaking with Cold, and naked, crawl o'er the Campus Martius on her bleeding Knees. If milk-white <sup>c</sup> Io, by her Priest commands, she'll travel to the utmost Bounds of Ægypt, and bring home Water from the sultry Air of Meroë, to sprinkle on the sacred Fane of Isis, that stands near the old Sheep-fold. She thinks the Goddess speaks, and so obeys. Lo, here the Soul and Cunning of a Priest, fit for the Converse of the Gods by Night! This sneering Pontiff, as he bears <sup>d</sup> Anubis, surrounded with his holy Train in Linen Robes, and with a bald-pate Rout of Votaries lamenting the Loss of Apis) runs frantick through the Streets, and receives the highest Honour from the Croud. He sacrifices the Goddess, when the Wife cannot refrain the Conjugal Embrace, on her most high and solemn Festival; for which Pollution of the Marriage-Bed, he ought to suffer the severest Punishment. Gently the

531  
b The Poet shews here the Power the Priests had over superstitious Women, persuading them to purify themselves with Brimstone, eggs, and a lighted Taper made of the Pine-tree; to give them their old Cloaths, which were to be hanged up till the Lustration was over, and then the Priests were to have the Benefit of them.

c A Goddess, the same with Isis, turned into a white Cow.  
d Anubis was the Son of Osiris and Isis; all three the Egyptians worshipped as Deities. Osiris they adored under the Name of Apis and Serapis, in the Form of an Ox, marked with some peculiar Spots. This Beast they drowned after a certain Number of Years, in a sacred mountain, and went howling about till they found another. At these sooteries the Priest carried the Image of Anubis, whom they worshipped in the Form of a Dog, which Anubis, or the Priest that carried him, did but jeer at the Folly of the People that attended him.



*Et movisse caput visa est argentea serpens.  
Illius lachrymæ, meditataque murmura præstant,  
Ut veniam culpæ non abnuat, ansere magno  
Scilicet, & tenui popano corruptus Osiris.  
Cum dedit ille locum; cophino, sænoque relicto,  
Arcanam Judæa tremens mendicat in aurem,  
Interpres legum Solymarum, & magna sacerdos  
Arboris, ac summi fida internuncia cæli;  
Implet & illa manum, sed parcius: ære minuto,  
Qualiacunque voles Judæi somnia vendunt.  
Spondet amatorem: tenerum vel divitis orbi  
Testamentum ingens, calidæ pulmone columbæ  
Tractato, Armenius, vel Commagenus aruspex:  
Pectora pullorum rimatur, & exta catelli,  
Interdum & pueri: faciet, quod deferat ipse.  
Chaldaïs sed major erit fiducia: quicquid  
Dixerit astrologus, credent à fonte relatum  
Hammonis; quoniam Delphis oracula cessant,  
Et genus humanum damnat caligo futuri.  
Præcipuus tamen est horum, qui sæpius exul,*

the Silver Serpent seems to nod; the Priest, by Tears, and mumbling o'er his Prayers, prevails; Osiris, bribed by an Oblation of a large Goose and thin Cake, is pleased to pardon the Offence.

He now withdraws; a shivering Jewess next, leaving her Basket and her Hay behind, begs softly with a Whisper in her Ear, versed in the Talmud and the Ritual Laws, High Priestess to some consecrated Tree, she faithfully transacts between Heaven and Earth. The Gypsy's Hand she crosses, but sparingly with a small piece of Money; for Jews can sell what Fortune you desire.

She next applies to an Armenian, or Figure-flinger of Commagena, who first inspecting the smoking Liver of a Pigeon, promises a tender Lover, or a swingeing Legacy from a rich old Fellow without a Child. The Cheat, to sanctify his Skill, tries into the Breasts of Chickens, or the Entrails of a Whelp, sometimes of an Infant; a Murder which if another should commit, he would be the first that informed against him.

But her chief Dependence is upon the Chaldæan Conjurors; whatever an Astrologer of that sort pronounces, she receives as an Answer from Jupiter Hammon; especially since the Oracle of Delphos is silent, and a thick Darknes conceals the times to come from human Sight. Of these, he has the most Custom who has been most frequently banished; he by

In the Temple of Isis and Osiris, there was an Image with three Heads; the middlemost like a Lion, the right-side Head like a snarling Dog, and the left-side Head like a ravenous Wolf; about all which a Serpent wrapped himself, bringing his Head under the right hand of the God. The Nodding of the Serpent means, that the Priest has his Request granted.

Armenia and Syria (of which Commagena is a Part) were Countries famous for Fortune-tellers.

The Chaldæans living about Babylon were great Masters in the Knowledge of the Stars.

It is said, the Oracle of Apollo at Delphos was silenced at the birth of Christ.

*Cujus amicitia, conducendaque tabellâ  
Magnus civis obit, & formidatus Othoni.  
Inde fides arti, sonuit si dextera ferro  
Lavaque, si longo castrorum in carcere mansit  
Nemo mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit,  
Sed qui penè perit : cui vix in Cyclada mitti  
Contigit, & parvâ tandem caruisse Seripho.  
Consultit iſtericæ lento de funere matris,  
Antè tamen de te, Tanaquil tua ; quando sororem  
Efferat, & patruos : an sit victurus adulter  
Post ipsam ; quid enim majus dare numina possunt ?  
Hæc tamen ignorat, quid sidus triste mœnetur  
Saturni ; quo læta Venus se proferat astro ;  
Qui mensis damno, quæ dentur tempora lucro.  
Illius occurſus etiam vitare memento,  
In cujus manibus, ceu pingua succina, tritas  
Cernis ephemeridas ; quæ nullum consulit, & jam  
Consultitur ; quæ castra viro, patriamque petente,*

by whose Friendship and dear-bought Scheme, the Death of Galba, the chief Citizen of Rome, was foretold to Otho his Successor, who was afraid of him. You may rely upon his Art if the Chains have rattled upon both his Hands, if he has suffered a long Imprisonment in the <sup>k</sup> Camp; for no Philomath will be allowed to have a tolerable Genius, unless he has been condemned and had his Neck in the Halter; unless he prevailed with Difficulty to be banished to one of the <sup>l</sup> Cyclades, and had the favour at last to be recalled from Seriphus, the most desolate Island of the Number. Your loving <sup>m</sup> Tanaquil advises with him about the lingering Death of her Mother, sick of the yellow Jaundice; but first she enquires after your dear self, then when she shall bury her Sister and her Uncles, whether the Adulterer shall outlive her; for what greater Favour can the Gods bestow? Yet she knows nothing of the Art herself, or what the baleful Influence of Saturn threatens, or in Conjunction with what Star propitious Venus rises in the Sky; what Month is unfortunate, and when is the lucky Moment of getting Money.

Beware the Woman in whose Hands you see her Ephemeris made greasy like chafed Amber, by constant Thumbing; who, far from wanting Advice, is herself consulted. She refuses to follow her Husband  
to

<sup>i</sup> He means Seleucus, a famous Astrologer, by whose Instigation and Prediction, Otho, (with whom he was intimate) failing to be adopted by Galba, caused Galba to be killed.

<sup>k</sup> These Predictors, who foretold things in time of War, were carried as Prisoners with the Army, and confined in the Camp, in Expectation of the Event: In which Condition they had a Soldier to guard them; and, for more Safety, they were tied together with a Chain of some Length, for Convenience; the one End whereof was fastened to the Soldiers Left Arm, the other to the Prisoner's Right.

<sup>l</sup> A Number of Islands in the Archipelago, of which Seriphus was the least and most desert; here Astrologers were sometimes confined: but if their Prediction in the End proved true, they were recalled.

<sup>m</sup> He means his Wife, whom he calls so after the Name of the Wife of Tarquinius Priscus, a Woman skilled in Divination, who foretold her Husband should be King.

*Non ibit pariter, numeris revocata Thrasylli.*

*Ad primum lapidem veclari cū placet, hora*

*Sumitur ex libro ; si prurit frictus ocelli*

*Angulus, inspectâ genesi collyria poscit.*

*Ægra licet jaceat, capiendo nulla videtur*

*Aptior hora cibo, nisi quam dederit Petosiris.*

*Si mediocris erit, spatium lustrabit utrumque*

*Metarum, & sortes ducet ; frontemque manumque*

*Præbebit vati crebrum poppysma roganti.*

*Divitibus responsa dabit Phryx augur, & Indus*

*Conductus ; dabit astrorum mundique peritus ;*

*Atque aliquis senior, qui publica fulgura condit.*

*Plebeium in Circo positum est, & in aggere fatum :*

*Quæ nullis longum ostendit cervicibus aurum,*

to the Wars, or return with him to her own Country, prevented by the infallible Figures of a Thrasylus the Astrologer. If she pleases to be carried but a Mile abroad, the happy Hour must be taken from her Book ; if the Corner of her Eye does but itch, she will apply no Remedy till the Scheme of her Nativity be erected ; if she be sick, no time is so proper for her to eat as when Petosiris prescribes ; if in mean Circumstances, she runs into the Circus, the common Haunt of such Cheats, surveys it from one end to the other, till she find one she approves, then draws the Lots for her Fortune ; she shews her Forehead and Hand to the Cunning Man, who wantonly roaks it, under Pretence of inspecting the Lines more perfectly. But Women of Fashion will consult a Phrygian or Indian Astrologer, Master of the Globe and Spheres, or some venerable Aruspex, whose Art consists in the Expiation of publick Lightning. The common sort apply to the Circus, or Tarquin's Mount, to vulgar Quacks ; you'll see an ordinary Woman without the Ornament of Gold Beads, to set

on a Plotonist, and a great Mathematician, once in high Esteem with Tiberius Cæsar, afterwards by his Command thrown into the sea at Rhodes.

Of a famous Egyptian Astrologer.

If a Place were struck with Lightning, it was expiated by a Rite in this Manner : They gathered what was scorched by the Lightning, and praying with a low Voice, buried it in the Earth. If a Man was struck, omitting the Custom of burning the Body, he was buried in the same Place ; then was the Place inclosed, an Altar erected in it, and expiatory Sacrifices offered by a Priest. Yet some Persons, so struck, were not buried, but only covered with a white garment, both because they might be gazed at by the People, (yet at a Distance none being admitted within the Bounds but the Priests) and because they believed such Bodies did not putrify, and as foolishly thought such Persons to be honoured by Jupiter. These Lightnings they distinguished into Publick and Private ; which Division, I suppose, was taken from the Things which were struck, some Places and Persons being Publick, as Temples, Magistrates, and the like, others Private. They had different Rules relating to the Effects of this Distinction ; for Private Lightning foreboded things to come for ten Years only, except they happened upon one's Birthday, or Marriage-day ; but Publick Lightnings for thirty Years, unless they fell at the Surrender of a Town.



*Consulit ante Phalas, Delphinorumque columnas,  
An saga vendenti nubat, caupone relicto.*

590

*Hæ tamen & partus subeunt discrimen, & omnes  
Nutricis tolerant, fortunâ urgente, labores :  
Sed jacet aurato vix ulla puerpera lecto.*

*Tantum artes hujus, tantum medicamina possunt,  
Quæ steriles facit, atque homines in ventre necandos  
Conducit. Caude, infelix, atque ipse bibendum*

596

*Porrige quicquid erit : nam si distendere vellet,  
Et vexare uterum pueris salientibus, esses  
Æthiopis fortasse pater : mox decolor hæres  
Impleret tabulas nunquam tibi manè videndus.*

600

*Trans eo suppositos, & gaudia, vota que sæp.  
Ad spurcos decepta lacus, atque inde petitos  
Pontifices, Salios, Scaurorum nomina falso  
Corpore laturos. Stat fortuna improba noctu,  
Arridens nudis infantibus : hos fovet omnes,  
Involvitque sinu ; domibus tunc porrigit altis,  
Secretumque sibi mimum parat : hos amat, his se  
Ingerit, atque suos ridens producit alumnos.*

605

*Hic magicos affert cantus, hic Thessala vendit  
Philtræ, quibus valeant mentem vexare mariti,  
Et soleâ pulsare nates. Quod desipis, indè est :  
Inde animi caligo, & magna oblivio rerum,  
Quos modò gessisti ; tamen hoc tolerabile, si non*

610

Et

et off her slender Neck, stand before the 9 Towers  
and the Dolphin's Pillars, and inquire whether she  
shall marry the Old-clothes Man, and leave the  
Man at the Cook's Shop.

Yet these loose Dames undergo the Dangers of  
Child-bearing, and not able to put their Children  
out, bear all the Fatigue of Nursing at home. You'll  
scarce hear of a Lying-in among Ladies of Quality;  
such is the Power of Art, such the Force of Medi-  
cines prepared by the Midwife to cause Barrenness  
and Abortion! Bless your Stars, you Fool, give her  
the Portion with your own Hands; for if she goes  
out her Time, and the Boy makes her uneasy by  
kicking in her Belly, you may chance to be Father  
of a Blackmoor; and an Heir of another Colour may  
inherit your Estate, so frightful, that to see him first  
in a Morning, you would think it unfortunate.

To say nothing of supposititious Children, the  
Joys and Wishes of believing Husbands, commonly  
picked up at a filthy Pond's Side; from hence come  
your Priests, your Salii, these Foundlings bear the  
Name of the Scauri, and the chief Families in Rome.  
Fortune, in waggish Sport and silent Night, smiles  
on these naked Babes; she keeps them warm, and  
hugs them in her Bosom, then conveys them into  
the Houses of the Great, and laughs in secret at the  
Parts they play. These she caresses, makes their  
Concern her own, and with a Sneer conducts her  
Foster Children into the highest Honours of the City.

One supplies them with magick Charms, another  
with Thessalian Philters, by which they distract their  
Husband's Brain, and use him as they please, even to  
clap his Posteriors with their Slipper. Hence comes  
that Giddiness in your Head, hence that Gloominess  
upon your Mind, that entire Forgetfulness of what  
you did last; and 'tis well if you come off so, if you  
are

9 Wooden Towers in the Form of an Egg, built by Agrippa, for  
the Judges of the Circensian Games. In the Circus were lofty  
Pillars, on which were placed the Statues of Dolphins erected for  
Ornament.

Et furere incipias, ut avunculus ille Neronis,  
 Cui totam tremuli frontem Cæsonia pulli  
 Infudit. Quæ non faciet, quod Principis uxor?  
 Ardebant cuncta, & fractâ compage ruebant.  
 Non aliter quam si fecisset Juno maritum  
 Insanum. Minus ergo nocens erit Agrippinæ  
 Boletus: siquidem unius præcordia pressit  
 Ille senis, tremulumque caput descendere jussit  
 In cælum, & longâ manantia labra salivâ.  
 Hæc poscit ferrum, atque ignes, hæc potio torquet,  
 Hæc lacerat mistos equitum cum sanguine patres.  
 Tanti partus equæ, quanti una venefica constat.

Oderunt natos de pellici: nemo repugnat,  
 Nemo vetat: jamjam privignum occidere fas est.  
 Vos ego, pupilli, moneo, quibus amplior est res,  
 Custodite animas, & nulli credite mensæ:  
 Livida materno fervent adipata veneno.  
 Mordeat antè aliquis, quicquid porrexerit illa,  
 Quæ peperit: timidus prægustet pocula pappas.

Fingimus hæc, altum Satyrâ sumente cothurnum,  
 Scilicet, & finem egressi legemque priorum,  
 Grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu,  
 Montibus ignotum Rutulis, cæloque Latino:  
 Nos utinam vani! sed clamat Pontia, Feci,

not raving mad, like Nero's Uncle poisoned by  
 Caspionia, who squeezed the Flesh taken from the  
 forehead of a Foal into his Cup. What Woman  
 will fear to follow the Example of an Empress? The  
 Roman World instantly grew distracted, and, dis-  
 oriented, fell to Pieces, as if Juno had driven the  
 Thunderer out of his Wits. Agrippina's Mushroom  
 was not near so fatal, that only tormented the  
 bowels of one old Dotard, and sent his shaking Nod-  
 dle downward to the Skies, the rosy Drivel hanging  
 from his Lips. This Potion calls for Fire and Sword,  
 and Racks; this murders Knights and Senators in  
 the common Slaughter; so powerful is the Poison  
 of a Foal, so fatal is her Art that mixed the Cup!

They hate their Husbands Bastards; let them do  
 so, no body is against it; but to defend the Murder  
 of a Son-in-law? You, Orphans, that are to inherit  
 Estates, let me advise you to take Care of your  
 Lives, be cautious where you eat; the Dainties set  
 before you look livid, and swell with the Poison in-  
 fused by your Mother; whatever the Mother that  
 bore you offers, let somebody bite first; let your  
 Tutor trembling be your Taster.

But sure this is all a Fiction; my Satire has as-  
 sumed the Tragick Style, passing the Bounds of all  
 that wrote before; I rant in lofty Verse like Sopho-  
 cles, in Strains unknown to the Rutilian Hills, or to  
 the Latian Air: Would it were all a Fable, but  
 Pontia cries out, ' I did it, I made up Poison for  
 ' the

of Caesar Caligula, whom Caspionia his Wife drenched with a  
 Love-Potion, made of the Hippomanes, (a little Skin like a Cap  
 taken from the Forehead of a Colt new foaled) which drove him  
 into such a Madness of Love, that he would often shew her naked  
 to his Friends; somewhat like the outrageous Fondness of Jupiter  
 for Juno, effected by the Castus or Girdle of Venus. This Potion  
 of Caspionia's was infinitely more pernicious than Agrippina's Mush-  
 room; for that only destroyed a driveling old Emperor: but Cali-  
 gula, after his Draught, became a bloody merciless Tyrant, and  
 committed infinite Slaughter without Distinction.

Juvenal supposes his Readers may question the Truth of some  
 Crimes he charges upon the Women, as if they were Stories feigned  
 to

*Confiteor, puerisque meis aconita paravi,  
 Quæ deprênsa patent : facinus tamen ipsa peregi.  
 Tune duos unû, sævissima vipera, cœnâ ?  
 Tune duos ? septem, si septem fortè fuissent.  
 Credamus tragicis, quicquid de Colchide sævâ  
 Dicitur, & Progne ; nil contra conor : & illæ  
 Grandia monstra suis audebant temporibus ; sed  
 Non propter nummos. Minor admiratio summis  
 Debetur monstiris, quoties facit ira nocentem.  
 Hunc sexum ; & rabie jecur. incendente feruntur  
 Præcipites : ut saxa jugis abrupta, quibus mons  
 Subtrahitur, clivoque latus pendente recedit.*

*Illam ego non tulerim, quæ computat, & scelus ingenuæ  
 Sona facit. Spectant subeuntem fata mariti  
 Alcestim ; &, similis si permutatio detur,  
 Morte viri cuperent animam servare catellæ.*

the Boys, it was found upon me too plain to be denied : I resolv'd upon the Act.' You barbarous per, what, murder two at one Meal? What, two once? 'Yes, seven, had there been so many.' Let us no longer doubt of tragick Tales, of what is said of fierce 'Medea, or the cruel 'Progne; I shall suffer nothing to the contrary. 'Tis true, these Women in their Times were guilty of most unnatural practices, but not for Money. We are the less to wonder at such monstrous Acts, when Fury provokes the Sex, and (their Liver heated by Rage) they are carried headlong into such Impieties; like Stones torn from a Rock, when the under Part of the Mountain sinks, and the Sides seem to start back from the Cliff ready to tumble down.

I cannot bear a Woman that deliberates, and perpetrates an Act of Villainy in cold Blood. Our Ladies behold the good \* Alceste on the Stage, dying to save her Husband's Life; but were an Exchange of the same Nature now allowed, they'd wish their Husbands Death to save their Lap-dogs.

You

heighten his *Satires*. But to clear himself, he introduces the story of Pontia the Daughter of Titus Pontius (not of Publius Pontius, the Wife of Vestius Bolenus, as is generally received.) To justify this, Helyday, in his excellent Illustrations, mentions an Inscription upon an old Roman Stone to this Purpose: "Here I Pontia, the Daughter of Titus Pontius, am laid, who out of wretched Covetousness having poisoned two Sons, made away with myself. Whoever you are that pass by this Way, if you have any Goodness in you, I beg you would turn your Eyes from me."

\* The Daughter of Ætes, King of Colchos, who fled away with her son, and being pursued by her Father, cut her Brother Absyrtus into Pieces, and scattered the Limbs in his way, to hinder his speed.

† The Daughter of Pandion King of Athens, and Wife to Tereus King of Thrace, who having ravished her Sister Philomela, she, in revenge, killed their Son Itys, and served him up to her Husband to eat.

‡ The Wife of Admetus King of Theffaly, who being sick, sent for the Oracle, and was answered, that he must needs die, unless one of his Friends would die for him; they all refused, and then she voluntarily submitted to Death.



*Occurrent multæ tibi Belides atque Eriphylæ :*

*Manè Clytæmnestram nullus non vicus habebit.*

655

*Hoc tantum refert, quod Tyndaris illa bipennem*

*Insulfam, & fatum dextrâ levâque tenebat :*

*At nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetæ ;*

*Sed tamen & ferro, si prægustârit Atrides*

*Pontica ter victi cautus medicamina regis.*

660



## SATIRA VII.

**E***T spes, & ratio studiorum in Casare tantum :*

*Solus enim tristes hâc tempestate camænas*

*Respexit ; cùm jam celebres, notique poëtæ*

*Balneolum Gabiis, Romæ conducere furnos*

*Tentarent : nec fœdum alii, nec turpe putarent*

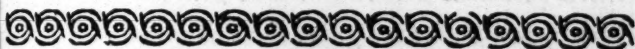
5

*Præcones fieri ; cùm desertis Aganippes*

*Vallibus, esuriens migraret in atria Clio.*

Nam

You meet with they Belides and <sup>a</sup> Eriphyla's every Morning of your Life ; Wives that murder and betray their Husbands, and <sup>a</sup> Clytemnestra's grow in every Street : but with this Difference, this Daughter of Tyndarus made use of a blunt bungling Axe with both her Hands ; but now the Feat is done by the subtle Lungs of a red Toad ; yet if the wary Husband has taken the Antidote of <sup>b</sup> Mithridates, that thrice conquered King, she is ready for him with a Dagger.



## S A T I R E VII.

ALL the Hope and the Reward of Learning depend upon <sup>c</sup> Cæsar only ; he alone in this Age looks down with Pity upon the distressed Muses, now when our famous and noted Poets are forced, for want of Encouragement, to hire Baths at Gabii, or Bakehouses at Rome ; nor do they think it base or dishonourable to turn common Criers, the sacred Stream of <sup>d</sup> Aganippe, devoted to the Nine, being quite abandoned, and hungry Clio is obliged to stand at the Porter's Lodge begging for Charity. If you are

<sup>y</sup> The fifty Daughters of Danaus the Son of Belus, who all (except one) slew their Husbands on the Wedding Night.

<sup>z</sup> The Wife of Amphiarus, who for a Bracelet of Gold discovered her Husband that hid himself to avoid going to the Siege of Troy, where he was sure he should die.

<sup>a</sup> The Daughter of Tyndarus, and Wife to Agamemnon, who living in Adultery with Ægisthus, during her Husband's Absence at the Siege of Troy, conspired with the Adulterer to murder him upon his Return.

<sup>b</sup> A King of Pontus, who invented the Medicine called Mithridate, an Antidote against Poison.

<sup>c</sup> The Emperor Domitian, of whose Bounty some learned Men had a Share, such as Valerius Flaccus, Statius, Martial, Quintilian, &c.

<sup>d</sup> The Spring of Aganippe was in a solitary Part of Boeotia, consecrated to the Nine Muses.

Nam si Pieriâ quadrans tibi nullus in umbrâ  
 Ostendatur, ames nomen, victumque Machera;  
 Et vendas potiùs, commissa quod auclio vendit  
 Stantibus cenophorum, tripodes, armaria, cistas,  
 Alcihoen Pacci, Thebas, & Tereâ Fausti.  
 Hoc satius, quàm si dicas sub iudice, Vidi,  
 Quod non vidisti: faciant equites Asiatici,  
 Quancquam & Cappadoces faciant, equitesque Bithyni.  
 Altera quos nudo traducit Gallia talo.  
 Nemo tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem  
 Cogetur posthac, ne sit quicunque canoris  
 Eloquium vocale modis, laurumque memordit.  
 Hoc agite, ô juvenes: circumspicit, & stimulat vos,  
 Materiamque sibi Ducis indulgentia quaris.  
 Si qua aliundè putas rerum expectanda tuarum  
 Præsidia, atque ideò croceæ membrana tabellæ  
 Impletur; lignorum aliquid posce scyri, & quæ  
 Componis, dona Veneris, Telefine, marito:  
 Aut claude, & positos tinea pertunde libellos.  
 Frange miser calamos, vigilataque prælia dele,  
 Qui facis in parvâ sublimia carmina cellâ,  
 Ut dignus venias hederis, & imagine macrâ.  
 Spes nulla ulterior: didicit jam dives avarus  
 Tantùm admirari, tantùm laudare disertos,  
 Ut pueri Junonis avem. Sed defluit ætas,  
 Et pelagi patiens, & cassidis, atque ligonis.  
 Tædia tunc subeant animos, tunc seque suamque  
 Terpsichoren odit facunda & nuda senectus,  
 Accipe nunc artes, ne quid tibi conferat iste,  
 Quem colis: & Musarum & Apollinis ade relicta,

are so reduced as not to shew a Farthing in your Poetical Purse, turn Broker, and get your Living as Machæra does ; or rather, as an Auctioneer, sell the Lumber set out at a publick Sale to those about you, Pots, Trivets, Book-cases, Chests, old Plays, the Tragedy of Alcithoe by Paccius, of Thebes and Tereus by Faustus. Better do so than turn Evidence, and swear before a Judge that you saw what you did not. Leave such Villainy to perjured Asiaticks, to Cappadocian and Bithynian Knights of the Post, who came from Gallogrecia to Rome barefoot.

Poets that brouse on Laurel, and write lofty Strains in most harmonious Numbers, shall not for the future be forced to undertake a servile Employment unworthy of their Profession: Study hard, young Gentlemen, the Imperial Bounty has its Eye upon you, quickens your Industry, and seeks an Opportunity of rewarding your Merits. If you hope for Assistance in your Affairs from any other Hand, and therefore you write close on both Sides of your Paper, call presently for a Faggot ; and, Telesinus, commit your Manuscript to the Flames, or lock it up to be devoured by Motes ; break your Pens to Pieces, scratch out your Battles in Heroic Verse, that cost you so many Hours Rest. Poor Wretch, you scribble mighty Lines in your small Garret, only to obtain an Ivy Crown, and a lean meagre Statute in the Temple of Apollo. This is the utmost you are to expect ; for your covetous Patron has learned the Art of paying the Poet only with Fame and Praise, as Boys admire the Peacock. But consider, your Strength is daily impaired, which qualified you to go to Sea, or into the Army, or to support yourself by Husbandry, till quite tired by labouring to no Purpose, old Age, in Rags, with all your Learning, curses itself, and the Muse by whom you were undone.

Hear now the Artifices made use of by the Great Man whose Levee you attend, to save his Money ; he makes Verses himself without regard to the Muses

Ipse facit versus, atque uni cedit Homero,  
 Propter mille annos. At si dulcedine fama  
 Succensus recites, Maculonus commodat ædes ;  
 Ac longè ferrata domus servire jubetur,  
 In quâ sollicitas imitatur janua portas.  
 Scit dare libertos extremâ in parte sedentes  
 Ordinis, & magnas comitum disponere voces.  
 Nemo dabit regum, quanti subsellia consent,  
 Et quæ conducto pendent anabathra tigillo,  
 Quæque reportandis posita est orchestra cathedris.  
 Nos tamen hoc agimus, tenuique in pulvere sulcos  
 Ducimus, & littus sterili versamus aratro,  
 Nam si discedas, laqueo tenet ambitiosi  
 Consuetudo mali : tenet insanabile multos  
 Scribendi caco thes, & agro in corde senescit.  
 Sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,  
 Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui  
 Communi feriat carmen triviale monetâ ;  
 Hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum,  
 Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi  
 Impatiens, cupidus sylvarum, aptusque bibendis  
 Portibus Aonidum. / Neque enim cantare sub antro  
 Piërio, thyrsumve potest contingere sana  
 Paupertas, atque æris inops, quo nocte dieque  
 Corpus eget, satur est, cùm dicet Horatius, Eubo !  
 Quis locus ingenio : nisi cùm se carmine solo  
 Vexant, & dominis Cirrhæ, Nisæque feruntur  
 Pectora nostra, duas non admittentia curas ?  
 Magnæ mentis apus, nec de lodice parandâ

*Attenitæ,*

and the Judgment of Apollo, and yields only to Ho-  
 mer, for no other Reason than that he lived a thou-  
 sand Years before him. But if inspired with the  
 Love of Fame alone, you repeat your Poetry, rich  
 Maculonus will lend you his House, his House strong  
 barred is at your Service, with the Doors fortified  
 like the Gates of a City besieged ; he will oblige you  
 perhaps with the Use of his Freedmen and his Clients.  
 and place them to Advantage at the farther End of  
 the Seats to begin a Clap, and encourage the Audi-  
 ence to Applause. But not one of these mighty  
 Lords will give you a Farthing to pay for the Ben-  
 ches, or discharge the Hire of the Rostrum, or the  
 Expence of the Chairs upon the Stage, which are to  
 be returned when the Shew is over. Yet we still go  
 on, we labour in vain, we draw Furrows in the light  
 Dust, and plough the barren Sand ; for had you a  
 Mind to leave off you cannot, Custom and vain Am-  
 bition tie you down ; many are infected with an in-  
 curable Itch of Scribbling, and truly Years and the  
 Disease advance together. But that excellent Poet,  
 of a noble Genius, who scorns to produce any thing  
 trifling, whose Verse is lofty above the common  
 Stamp, that divine Man whom I can conceive, but  
 never express, is the Offspring of a Mind free from  
 Care, that hates any thing of Trouble, is fond of  
 Retirement, and disposed by Nature to Poetry, to  
 drink of the Aonian Springs. He never sings in the  
 Pierian Den, nor with an Ivy Dart divinely raves,  
 whose sober Poverty without a Penny, calls Night  
 and Day for the Conveniences of Life. \* Horace  
 ne'er cried, Oho ! but with his Heart well warm'd,  
 What room is there for Fancy, unless the Mind, in-  
 flamed by Bacchus and Apollo, is fixed upon Writ-  
 ing only, and not distracted by different Pursuits at  
 the same Time ? That Man must have a mighty  
 Soul,

\* The Poet shews, that singular Poverty and singular Poetry are  
 commonly inconsistent ; and therefore when Horace invoked Bac-  
 chus, Oho Liber, he was certainly full of him.



Attonitæ, currus & equos, faciesque Deorum  
 Aspicere, & qualis Rutulum confundit Erinmys.  
 Nam si Virgilio puer, & tolerabile desit  
 Hospitium, caderent omnes à crinibus hydri :  
 Surda nihil gemeret grave buccina.      Poscimus, ut sit  
 Non minor antiquo Rubrenus Lappa cothurno,  
 Cujus & alveolos & lænam pignerat Atreus ?  
 Non habet infelix Numitor, quod mittat amico ;  
 Quintilla quod donet, habet : nec defuit illi,  
 Unde emeret multâ pascendum corne leonem  
 Jam domitum : constat leviori bellua sumptu  
 Nimirum, & capiunt plus intestina poetæ.  
 Contentus famâ jaceat Lucanus in hortis  
 Marmoreis : at Serrano, tenuique Saleio  
 Gloria quantalibet, quid erit, si gloria tantum est ?  
 Curritur ad vocem jucundam, & carmen amica  
 Thebaïdos, lætam fecit cum Statius urbem,  
 Promisitque diem : tantâ dulcedine captos  
 Afficit ille animos, tantâque libidine vulgi  
 Auditur : sed cum fregit subsellia versu,  
 Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.  
 Ille & militiæ multis largitur honorem,  
 Semestri vatum digitos circumligat auro.

Soul, not tormented with getting a Blanket for his Bed, that can conceive of Horses and Chariots, can describe the Features of the Gods, and how Alecto look'd when she astonish'd the Rutilian King. Had Virgil wanted his beloved Boy, and the common Supports of Life, not a Snake would have hissed upon the Fury's Head, her Trumpet that sounded loud to Arms, would not have been heard. Can we expect that Rubrenus Lappa should compose with the Fire of the old Tragedians, who was forced to pawn his Platters and his Cloke to Atreus the Usurer?

Poor Numitor can't afford a Penny to his Friend, yet he can find Money for his Whore; he never wants a Sum to purchase a tame Lion, that is fed at great Expence; the Beast, no doubt is kept at a less Charge, and the Poet's Belly will hold more than his! Lucan, content with Fame, may, in his Gardens adorned with Marble, lie at his Ease; but what is Fame, how loud soever, to poor Serranus or Saccius, Fame alone without the Pence? The whole City run to hear the sweet Voice and the admired Lines of his Thebais, when Statius sets a Day to divert the Town, by repeating his Poem. He captivates their Minds with such Delight, he is heard with such Attention by the Croud; yet, tho' his mighty Numbers break the Benches, he starves unless he sells his new Play of Agave to Paris the Actor. This Favourite bestows military Honours, puts Summer Annulets and Winter Rings on the Fingers of Poets in Distress. A Player, you see, outgives the greedy

Had Virgil been poor, he could not have given such noble Descriptions of Furies, such as Alecto with her Curls of Snakes about her Ears, instead of Hair, &c.

An excellent Poet at that Time, who, had he met with Encouragement as he deserved, would have been equal to the old Tragedians.

A learned and rich Poet of Corduba in Spain, who coming to Rome was made a Knight; he writ, but lived not to finish, the Civil Wars between Cæsar and Pompey in an Heroic Poem.

He was a Neapolitan. His Tragedy of Agave was purchased by Paris, an Actor and a Favourite of Domitian's, a more bountiful Patron to Men of Learning, than most of the Nobility.

*Quod non dant procures, dabit bistris. Tu Camerinos*

*Et Bareas, tu nobilium magna atria curas?*

91

*Præfectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.*

*Haud tamen inuideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.*

*Quis tibi Mecænas? quis nunc erit aut Proculius,*

*Aut Fabius? quis Cotta iterum? quis Lentulus alter?*

*Tunc par ingenio pretium: tunc utile multis*

96

*Pallere, & vinum toto nescire Decembri.*

*Vester porrò labor sæcundior, historiarum*

*Scriptores: petit hic plus temporis, atque olei plus:*

*Namque oblita modi millesima pagina surgit*

100

*Omnibus, & crescit multâ damnoſa papyro.*

*Sic ingens rerum numerus jubet, atque operum lex.*

*Quæ tamen inde seges? terræ quis fructus aperta?*

*Quis dabit historica, quantum daret acta legenti?*

*Sed genus ignavum, quod lecto gaudet & umbrâ.*

105

*Dic igitur, quid Causidicis civilia præſtent*

*Officia, & magno comites in fasce libelli?*

*Ipsi magna sonant; sed tunc cùm creditor audit*

*Præcipuè, vel si tetigit latus acrior illo,*

*Qui venit ad dubium grandi cum codice nomen,*

110

*Tunc immensa cavi spirant mendacia folles,*

*Conspuiturque sinus. Verùm deprendere messem*

*Si libet; hinc centum patrimonia causidicorum,*

*Parte aliâ solùm ruffati pone Lacertæ.*

*Conſidère duces: surgis tu pallidus Ajax,*

115

*Dicturus dubiâ pro libertate, Bubulco*

Judic.

greedy Lord. Will you then still attend the Levee<sup>c</sup> of the Great, the Camerini and the Barezæ? Dedicate a Play to Paris<sup>b</sup>, the Tragedy of Pelopæa makes a Præfect, Philomela a Tribune. Yet envy not the Poet that gets his Bread by the Stage. Where now is your Mecænas, where will you find another Proculus, a Fabius, a Cotta, a Lentulus? In those times Reward was equal to Merit; then it was worth while to study hard, and to drink no Wine in December, a time of Freedom and Festivity.

No doubt, you Writers of History take Pains to more Advantage; your Method of Study requires more Time and more Labour; your Works, without Bounds as it were, swell to a thousand Pages, at the Expence of many Reams of Paper; the great Variety of things you treat of, and the Laws of History require it. But what Harvest, what Fruit arises from this labour'd Ground? Who will give the Historian so much as an Attorney's Fee? No, they are a lazy Set of Fellows, they write lolling upon their Couches, and diverting themselves in the Shade.

Tell me then, what Benefit Attendance at the Bar and a large Bundle of Briefs produce to the Lawyers. They mouth it with a mighty Noise, especially when the Client hears; and if one, more eager than the rest, twitches them by the Sleeve, who comes to prove a doubtful Debt, with his great Book of Accompts with him; then their hollow Lungs breathe mighty Lyes and their Bosom is flattered all over with foaming at the Mouth. But were you to compute the Profit, lay the Estate of an hundred Lawyers in one Scale, and the Fortune of i Læcerta (a Charioteer of the red Party) in the other, and this one shall outweigh them all. The Judges take their Seats, you like pale Ajax rise up to plead for the Liberty of

<sup>c</sup> This seeming Compliment was no more than a Sneer upon Paris the Play-er, who so understood it, and turned our Author's Jest into his Punishment; for in his old Age he sent him into Egypt, by way of an honorary Service, with a military Command.

<sup>i</sup> Domitian's Coachman.

*Judice. Rumpe miser tensum jecur, ut tibi lasso*

*Figantur virides, scalarum gloria, palmae.*

*Quod vocis pretium? siccus petasunculus, & vas  
Pelamidum, aut veteres, Afrorum Epimenia, bulbi;*

*Aut vinum Tiberi devectum: quinque lagenae,* 121

*Si quater egisti. Si contigit aureus unus,*

*Inde cadunt partes, ex fœdere pragmaticorum.*

*Æmilio dabitur, quantum petet: & melius nos*

*Egimus: hujus enim stat curvus abeneus, alti* 125

*Quadrijuges in vestibulis, atque ipse feroci*

*Bellatore sedens curvatum hastile minatur*

*Eminde, & statuâ meditatur prœlia luscâ.*

*Sic Pedito conturbat, Matho deficit: exitus hic est*

*Tongilli, magno cum rhinocerote lavari* 130.

*Qui solet, & vexat lutulentâ balnea turbâ,*

*Perque forum juvenis longo premit affere Medos,*

*Empturus pueros, argentum, myrrhina villas*

*Spondet enim Tyrio Stalataria purpura filo.*

*Et tamen hoc ipsis est utile: purpura vendit* 135

*Gausidicum, vendunt amethystina: convenit illis*

*Et strepitu, & facie majoris vivere censûs.*

*Sed finem impensæ non servat prodiga Roma.*

*Ut redeant veteres, Ciceroni nemo ducentos*

*Nunc dederit nummos, nisi fulserit annulus ingens,* 140

*Respicit hoc primûm qui litigat, an tibi servi*

of your Client, in dispute before Judge Bullhead.  
 Crack your stretch'd Lungs, vain Wretch, that tired  
 as you are you may please yourself with a <sup>k</sup> Garland  
 of green Palm, fixed upon the Door of your Garret,  
 the Honour of your lofty Stair-case. What are you  
 paid for all this Noise? A rusty Ham, a Dish of  
 Sprats, or old stinking Onions sent every Month  
 from Ægypt, or coarse Wine brought down the  
 Tiber, five Flavons perhaps for four Causes. But  
 if you chance to touch one golden Guinea, you  
 share it with your Brother-Pettifoggers according to  
 Contract. Indeed Æmilius may command what  
 Fees he pleases, tho' we are able to speak more to  
 the Purpose; but a brazen Chariot with four stately  
 Prancers glitter in his Court-yard, himself in Marble  
 sitting on a fierce War-Horse, brandishes aloft his  
 trembling Spear, the Statue with its aiming Eye  
 seems ready to engage. Thus Lawyer Pedo be-  
 comes a Bankrupt, Matho fails; this is the End of  
 Tongillus, who used to carry his Oil to the Bath  
 with him in the Horn of a Rhinoceros, and set the  
 whole Company in Confusion with his dirty Equi-  
 page. He rides through the Forum in his easy Lit-  
 ter, upon the Shoulders of young lusty Medes, as  
 if he hurried to buy Boys, Bowls of Silver, or of  
 Myrrh, and Country Seats. His Robe of foreign  
 Purple, glowing with Tyrian Dye, procures him  
 Credit. This is of mighty Use, the Richness of the  
 Gown raises the Lawyer's Fee. The Robe of Vio-  
 let-colour obliges the Clients to come down. They  
 are under a Necessity of making a great Flutter,  
 and to shew away above their Fortune; but the  
 Extravagance of Rome admits no Bounds.

If the most eminent Orators were alive again, no  
 Client would give a Fee of two hundred Sestertii to  
 Tully himself, unless a large Diamond sparkled on  
 his Finger; if a Man goes to Law, his first Enquiry  
 is,

<sup>k</sup> It was the Custom for the Client, if he succeeded in his Cause,  
 to fix this Garland at his Lawyer's Door.



Oſto, decem comites, an poſt te ſella, togati  
 Ante pedes. Ideò conductâ Paulus agebat  
 Sardonyce, atque ideò pluris, quàm Coſſus agebat,  
 Quàm Baſilus. rara in tenui facundia panno. 145  
 Quando licet flentem Baſilo producere matrem?  
 Quis benè dicentem Baſilum ſerat? accipiat te  
 Gallia, vel potiùs nutricula cauſidicorum  
 Africa, ſic placuit mercedem imponere lingua.  
 Declamare doces? ô ferrea poſtora! Veli, 150  
 Cùm perimit ſævos claſſis numeroſa tyrannos.  
 Nam quæcunque ſedens modò legerat, hæc eadem ſtans  
 Proferet, atque eadem cantabit verſibus iſdem.  
 Occidit miſeros crambe repetita magiſtros.  
 Quis color, & quod ſit cauſæ genus, atque ubi ſumma  
 Quæſtio, quæ veniant diverſâ parte ſagittæ, 155  
 Scire volunt omnes, mercedem ſolvere nemo.  
 Mercedem appellas? quid enim ſcio? culpa docentis  
 Scilicet arguitur, quid lævâ in parte mamillæ  
 Nil ſalutis Arcadico juveni, cujus mihi ſextâ 160  
 Quicquid id eſt, de quo deliberat: an petat urbem  
 A Cannis; an poſt nimbos & fulmina cautus  
 Circumagat madidas à tempeſtate cohortes.  
 Quantum vis ſtipulare, & protinus accipe quod do,  
 Ut toties illum pater audiat. Aſt alii ſex 165

Have you eight Men in Livery ? Have you ten Clients ? Does your Chair follow you ? Have you a Number of Friends going before you ? Paulus, for his Reason, pleads always with a Sardonix hired by the Day, and therefore demands larger Fees than Cossus or Basilus ; for who expects Eloquence in Rags ? Who entrusts Basilus with a Cause of Consequence, to introduce a weeping Mother into Court, begging for her Son's Life ? Who hears Basilus, let him plead ever so well ? Betake yourself to France, or rather to Africa, that Nurse of Lawyers, if you think of living by the Bar ?

Friend Vectius, do you profess to teach Rhetoric to Boys ? O that Iron Heart of yours ! when a Number of such Scholars has broken the Spirit of the most cruel Tyrants. Sitting or standing you are obliged to repeat the same Rules over and over, saying the same Lessons in the very same Words ; such insipid Work, like cold Cabbage heated up at every Meal, is enough to kill a Man. Every Pupil willing to have as much Learning as he can, to know the best Side of a Cause, what sort of Plea to use, where the Pinch of the Controversy lies, what Objections may be offered against him : but not he cares to pay. " What, Sir, do you mean by Pay ? What do I know more than before ? " The Fault is all laid upon the Master, if the Boy be dull and heavy at Heart as an Arcadian Ass. Every Week does the Case of cruel Hannibal torment my poor Head upon a declaiming Day. Then he calls Council of War, whether he should go directly to Rome after the Battle of Cannæ, or, terrified by Thunder and Rain, lead off his Troops well washed some other way. Ask me ever so much, and I will give it, to oblige the Father to hear the same Stuff often as I do. But many of this Profession wisely con-

He seems to allude to Dionysius Tyrant of Syracuse, who being driven out of his Kingdom by Dion, set up a School at Corinth. The Name was more common in the Roman Schools, than the Ventures of Hannibal.

*Et plures uno conclamant ore sophistæ,  
Et veras agitant lites, raptore relicto :  
Fusa venena silent, malus ingratusque maritus,  
Et quæ jam veteres sanant mortaria cæcos.  
Ergo sibi dabit ipse rudem, si nostra movebunt  
Consilia, & vitæ diversum iter ingreditur,  
Ad pugnam qui rhetoricâ descendit ab umbrâ,  
Summula ne pereat, quâ vilis tessera vœnit  
Frumenti : quippe hæc merces lautissima, tenta  
Chrysogonus quanti doceat, vel Pollio quanti  
Lautorum pueros, artem scindens Theodori.  
Balnea sexcentis, & pluris porticus, in quâ  
Gestetur dominus quoties pluit : anne serenum  
Exspectet, spargatve luto jumenta recenti ?  
Hic potiùs ; namque hîc mundæ nitet ungula mula.  
Parte aliâ longis Numidarum fulta columnis  
Surgat, & argentem rapiat cœnatio solem.  
Quanticunque domus, veniet qui fercula doctæ  
Componit, veniet qui pulmentaria condit.  
Hos inter sumptus sestertia Quintiliano,  
Ut multum, duo sufficient ; res nulla minoris  
Constabit patri, quàm filius. Unde igitur tot  
Quintilianus habet saltus ? exempla novorum  
Fatorum transi : felix & pulcher & acer,*

considering how little is to be got, unanimously apply themselves to the Bar, where they plead real Causes, no more declaiming on fictitious Subjects, of the Rape of Helen, of the Poisons of Medea, of the base Ingratitude of Jason, and what Medicines recovered old Æson to his Sight again. If my Advice be of any Force, these Gentlemen should discharge themselves from this poor Employment, should enter upon some other Course of Life, and instead of fighting with Shadows, engage in substantial Pleadings, for a very good Reason, lest they should not have a Farthing left to buy Bread; for here they come into ample Fees. To prove this, enquire only what a poor Allowance, what a wretched Salary, a Chrysogonus and Pollio receive for teaching Youth of the first Rank, and explaining the whole Art of Rhetorick by the Rules of Theodorus. At the same Time, they never grudge six hundred Sestertia for their Baths, and for their Porticos more, where their Honours ride when it rains. Is it fit his Lordship should wait for fair Weather, and daub his Mules with fresh Dirt? By no Means; here the Cattle are in the dry, and their Hoofs look neat and unsullied. Then again, you see a grand Dining-room supported by tall Columns of Numidian Marble, rising to the Eye, and fronting the cool eastern Sun; let the Building cost more or less, you are sure to find a Cook exquisitely skilled in setting out a Table, and making elegant Sauces after the newest Taste. With all this Luxury and Expence, Quintilian, who has the Care of young Master, is paid off with two Sestertia at the most; for no Furniture in the House costs less than the Son's Education. How then, you'll say, came Quintilian to be a Man of that Estate? Urge not the strange Success of one single Precedent; the Fortunate are handsome

R

and

a Chrysogonus and Pollio were Rhetorick Masters, who read to their Pupils the Works of Theodorus Gadareus; he was an excellent Orator, born at Gadar a Syrian City, not far from Ascalon.

*Felix & sapiens & nobilis & generosus*  
*Appositam nigra lunam subtexit alutæ :*  
*Felix, orator quoque maximus, & jaculator,*  
*Et si perfrixit, cantat benè. Distat enim, quæ*  
*Sidera te excipiant, modò primos incipientem*  
*Edere vagitus, & adhuc à matre rubentem.*  
*Si Fortuna volet, fies de rhetor/consul : / 2*  
*Si volet hæc eadem, fies de consule rhetor.*  
*Ventidius quid enim ? quid Tullius ? ane aliud quàm*  
*Sidus, & occulti miranda potentia fati ?*  
*Servis regna dabunt, captivis fata triumphos.*  
*Felix ille tamen, corvo quoque rarior albo.*  
*Pœnituit multos vanæ sterilisque cæthedræ,*  
*Sicut Thrasymachi probat exitus, atque Secundi*  
*Carrinatis ; & hunc inopem vidistis, Athenæ,*  
*Nil præter gelidas ausæ conferre cicutas.*  
*Di majorum umbris tenuem, & finè pondere terram,*  
*Spirantesque crocos, & in urnâ perpetuum ver,*  
*Qui præceptorem sancti voluere parentis*  
*Esse loco. Metuens virgæ jam grandis Achilles*  
*Cantabat patriis in montibus : & cui non tunc*

and witty ; the lucky Man is wise, is noble, is generous, is advanced among Senators, distinguish'd by the Figure of the Moon upon their black Shoe. The Darlings of Fortune are Orators of the first Rank, know all the Quirks and Subtilties of the Law ; they sing like Nightingales, tho' quite hoarse with Colds. There is a mighty Difference what Star presided at your Nativity, under what Influence you were born, and drew your first Breath. Fortune, if she pleases, of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings. What raised <sup>o</sup> Ventidius, what advanced <sup>p</sup> Tullius into a Throne, what but the Stars, and the strange Powers of hidden Fate ? Fate, that gives Kingdoms to the Slave, and Triumphs to the Captive. Quintilian indeed is a happy Man, but you may as soon shew me a white Crow, as another Example. Most of the Profession repent too late of following that barren and beggarly Employment ; witness the fatal End of <sup>q</sup> Thrasymachus, who hanged himself, and of <sup>r</sup> Secundus Carrinas, who was banished. And, ungrateful Athens, you saw the great Socrates starving, and paid him nothing for his Lectures, but the barbarous Reward of cold hemlock.

O Ye Gods, lay the Earth thin and light upon the Ashes of our great Ancestors ; may the sweet-smelling Crocus and perpetual Spring smile upon their urns, for they justly considered a Tutor as invested with the Authority of a Father. Achilles, almost a man, and fearful of the Rod, sung on Thessalian Hills the Praises of the learned <sup>s</sup> Centaur ; and yet who

Ventidius Bassus, Son to a Bond-woman of Ascalon ; he was a Carmen, then a Muleteer, afterwards in one Year he was <sup>t</sup> Praetor and Consul.

The sixth King of Rome, born of a Captive.

A Rhetorician of Athens, born at Carthage.

He came from Athens to Rome, and declaiming against Tyranny, by way of Exercise, was banished by Caligula.

Chiron, one of the Centaurs, whose upper Part was like a Man, the lower like a Horse ; he was Tutor to Achilles, and taught <sup>u</sup> Asclepius Physick, Apollo Musick, and Hercules Astronomy.



*Eliceret risum citbarædi cauda magistri?*

*Sed Ruffum, atque alios cadit sua quæque juventus :*

*Ruffum, qui toties Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.*

*Quis gremio Enceladi, doctique Palæmonis affert* 215

*Quantum grammaticus meruit labor? & tamen ex hoc,*

*Quodcunque est (minus est autem, quàm rhetoris æra)*

*Discipuli custos præmordet Accænitus ipse,*

*Et qui dispensat, frangit sibi. Cede, Palæmon,*

*Et patere inde aliquid decrescere, non aliter, quàm*

*Institor hybernæ tegetis, niveique cadurci :* 221

*Dummodò non pereat, mediæ quòd noctis ab horâ*

*Sedisti, quâ nemo faber, quâ nemo sederet,*

*Qui docet obliquo lanam deducere ferro :*

*Dummodò non pereat totidem olfecisse lucernas,* 225

*Quot stabant pueri, cùm totus decolor esset*

*Flaccus, & hæreret nigro fuligo Maroni.*

*Rara tamen merces, quæ cognitione Tribuni*

*Non egeat. Sed vos sævas imponite leges,*

*Ut præceptorum verborum regula constet,* 230

*Ut legat historias, auctores noverit omnes,*

*Tanquam unguis digitosque suos ; ut fortè rogatus*

*Dum petit aut thermas, aut Phœbi balnea, dicat*

*Nutricem Anchisæ, nomen, patriamque novercæ*

*Archemori : dicat quot Acestes vixerit annos,* 235

who could avoid laughing, to see a Harper with a long Tail? But now, Boys in the lowest Form have the Insolence to strike Ruffus their Master, the great Ruffus, who often disputed the Purity of Tully's Latin, and said he wrote like a Savoyard. Who in this Age offers the noted Enceladus, or the learned Palæmon, a Reward equal to a Grammarian's Labour? And yet out of the Salary, whatever it be, (always less than a Rhetorick Master's Pay) Acænius the Usher, who has the Care of the Boy, claims something; the Housekeeper likewise cuts off a Share. Rest contented, Palæmon, suffer some of your Fees to be taken off, as a Tradesman, who sells thick Rugs and white Blankets, falls, and makes abatement in the Price: provided that you have something left for the Fatigue of sitting up from Midnight, which no Smith, no Woolcomber, who teaches his Servants to use the Cards with their crooked Teeth, is obliged to: so that something remains as a Recompence for smelling the Stink of so many Lamps as you have Boys; when Horace appears of another Colour, soil'd with the Oil, and Virgil is all besmeared with black Smoke. These Gentlemen seldom receive their Salary without a Law-suit, and bringing the Cause before the Tribune: but be sure tie down the Master to the hardest Terms, insist that he is perfect in the Grammar Rules, that he reads History, that he understands all Authors, that he has them to a Hair, and at his Fingers Ends; that he should be always ready (ask him where-ever you chance to meet him, either going to the hot Baths or the cold) to tell you who was Anchises's Nurse, or where Archemorus' Step-mother was born: to tell you how many Years Aæstes lived,

*Satiræ Ruffus, who charged Cicero with writing barbarous Latin, like an Allobrogian or a Savoyard.*

*Kemnius Palæmon, born at Vincentia; he lived at Rome in the Reign of Tiberius, was an excellent Grammarian, and Tutor of Quintilian; he was exceeding proud, and would often say, that nothing was born and would die with him.*

Quot Siculus Phrygibus vini donaverit urnas.  
 Exigite, ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,  
 Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit : exigite, ut sit  
 Et pater ipsius cœtus, ne turpia ludant,  
 Ne faciant vicibus. Non est leve tot puerorum  
 Observare manus, oculosque in fine tremantes,  
 Hæc, inquit, cures ; sed cùm se verterit annus,  
 Accipe, victori populas quod postulat, aurum.



## SATIRA VIII.

**S**temmata quid faciunt ? quid prodest, Pontice, longi  
 Sanguine cenferi, pictosque ostendere vultus  
 Majorum, & stantes in curribus Æmilianos ;  
 Et Curios jam dimidios, humeroque minorem  
 Corvinum, & Galbum auriculis nosoque carentem ?  
 Quis fructus generis tabulâ jactare capaci  
 Corvinum, & post hunc multâ deducere virgâ  
 Fumosos equitum cum Dictatore Magistros,  
 Si coram Lepidis malè vivitur ? effigies quod  
 Tot bellatorum, si luditur alea per nox  
 Ante Numantinos ? si dormire incipis ortu  
 Luciferi, quo signa Duces & castra movebant ?

ved, how many Urns of Wine the Sicilian Prince  
 presented to his Countrymen the Trojans. Oblige  
 him to form the tender Manners of the Boy, as one  
 moulds a Face of Wax. Insist that he be a Father  
 to the Youth he teaches, to see that there be no Fil-  
 liness, no mutual Obscenities among them: it is no  
 small Concern to watch the Hands of so many Boys,  
 and the leud twinkling Corners of their Eyes. Be  
 this your Care, and at the Year's End, you'll be  
 glad of the same Pay that a Fencer picks up that  
 comes off Conqueror at a Prize.



## S A T I R E VIII.

**W**HAT signify your Coats of Arms? where is  
 the Advantage, Friend Ponticus, to be  
 esteemed only for your long Pedigree? to shew the  
 painted Faces of your Ancestors, the Statues of the  
 Æmiliî standing in their triumphal Chariots, of the  
 Curii half wasted by Time, of Corvinus with but one  
 Arm, and Galba without Nose or Ears? Of what  
 Use is it to boast of Corvinus at the Head of your  
 large Table of Genealogy, and from him to deduce,  
 thro' several Branches, a Dictator, and many Masters  
 of the Horse now black with Smoke, if before the  
 Faces of the Lepidi you lead an infamous Life? To  
 what Purpose are the Images of so many Warriors,  
 if you spend the whole Night at Dice, under the Eye  
 as it were of your Ancestors, of the great Scipio that  
 conquer'd Numantia? if you go to Bed at Break of  
 Day, the Time when those Generals moved their  
 standards, and advanced towards the Enemy? Why  
 should

a The Æmiliî, Curii, Corvini, and other great Names, too  
 many to be explained, were noble Romans, the Founders of illu-  
 strious Families, and an Honour to their Country.

Cur Allobrogicis, & magnâ gaudeat arâ  
 Natus in Herculeo Fabius lare? si cupidus, si  
 Vanus, & Euganeâ quantumvis mollior aquâ?  
 Si tenerum atritus Catinensi pumice humum  
 Squallentes traducit avos: emptorque veneni  
 Frangendâ miseram funestat imagine gentem?  
 Totâ licet veteres exornent undique cera  
 Atria, nobilitas sola est atque unica Virtus.  
 Paulus, vel Cossus, vel Drusus moribus esto:  
 Has ante effigies majorum pone tuorum:  
 Præcedant ipsas illi, te consule, virgas, *fraces*  
 Prima mihi debes animi bona. Sanctus haberi,  
 Justitiæque tenax factis dictisque mereris?  
 Agnosco procerem: salve, Getulice, ceu tu  
 Silanus, quocunque alio de sanguine rarus  
 Civilis, & egregius patriæ contingis evanti.  
 Exclamare libet, populus quod clamat Osiri  
 Invento: quis enim generosum dixerit hunc, qui  
 Indignus genere, & præclaro nomine tantum  
 Insignis? nanum cuiusdam Atlanta vocamus:

Ethiopem

should b Fabius, born of Herculean Blood, value himself upon a Title obtained by Conquest over the Allobroges, and that the Care of the great Altar of Hercules was hereditary to his Family, if he at the same time be covetous, if he be vain, if he be effeminate, and his Skin more soft than the Wool of an Euganean Lamb, if he smooths his leud Loins with a Sicilian Pumice, and becomes a Scandal to his rough-hair'd Ancestors ? if he be a Poisoner, a Reproach to his unhappy Progenitors, by placing his own Effigies among them, that deserves to be broken in Pieces ? Let your long Galleries be ever so well set off with the waxen Figures of your Ancestors, be assured that Virtue alone is the true Nobility. Live like Paulus, or Cossus, or Drusus ; prefer the Examples of those good Men before the Statues of your Family : esteem them, when you are Consul, before the Fasces, the Ensigns of your Dignity. The Ornaments of your Mind are what I first insist upon. Do you, by your Words and Actions, deserve the Character of being virtuous, and a Lover of Justice ? I then confess your Quality : Hail, noble Sir ! whether from the Race of Cossus, or from Silanus, or from whatever other Blood descended, you approve yourself a choice Citizen, a bright Ornament to your rejoicing Country ; let us receive you with as loud Applause as Ægypt shouts when she has found Osiris. Who will pronounce that Man eminent, who, unworthy of his Family, is distinguished only by a lofty Title ? We may as well call some Great Man's Dwarf

b The Fabii were famous in Rome, and derived themselves from Hercules, whose Altar and holy Rites were hereditary to that Family. This Altar was called *Ara Maxima*, and stood in *Foro Boario*, or the Beast Market. Fabius Maximus was called *Allobrogicus*, for his Victory over the Allobrogi ; from him descended this Fabius Persicus, described by Seneca as the most filthy and obscene of all Men living.

c The Sheep bred upon the Euganean Downs had the finest and softest Wool in Italy. Some say Padua belonged to the Euganeans ; others affirm them to be the Tarentines, Calabrians and Venetians.

d The best Pumice Stones are gathered in Sicily, about Mount Ætna ; with these the effeminate Italians used to smooth their Skins.



*Æthiopem cygnum : parvam extortamque puellam,  
Europen : canibus pigris, scabieque vetustâ  
Lævibus, & sicca lambentibus ora lucerna,  
Nomen erit pardus, tigris, leo ; si quid adhuc est,  
Quod fremat in terris violentiâs. Erga cavebis,  
Et metues, ne tu sic Creticus, aut Camarinus.*

33

*His ego quem monui ? tecum est mihi sermo, Rubelli  
Plaute : tumes alto Drusorum sanguine, tanquam  
Feceris ipse aliquid, propter quod nobilis esses ;  
Ut te conciperet, quæ sanguine fulget Iulii,  
Non quæ ventoso conductâ sub aggere textit.  
Vos humiles, inquis, vulgi pars ultima nostri,  
Quorum nemo queat patriam monstrare parentis :  
Ast ego Cecropides. Vivas, & originis hujus  
Gaudia longa feras : tamen imâ ex plebe Quiritem  
Facundum invenies : solet hic defendere causas  
Nobilis indocti : veniet de plebe togatâ,  
Qui juris nodos, & legum enigmata, solvat.  
Hic petit Euphraten juvenis, domitique Batavi  
Custodes aquilas, armis industrius : at tu  
Nil nisi Cecropides, truncoque simillimus Hermæ :  
Nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine, quàm quodâ  
Illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivis imago,*

45

50

Dic

Dwarf a Giant, say an Æthiop is as white as a Swan,  
 or a little crooked Wench as fine-shaped as Europa;  
 you may as well give the Name of Leopard, Lion,  
 35 Tyger, or of any Creature upon Earth (if there be  
 any such) of a more fierce kind, to a Pack of creep-  
 ing mangy Hounds, fit for nothing but to lick the  
 Outside of stinking Lamps. Take you care, be al-  
 ways in fear, lest the World flatters you with the  
 Mock-Titles of Camerinus or Creticus in the same  
 40 way.

To whom do I apply this Advice? I speak to you,  
 Rubellius Plautus; you swell with the high Blood of  
 the Drusi, as if you had distinguished yourself by  
 some Action to make you illustrious, to deserve the  
 Honour of a Mother of the Julian Line, not the Re-  
 45 proach of being the Offspring of a Trull, who knits  
 for her Living in the Wind under the Town-Wall.

"You are poor Rogues, you cry, the very Dregs of  
 "our Plebeians; not a Man of you can tell the  
 "Country his Father came from, I sprung from  
 "Cecrops." May you live, and long enjoy the  
 Glory of your Race; yet out of these very Dregs  
 50 you will often find a learned Roman, the Ornament  
 of the Bar; one capable to defend the Causes of your  
 ignorant Nobility, to unravel the Difficulties and  
 Riddles of the Law. Another, from the same low  
 Descent, goes to the Wars to the Banks of the Eu-  
 phrates, and joins our Garrisons that protect our  
 Conquests over the Batavi, and becomes an excellent  
 Soldier; you, proud of the Name of Cecrops, are  
 of no more Consequence than the shapeless Post with  
 a Head of Mercury upon it; with this Difference  
 only, you are a living Statue, his Head is Stone.

Tell

*Dis* The first King of Athens; the Romans must have been excel-  
 lent Heralds, that could derive a Descent from this King, who  
 reigned before Deucalion's Flood.

He alludes to the Statues of Mercury, which were commonly  
 at Athens placed by way of Religion over the Gates of their Houses.  
 The Statue was a Marble Head, set upon a shapeless Post.

Dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta  
 Quis generosa putat, nisi fortia? nempe volucrem  
 Sic laudamus equum, facilis cui plurima palma  
 Fervet, & exultat rauco victoria circo.

Nobilis hic, quocunque venit de gramine, cujus  
 Clara fuga ante alios, & primus in æquore pulvis,  
 Sed venale pecus Corythæ, posteritas &  
 Hirpini, si rara jugo victoria sedit;

Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla  
 Umbrarum: Dominas pretiis mutare judentur  
 Exiguus, tritoque trahunt spirhedra collo  
Segnipedes, dignique molam versare Nepotis.

Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da,  
 Quod possim titulis incidere præter honores,  
 Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.

Hæc satis ad juvenem, quem nobis fama superbum  
 Tradit, & inflatum, plenumque Nerone propinquo.

Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illâ  
 Fortunâ. Sed te ænseri laude tuorum,  
 Pontice, noluerim, sic ut nihil ipse futuræ  
 Laudis agas: miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ,  
 Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.

Stratus humi palmes viduas desiderat ulmos.

Esse bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem

Integer: ambigua si quando citabere testis

Incertæque rei, Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis

Tell me, you Sons of Troy, who values a Beast for the Breed, unless he proves strong and bold? So we praise a fleet Horse, that frequently carried off the Prize amidst the hoarse Acclamations of the Circus. This Horse will be always distinguish'd, let him be bred where he will, if he has clearly the Heels of the rest, and first prints his Conquest on the Dust. But if the Colts prove Jades, (tho' their Dam were Corytha, and their Sire Hirpinus) and seldom win a Match, they are ordered to be sold. There is no regard to their Pedigrees, no favour shewn upon the account of their Grandfathers dead long ago, but they are obliged to change their Masters at a low Price: they are slow-footed, and therefore are forced to drag a Cart with their gall'd Necks, or are fit for nothing but to turn a Mill. That we may therefore admire not Yours but You, first do some great Action of your own, that may be inscribed upon your Statue, besides the Honours bestowed upon your Ancestors by their Country, which is all you have to boast of.

So much for Rubellius Plautus, a Youth (as Fame represents him) haughty, and swelling, and full of his near Relation to Nero. Indeed we seldom find so much as common Sense in an exalted Fortune. But, Ponticus, I would not have you esteemed only by hereditary Praise, so as to contribute nothing yourself to raise your Character; 'tis poor relying on another's Fame; the Building must tumble into Ruins, if you take away the Pillars that support it; the fine lies along upon the Ground, parted from the embraces of the Elm she loves.

Be you a good Soldier, a faithful Tutor, an impartial Umpire; if you are summoned as a Witness in a Case doubtful and uncertain, tho' Phalaris should threaten to broil you in his Bull, unless you would

Of an excellent Breed, that came originally from Achais. Hirpinus, a Race-horse so called from the Place where he was bred, being a Hill in the Country of the Sabines.

A King of Agrigentum, the cruellest of all the Sicilian Tyrants, who had a brazen Bull, in which he roasted Offenders alive.

*Falsus, & admoto diſſet perjuria tauro,  
Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,  
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere cauſas.*

*Dignus morte perit, cœnat licet oſtrea centum  
Gaurana, & Coſmi toto mergatur atheno,*

*Expeſtata diu tandem provincia cùm te  
Reſtorem accipiet, pone iræ ſcœna modumque  
Pone & avaritiæ : miſerere inopum ſociorum.*

*Oſſa vides regum vacuis exhauſta medullis.*

*Reſpice, quid moneant leges, quid curia mandet ;  
Præmia quanta bonos manſeant : quàm fulmine juſto*

*Et Capito & Tutor ruerint, damnante ſenatu*

*Pirata Cilicum : ſed quid damnatio conſert,*

*Cùm Panſa eripiat quicquid tibi Natta reliquit ?*

*Præconem, Charippe, tuis circumſpice pannis,*

*Jamque tace. Furor eſt poſt omnia perdere naulum.*

*Non idem gemitus olim, nec vulnus erat par*

*Damnorum, ſociis florentibus, & modò victis.*

*Plena domus tunc omnis, & ingens ſtabat acervus*

*Nummorum, Spartana chlamys, conchyliæ Coa,*

*At cum Parrhaſii tabulis, ſignisque Myronis,*

*Phidiacum vivebat ebur, nec non Polycleti*

would forswear and give the false Evidence he directs, think it the highest Wickedness to prefer your Safety to your Innocence, and for the sake of Life to lose the very Ends of Living. Such a Wretch deserves to perish, tho' he lives in Luxury, swallows a hundred <sup>l</sup> Gaurane Oysters at a Meal, and like <sup>k</sup> Cosmus dips himself all over in a brazen Bath of the most exquisite Ointments.

When you come at last to take Possession of the Government of the Province you so long desired, confine your Passion within proper Bounds ; restrain your Avarice ; take Pity upon our poor Allies. You see some of the Kings we conquer'd unmercifully squeez'd, and the very Marrow suck'd out of their Bones. Have regard to what the Laws prescribe, what the State commands. Consider what Rewards wait upon the Good, with how just a Stroke Capito and Tutor fell, those Plunderers of the Cilicians, by Decree of the Senate. But to what Purpose were they condemned, when Pansa who succeeded, seized upon the little that Natta his Predecessor had left ? O! Chærippus, look out for a Crier to sell your sorry Rags that remain, and say nothing of the Money for fear of the Governor ; it would be Madness after all to lose the last Stake. You heard no such Lamentation formerly ; the Wounds received by the Rapine of Governors were not so deep, when our Allies were in a flourishing Condition, and first subdued by us. Then Plenty appeared in every House, Money lay about in Heaps, Spartan Cloaks, Purples from Co, Pictures by Parrhasius, Statues by Myro, Images by Phidias taught to live ; the curious Hand

of

<sup>i</sup> Lucrine Oysters taken about the Port at Baiz, near the Mountain Gauria in Compsoia.

<sup>k</sup> So effeminate, that the Ointment he used in Bathing was called Unguentum Cosmianum.

<sup>l</sup> He introduces Chærippus as a Subject of this plundered Province, whom he advises to sell his Clothes, and the rest of his poor Goods he had left, before the Successor comes with a new Hunger, and devours all ; supposing, if he turned what he had into Money might be the better concealed.



*Multus ubique labor ; raræ sinè Mentore mensæ.*

*Inde Dolabella est, atque hinc Antonius, indè*

*Sacrilegus Verres. Referebant navibus altis*

*Occulta spolia, & plures de pace triumphos.*

*Nunc socijs juga pauca boum, & grex parvus equarum,*

*Et pater armenti capto eripietur agello :*

*Ipsi deinde Lares, si quod spectabile signum,*

*Si quis in ædiculâ Deus unicus : hæc etenim sunt*

*Pro summis : nam sunt hæc maxima. Despicias tu*

*Forsthan imbelles Rhodios, unctamque Corinthum :*

*Despicias meritò : quid resnata juvenus,*

*Cruraque totius facient tibi lævia gentis ?*

*Horrida vitanda est Hispania, Gallicus axis,*

*Illyricumque latus. Parce & messoribus illis,*

*Qui saturant urbem, circo, scenæque vacantem.*

*Quanta autem inde feres tam diræ premia culpæ,*

*Cùm tenues nuper Marius discinxerit Afros ?*

*Curandum imprimis, ne magna injuria fiat*

*Fortibus & miseris, tollas licèt omne quod usquam est*

*Auri atque argenti : scutum gladiumque relinques,*

*Et jacula, & galeam : spoliatis arma supersunt.*

*Quod modò proposui, non est sententia ; verùm*

*Credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllæ.*

*Si tibi sancta cohors comitum ; si nemo tribunal*

*Vendit acersecomes ; si nullum in conjuge crimen ;*

*Nec per conventus, & cuncta per oppida curvis*

*Unguibus ire parat nummos raptura Celæna :*

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Tunc

of Polycletus surprized you in every Room, scarce a Table without Bowls imbossed by Mentor. Prizes like these tempted the Avarice of Dolabella, the Rapine of Antony, and the Sacrilege of Verres. These Plunderers sent home in lofty Ships those stolen Spoils, and triumph'd often over their Provinces in times of Peace, but now our Allies have few Oxen left to till the Ground, a small Number of Mares, the Father of the Herd is carried off from the Pasture ravaged and destroyed. The very Household Gods, a small Statue of any Price, the little Deity of the Cottage, these are all seized instead of better, yet things of the highest Value to the poor People. You may perhaps despise the weak Rhodians, and the Softness of Corinth, and with reason; for what can the effeminate Youth, and the smooth Limbs of those Nations attempt against you? But be cautious how you meddle with the rough Spaniards, the Champions of the Gauls, and the Coasts of Illyria. Spare the Labours of the Husbandmen who supply the City, which attends to nothing but the Diversions of the Circus and the Theatres. For what Booty can you expect from the cruel Ravage you make, when Marius so lately stript the poor Africans to the Skin? But chiefly take care you do not press too hard upon the wretched and the brave; tho' you carry off all the Gold and Silver they have, you will still leave them Shields and Swords, and Spears and Helmets; the plundered never are in want of Arms. What we have now observed is no uncertain Notion of my own, but believe it fixed and sure as an Oracle of the Sibyl.

If you employ Persons of Reputation under you, if no favourite Boy receives a Bribe to pervert Justice; if your Wife be of unblemish'd Character, and does not run into the publick Courts thro' every Town in the Province, like a Harpy with her crooked Claws, to seize the Golden Prey; if you are free from these Reproaches, derive your Descent from

Tunc licet à Pico numeres genus : altaque si te  
 Nomina delecent, omnem Titanida pugnam  
 Inter majores, ipsumque Promethea ponas :  
 De quocunque voles proavum tibi sumito libro.  
 Quod si præcipitem rapit ambitus atque libido, 135  
 Si frangis virgas sociorum in sanguine, si te  
 Delectant hebetes lasso lictore secures :  
 Incipit ipsorum contra te stare parentum  
 Nobilitas, claramque facem præferre pudendis.  
 Omne animi vitium tantò conspectius in se 140  
 Crimen habet, quantò major, qui peccat, habetur.  
 Quò mihi te solitum falsas signare tabellas  
 In templis, quæ fecit avus ; statuamque parentis  
 Ante triumphalem ? quò, si nocturnus adulter  
 Tempora Santonico velas adoperta cucullo ? 145  
 Præter majorum cineres, atque ossa volucris  
 Carpento rapitur pinguis Damaspus ; & ipse,  
 Ipse rotam stringit multo suffamine Consul :  
 Nocte quidem ; sed luna videt, sed sidera testes  
 Intendunt oculos. Finitum tempus honoris 150  
 Cùm fuerit, clarâ Damaspus luce flagellum  
 gomet, & occursum nusquam trepidabit amiei  
 Jam senis, at virgâ prior inquit, atque maniplos  
 Solvet, & infundet jumentis hordea lassis.  
 Interea dum lanatas, torvumque juvencum 155  
 More Numæ cadit Jovis ante altaria, jurat

Picus m, if you will ; or, if you are fond of great Names, higher in Time, place the Titans who fought against the Gods, among your Ancestors, or old Prometheus himself. You may chuse your Pedigree from any History you please. But if you are carried headlong by Ambition or by Lust, if you cruelly break the Rods upon the Backs of your Allies, and love to see the Axe blunt, and the Lictor tired by using it, the Nobility of your Blood is a strong Objection against you, and exposes your Shame in a clearer Light ; for every Vice carries a greater Malignity with it in Proportion to the Rank and Quality of the Person that commits it. What is your Family to me, if you have the Impudence to be false Witness to a false Will, in the very Temples built by your Ancestors, before your Father's triumphal Statue ? If, to conceal your Night Adulteries, you disguise your Face with a French Hood ?

Damasippus, with his fat Guts, drives furiously by the Ashes and Bones of his great Progenitors ; he, the Consul, he submits to lock the Wheel of the Chariot with the Drag-Chain. This indeed he does in the Night, but the Moon sees him, the Stars with their intentive Eyes witness against him. When he is out of his Office, you will find p Damasippus playing the Charioteer at Noon-day ; nor would he blush to meet the gravest of his Friends, but first salute them with a Crack of his Whip. He unbinds the Trusses of Hay, and gives the tired Horses their Corn with his own Hands. But when he sacrifices a Sheep or a Bullock at the Altar of Jupiter, as Numa ordained, the cleanly Deities he swears by, are Hippona,

m The first King of the Aborigenes, the Son of Saturn.

n Who was supposed to make Man of moist Clay.

o It was usual to sign as a Witness to a Will in the Temples of the Gods, to put Men in mind that they were obliged by Religion to be true and faithful.

p An extravagant young Nobleman, was a Consul, a Charioteer, a common Drunkard, and a Stage-player.

Hipponam, & facies olida ad præsepia piætas.  
 Sed cum pervigiles placet instaurare popinas,  
 Obvius assiduo Syrophœnix udus amomo  
 Currit, Idumææ Syrophœnix incola portæ, 160  
 Hospitis affectu Dominum, Regemque salutat,  
 Et cum venali Cyane succincta lagenâ,  
 Defensor culpæ dicet mihi: fecimus & nos  
 Hæc juvenes, esto; desisti nempè, nec ultra  
 Fovisti errorem. breve sit, quod rursus audes. 165  
 Quædam cum primâ rescentur crimina barbâ,  
 Indulge veniam pueris: Damaspus ad illos  
 Thermarum calices, inscriptaque lintea vadit,  
 Maturus bello Armenia, Syriaque tuendis  
 Amnibus, & Rheno, atque Istro. Præstare Neronem  
 Securus valet hæc ætas, mitte Ostia, Cæsar; 171  
 Mitte; sed in magnâ legatum quære popinâ.  
 Invenies aliquo cum percussore jacentem,  
 Permissum nautis, aut furibus aut fugitivis;  
 Inter carnifices, & fabros sandapilarum, 175  
 Et resupinati cessantia tympana Galli:  
 Æqua ibi libertas, communia pocula, lectus  
 Non alius cuiquam, nec mensa remotior ulli.  
 Quid facies, talem sortitus, Pontice, servum?  
 Nempe in Lucanos, aut Thusca ergastula mittas. 180  
 At vos, Trojugenæ, vobis ignoscitis, & quæ

I. Hippona q, and such sweet Divinities, whose Faces  
you see painted over the middle of the stinking Stalls.  
Yet when he pleases to visit the Tavern, where he  
revels Night and Day, a Syrophœnician, always  
greasy with his Essence, runs to meet him, a Per-  
fumer that lives by the Idumæan Gate, accosts him  
60 in the fawning Stile of the Master of the House, calls  
him My Lord, my Prince; and Cyane, a tight Girl,  
waits upon him with the full Bottle of the best,  
You'll say perhaps in excuse, we did the same when  
we were young; I grant it: yet you left off, you  
did not indulge the Mistake further; stop short, and  
65 never persist in doing ill. Some Vices should be en-  
tirely left off, when the Razor first comes upon your  
Face. An Allowance, you cry, should be made for  
Youth: True; but Damasippus drinks Bumpers as  
if he were sweating in a hot Bath, and reels to the  
Stews, known by the lewd Inscriptions o'er the  
Doors, tho' ripe by Age for the Armenian War, to  
defend our Syrian Rivers from Attempts, the Banks  
of the Rhine or the Danube. His Years qualify him  
to protect the Person of the Emperor; send, Cæsar,  
send your Ambassador to the Mouth of the Tiber;  
but look for this worthy Deputy of yours in a com-  
mon Tap-house, you'll find him swilling with some  
Cut-throat, in Company with Seamen, Thieves,  
175 Fugitives, Hangmen, and Undertakers; or among  
the silent Drums of Cybele's Priest, who drunk lies  
snoring on his Back. These Sots are all upon a  
Level here, drink all out of the same Glass; there is  
no Place of Distinction among them, but all sit  
round the same Table. What would you do, my  
180 Friend, had you a Slave like this Wretch of a  
Lord? you would surely send him to hard Labour  
among the Lucani, or to one of the Tuscan Work-  
houses. But you, great Sons of Troy, dispense  
with one another, and imagine what a Cobler would  
be

q The Goddess of Stables, placed in the middle of the Stalls,  
and curiously bedecked with Chaplets of fresh Roses.



*Turpia cerdoni, Volesos Brutosque decebunt.*

*Quid, si nunquam adeò scædis, adeòque pudendis  
Utimur exemplis, ut non pejora supersint ?*

*Consumptis opibus vocem, Damasppe, locasti* 185

*Sipario, clamosum ageres ut Phasma Catulli.*

*Laureolum Velox etiam benè Lentulus egit,*

*Judice me, dignus verà cruce, nec tamen ipsi*

*Ignoscas populo : populi frons durior hujus,*

*Qui sedet, & spectat triscurræ patriciorum :* 190

*Planipedes audit Fabios, ridere potest qui*

*Mamercorum alapas, quanti sua funera vendunt,*

*Quid refert ? vendunt, nullo cogente Nerone,*

*Nec dubitant celsi Prætoris vendere ludis.*

*Finge tamen gladios inde, atque hinc pulpita pone :* 195

*Quid satius ? mortem sic quisquam exhorruit, ut sit*

*Zelotypus Thymeles, stupidi collega Corinthi ?*

*Res haud mira tamen, citharædo principe, mimus*

*Nobilis : hæc ultra, quid erit nisi ludus ? & illic*

*Dedecus urbis habes : nec mirmillonis in armis,* 200

*Nec clypeo Gracchum pugnantem, aut falce supinâ,*

*(Damnat enim tules habitus, sed damnat & odit)*

*Nec galatæ frontem abscondit ; movet ecce tridentem,*

*Postquam*

be ashamed of, looks becoming in the Posterity of the illustrious Volsci or the Bruti.

What if after the Examples we have produced, tho' ever so infamous and shameful, there should be worse behind? O Damasippus, thy Fortune quite spent, thou lettest thy Voice out upon the Stage, to whine out a Part of the Vision of Catullus. Velox Lentulus, another of these Lords, performs the Character of <sup>r</sup> Laureolus to a Miracle, worthy, in my Opinion, of the Death he represents, to be really crucified; nor can you excuse the People, the Spectators, who with more harden'd Impudence are delighted to sit and divert themselves with these Buffooneries of the Nobility; who are pleased to hear the renowned Fabii acting barefoot, and laugh to see the great Mamerci box'd about the Stage. No matter for what Price these Nobles run the Hazard of their Lives, they do it voluntarily; there is no Nero now to force them, they engage willingly in those Plays exhibited by the haughty Prætor to divert the People. Suppose the Lists on one Hand, and the Stage on the other, which would you chuse? Is any Man so fearful of Death, as to submit to act the Part of Latinus jealous of his Thymele, or to be on a Level with that stupid Stroller Corinthus? It is no Wonder, when the Emperor is a Harper, that the Nobles are Mimicks; after this what can you expect, but that the whole World should turn Players? See, the Disgrace of Rome enters the Lists, the infamous Gracchus, not furnished like a Sword-player, not fighting with a Shield or crooked Falchion, nor wears his Helmet down (such Armour he condemns and hates) but lo, he shakes his Trident, and

<sup>r</sup> A Slave condemned to be crucified for running away from his Master; this Slave was personated upon the Stage by a Nobleman, one of the Lentuli.

<sup>s</sup> Of the two, says the Poet, it is more shameful to act upon the Stage, than to fight as a Gladiator, tho' at the Hazard of his Life; for who would not detest to play the Part of the Cuckold Latinus, the jealous Husband of Thymele, or be a Fellow-Actor with that Logghead Corinthus?

Postquam libratâ pendentia retia dextrâ

Nequicquam effudit, nudum ad spectacula vultum 205

Erigit, & totâ fugit agnoscendus arenâ.

Credamus tunica, de faucibus aurea cùm se

Porrigit, & longo jaçetur spira galero.

Ergo ignominiam graviolem pertulit omni

Vulnere, cum Graccho jussus pugnare secutor. 210

Libera si dentur populo suffragia, quis tam  
Perditus, ut dubitet Senecam præferre Neroni?

Cujus supplicio non debuit una parari

Simia, nec serpens unus, nec culeus unus.

Par <sup>heros</sup> Agamemnonidæ crimen; sed causâ ci rem 215

Diffimilem: quippe ille Deis auctoribus ultor

Patris erat cæsi media inter pocula: sed nec

Electræ jugulo se polluit, aut Spartani

Sanguine conjugii: nullis aconita propinquis

Miscuit: in scena nunquam cantavit Orestes: 220

Troïca non scripsit. Quid enim Virginius armis

Debuit ulcisci magis, aut cum Vindice Galba?

Quid Nero tam sevâ, crudâque tyrannide fecit?

Hæc opera, atque hæ sunt generosi principis artes,

Gaudentis fædo peregrina ad pulpita cantu 225

Prostitui, Graiæque apium meruisse coronâ.

Majorum effigies habeant insignia vocis,

and as a Retiarius, casting his Net, poised in his Hand in vain, he shews his Face bare to all the People, flies round the Circus, glad to be known, and begs his Life. You may depend it is he by his purple Tunic, by the Gold Ribband blown by the Wind, that ties on his high Cap, and hangs down under his Chin. The Secutor got no Credit, but suffered a Reproach deeper than any Wound he could feel, when he was ordered to try his Skill upon such a Coward of Quality.

If the People were to speak freely, where is the Man so lost to Virtue, that would scruple to prefer Seneca to Nero? whose many Parricides deserve more than one Death, more Apes, more Serpents, more Sacks than one. Orestes, I own, killed his Mother likewise; but Circumstances make the Case different: he, by the Command of the Gods, revenged the Death of his Father slain in the midst of a Feast; but he was not stained with the Murder of his Sister Electra, nor with the Blood of Hermione, his Spartan Wife: he made up no Draughts of Poison for his Neighbours. Orestes never sung upon the Stage, never wrote Verses upon the Destruction of Troy. What Crimes could Virginus, Vindex, Galba, revenge with more Justice? What great Exploits, besides the most execrable Cruelties, were ever done by the Tyrant Nero? These are the Employments, these the Accomplishments of a noble Prince, to delight in prostituting his Majesty by singing upon a foreign Stage, and make a Merit of carrying from the Greeks their Parsley Crown. Let the Statues of your Ancestors be adorned with this Chaplet, this Trophy of your Voice; lay at the Feet  
of

t A Parricide, by the Roman Law, was sewn up in a Sack, with a Cock, a Serpent, an Ape, and a Dog, and thrown into the Sea.

u Nero carried away the Parsley Crown, or Chaplet, in the Nemean Games, from the Greek Musick Masters. These Games were celebrated to the Memory of Archemorus: the young Son of Lycurgus, who was killed by a Serpent as he was playing upon a Bed of Parsley.

*Ante pedes Domiti longum tu pone Thyestæ  
Syrma, vel Antigones, seu personam Menalippes,  
Et de marmoreo citharam suspende colosso.* 230

*Quis, Catilina, tuis natalibus? atque Cethegi  
Inveniet quicquam sublimius? arma tamen vos  
Nocturna, & flammæ domibus templisque parâstis,  
Ut Braccatorum pueri, Senonumque minores,  
Ausi, quod liceat tunicâ punire molestâ.* 235

*Sed vigilat Consul, vexillaque vestra coercet.  
Hic novus Arpinas, ignobilis, & modò Romæ  
Municipalis eques galeatum ponit ubique  
Præsidium attonitis, & in omni gente laborat.  
Tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi* 240

*Nominis, & tituli; quantum non Leucade, quantum  
Thessaliæ Campis Octavius abstulit udo  
Cædibus assiduis gladio. Sed Roma parentem,  
Roma patrem patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit.  
Arpinas alius Volscorum in monte solebat* 245

*Poscere mercedes alieno lassus aratro;  
Nodosam post hæc frangebat vertice vitæ,  
Si lentus pigrâ muniret castra dolabrâ:  
Hic tamen & Cimbros, & summa pericula rerum  
Excipit, & solus trepidantem protegit urbem.* 250

*Atque ideo postquam ad Cimbros, stragemque volabant,  
Qui nunquam attigerant majora cadavera, corvi,  
Nobilis ornatur lauro collega secundâ.*

of the Domitii the long Robe in which you acted the Character of Thyestes, or the Mask you used in the Parts of Antigone or Menalippe, and hang your Harp upon the Marble Images of your great Progenitors.

Who, Catiline, and Cethegus, can boast of a more noble Descent than you ; yet you conspired to destroy the City and the Temples by Night with Fire and Sword, as if you had been Sons of the Gauls, or the Posterity of the Senones ; you dared such Villainies, for which you ought to have been punished with a pitched Shirt. But the Consul watched your Motions, and restrained the Fury of your Arms. This Cicero of Arpinum, a Man of no Family, meanly born, and coming from a Country Town, but lately admitted at Rome into the Equestrian Order, placed an armed Guard in every Part, to protect the People frightened at the Alarm, and bestir'd himself in all Quarters, for the Security of the City. The peaceful Gown bestowed more Fame and Honour upon this great Man at home within our Walls, than Octavius carried off from the Fight at Actium, or from the Thessalian Plains, by his Sword stained with continual Slaughter, Rome, set free, pronounced him her Father, called this Cicero the Father of his Country.

Marius, another from the same Arpinum, tired out with plowing on the Volscian Hills for Hire, turned Soldier, and had many a knotty Cudgel broke upon his Head, if he worked lazily with his Axe in fortifying the Camp ; yet this Man subdued the Cimbrians, and relieved the State in the utmost Danger : This Man alone preserved the trembling City ; and therefore after the Battle, when the Crows flew to prey upon the Barbarians, and to devour the Carnage (and larger Bodies they had never seen) his Collegue Quintius Catulus, of noble Birth, received only the second Honours of the Day.



*Plebēiæ Deciorum animæ, plebeia fuerunt*

*Nomina : pro totis legionibus hi tamen, & pro* 255

*Omnibus auxiliis, atque omni plebe Latinâ*

*Sufficiunt Dīs infernis, Terraque parenti.*

*Pluris enim Decii, quàm qui servantur ab illis.*

*Ancillâ natus trabeam & diadema Quirini,*

*Et fasces meruit, Regum ultimus ille bonorum.* 260

*Proditâ laxabant portarum claustra tyrannis*

*Exulibus juvens ipsius consulis, & quos*

*Magnum aliquid dubiâ pro libertate deceret,*

*Quod miraretur cum Coclite Mutius, & quæ*

*Imperii fines Tiberinum virgo natavit.* 265

*Occulta ad patres produxit crimina servus*

*Matronis lugendus : at illos verbera justis*

*Afficiunt pœnis, & legum prima securis.*

*Malo pater tibi sit Therfites, dummodò tu sis*

*Æacide*

Those brave Souls the \* Decii were of Plebeian Descent, their Families were Plebeian, yet they devoted themselves to the Infernal Deities, and to Mother Earth, to save our Legions, our Auxiliaries, the whole Roman Name; these Decii were more regarded by the Gods, than the great Numbers by their Death preserved.

Servius Tullius, born of a captive Maid, that last good King of Rome, yet merited the Robe of Majesty, and the Diadem of Romulus, and all the Honours of the State; when the Sons of the Consul himself, of Brutus, tho' nobly born, conspired to betray the City Gates to banished Tyrants; these Youths should rather have attempted some great Design for the Liberty of their Country not yet secure, some glorious Act that Mutius, that Cocles, Clælia (that fearless Maid that swam the Tiber's Stream, the Bounds of our narrow Empire) would have wonder'd to hear. Vindicius, a Slave, discovered this dark Conspiracy to the Senators (sad News for the tender Mother's Heart!) who first made the Youths feel the lawful Punishment of the Rods and the Axe, never used in Rome before. I had rather your Father had been that Fellow † Therfites, so that:

\* The Decii devoted their Lives as voluntary Sacrifices to save their Country. The Father, in the War with the Latins; the Son, in the Hetrurian War; the Grandson, in the War against Pyrrhus.

† Tarquinius Superbus, after his Expulsion, attempted to recover his Kingdom; for which Purpose Titus and Tiberius, the Sons of Junius Brutus the Consul, undertook to deliver up one of the City Gates. This was discovered by Vindicius a Slave, for which he was made free; from him the Rod laid upon the Head of the Slaves when he was manumitted, was call'd Vindicta. The Consul's Sons were first whip'd, and then beheaded. Porseus, King of Hetruria, engaging in favour of Tarquin. Horatius Cocles withstood him and all his Army upon the Bridge over the Tiber, till it was broken, and then he jumped with an Arrow in his Thigh into the River. Mutius Sævola, attempting to kill Porseus in his Camp, and being taken, burnt his Right-hand off before him, which by Mistake had killed the Secretary instead of the King. Clælia, with other Virgins, was given as an Hostage to Porseus; but she, deceiving her Keepers, swam over the River Tiber into the City.

‡ An impudent, ugly, cowardly Fellow at the Siege of Troy; for his

*Æaridæ similis, Vulcaniaque arma capessas,*

270

*Quàm te Therisitæ similem producat Achilles.*

*Et tamen, ut longè repetas, longèque revolvas*

*Nomen, ab infami gentem deducis asylo.*

*Majorum primus (quisquis fuit) ille tuorum,*

*Aut pastor fuit, aut illud, quod dicere nolo.*

275



## SATIRA IX.

**S**CIRE velim, quare toties mihi, Nævole, tristis  
Occurras fronte obductâ, ceu Marsya victus.

*Quid tibi cum vultu, qualem deprênsus habebat*

*Ravola, dum Rhodopes udâ terit inguina barbâ ?*

*Nos colaphum incutimus lambenti crustula servo.*

5

*Non erat hâc facie miserabilior Crepereius*

*Pollio, qui triplitem usuram præstare paratus*

*Circuit, & fatuos non invenit. Unde repentè*

*Tot rugæ ? certè modico contentus agebas*

you behave like Achilles, and can manage his Arms made by Vulcan, than that Achilles got you, and you prove a Therſites, an ill-bred Scoundrel. Yet carry back your Pedigree ever ſo far, trace your Name ever ſo high, you ſtill deſcend from an infamous aſylum; your firſt Anceſtor, whoever he be, was either ſome Shepherd, or ſomewhat worſe than I am unwilling to name.



## S A T I R E IX.

JUVENAL, NÆVOLUS,

JUV. **I** SHOULD be glad to know, <sup>b</sup> Nævolus, why I meet you ſo often with that ſad cloudy Face like Marſyas overcome by Apollo. What have you to do with that confounded Countenance, ſuch as Ravola ſhew'd when he was caught ſcrubbing the leud Rhodope with his bedrivelled Beard? He ſhould have ſuffer'd for that; for a Servant that licks his Lips with Sweet-meats, we chaſtiſe with a ſound Box on the Ear. Crepereius Pollio never had a more wretched Phiz, when he ran all the Town over to borrow Money at treble Intereſt, and could find no Fools to lend it. Whence of a ſudden ſo many Wrinkles? Tho' you are a Slave, you uſed to be

his ſoul Mouth Achilles gave him a Box on the Ear, which ſilenced him for ever.

a Rome was firſt an Aſylum or Sanctuary for Rogues.

b The Poet, in deſcribing the execrable Impurities of the Romans, introduces one Nævolus a Monster of Vice; he tells him, with all his Lewdneſs he looks as wretchedly as Marſyas, as Ravola, and Crepereius Pollio. The firſt was an audacious Muſician, who challenged Apollo, but was overcome and ſlayed; the ſecond was an impure Villain, who being taken with his Rhodope, was confounded with a juſt Shame at the Diſcovery; the third, a noted Spendthrift, who deſperately offering for Money three times as much as the common Intereſt, could yet find no ſuch Creditor.

*Vernam equitem, conviva joco mordente facetus,*

10

*Et salibus vehemens intra pomæria natis.*

*Omnia nunc contrâ : vultus gravis, horrida sicca*

*Sylva comæ ; nullus totâ nitor in cute, qualem*

*Præstabat calidi circumlita fascia visci ;*

*Sed fruticante pilo neglecta & squalida crura.*

15

*Quid macies ægri veteris, quem tempore longo*

*Torret quarta dies, olimque domestica febris ?*

*Deprêndas animi tormenta latentis in ægro*

*Corpore, deprêndas & gaudia : sumit utrumque*

*Inde habitum facies : igitur flexisse videris*

20

*Propositum, & vitæ contrarius ire priori.*

*Nuper enim (ut repeto) fanum Isidis, & Ganymedem*

*Pacis, & advektæ secreta palatia matris,*

*Et Cererem (nam quo non prostat fœmina templo ?)*

*Notior Ausidio mæchus celebrare solebas,*

25

*(Quod taceo) atque ipsos etiam inclinare maritos.*

*N. Utile & hoc multis vitæ genus : at mihi nullum*

*Indè operæ pretium : pingues aliquando lacernas,*

*Mumimenta togæ, duri crassique coloris,*

*Et malè percussas textoris pectine Galli*

30

*Accipimus ; tenue argentum, venæque secundæ.*

*Fata regunt homines, fatum est in partibus illis,*

*Quos sinus abscondit : nam si tibi sidera cessant,*

*Nil faciet longi mensura incognita nervi :*

*Quamvis te nudum spumanti Virro labello*

35

*Viderit,*

10 be content with a small Fortune, and to live as merry  
 as a Lord, you were a pleasant Companion at Table  
 with your biting Jest, and quick at Repartees,  
 that would please in the best-bred Conversation. But  
 now the Scene is quite changed; your Look is stern,  
 your dry Locks uncombed stand on end like a Wood,  
 there is none of that Smoothness on your Skin that  
 you ow'd to the Poultrice of warm Pitch, laid on to  
 15 take off the Hair, your Legs are neglected and grow  
 rough like a Coppice. How came you by that  
 meagre pale Aspect of an old Fellow that has been  
 burnt up, and a long time confined to his Room by  
 a Quartan Ague? You may discover the Troubles of  
 an uneasy Mind by the languid Appearance of the  
 Body, and the Tranquility within you may know  
 20 by the Outside; for the Face is the Indication of  
 both. You seem therefore to have changed your  
 Method, and to act contrary to your former Course  
 of Life. It was but lately (as I remember) that  
 Nævolus the Adulterer (more noted than <sup>b</sup> Aufidius  
 himself) frequented the Haunts of all the Whores in  
 Town, the Fane of Isis, the Statue of Ganymede  
 25 in the Temple of Peace, the secret Chapel of Cybele  
 the Mother of the Gods, brought from Phrygia (for  
 what Place is there so sacred where you may not  
 pick up a Wench? and (under the Rose) the Wife  
 and the Husband had you by turns.

30 NÆV. I own this has been a profitable Trade to  
 some, but I could never make it worth while. I  
 am forced to take up now and then with a greasy  
 Cloke (of coarse Cloth and a worse Dye, sadly woven  
 in the Loom of a bungling French Weaver) to save  
 my Gown. Sometimes I receive a small Bit of Sil-  
 ver, but of the baser sort. In short, Fate rules the  
 World, and presides in those very Parts concealed  
 from common Sight: If your lucky Stars forsake  
 you, your private Length of Lust will be of no Ser-  
 vice, tho' Virro with his rank Desire chanced to see  
 35 you

35  
 siderit,

<sup>b</sup> A notorious lusty Grecian.



*Viderit, & blandæ, assiduæ, densæque tabellæ*

*Sollicitent : Αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐφίλειαι ἄνδρα κίναδο.*

*Quod tamen ulterius monstrum, quàm mollis avarus ?*

*Hæc tribui, deinde illa dedi, mox plura tulisti.*

*Computat, & cavet, ponatur calculus, adsint*

*Cum tabulâ pueri : numera sestertia quinque*

*Omnibus in rebus ; numerentur deinde labores.*

*An facile & primum est agere intrâ viscera penem*

*Legitimum, atque illic hesternæ occurrere cœnæ ?*

*Servus erit minùs ille miser, qui foderit agrum,*

*Quàm dominum ; sed tu sanè tener, & puerum te,*

*Et pulchrum, & dignum cyatho cæloque putabas.*

*Vos humili afflæ, vos indulgebitis unquam.*

*Cultori, jam nec morbo donare parati ?*

*En cui tu viridem umbellam, cui succina mittas*

*Grandia, natalis quoties redit, aut madidum ver*

*Incipit ; & stratâ positus longâque cathedrâ*

*Munera fœmineis tractas secreta calendis.*

*Dic, passer, cui tot montes, tot prædia servas*

*Appula, tot milvos intrâ tua pascua lassos ?*

*Te Trifolinus ager fœcundis vitibus implet,*

*Suspectumque jugum Cumis, & Gaurus inanis :*

*Nam quis plura linit victuro dolia musto ?*

*Quantum erit exhausti lumbos donare clientis.*

*Fugeribus*

you naked, and courted you by many soft and im-  
 portunate Letters; for these Catamites have engaging  
 ways of seducing Men to their Designs. But is there  
 a greater Monster upon Earth than a Wretch made  
 up of Lechery and Avarice? "You had so much,  
 " says he, at first, then I gave you so much, after-  
 " wards you received more (he computes the Charge,  
 " but uses me still) let us cast up what the whole  
 " comes to; Boy, bring the Account; you see you  
 " have had in all five Sestertia, now reckon what  
 " you have done for it." Is it an easy, a ready Mat-  
 ter to force one's self into secret Nastiness, and to  
 rake into the digested Filth of last Night's Sup-  
 per? The Slave is the more miserable of the two,  
 that digs the Master, than the Master's Ground. But  
 you forsooth, are all over Charms; you think your-  
 self young and beautiful, and fit to be celestial Cup-  
 bearer to Jove; will such as you ever bestow your  
 Bounty upon a poor Client that attends you, when  
 you are so close-fisted to us that serve your  
 Lusts? See the soft Virro, whom you are to present  
 like a Mistress with a green Umbrella; here you are  
 to send the large Amber Bowl as oft as his Birth-day  
 returns, or the show'ry Spring begins; see how he  
 sits on his Carpet in his Chair of State, and receives  
 the secret Favours of his Admirers on the Calends  
 of March, like a fine Lady! Tell me, thou sala-  
 cious Sparrow, for whom you save so many Moun-  
 tains, so many Farms in Apulia, Estates that the  
 Kites are tired in flying over? Your Trifoline Plains,  
 the Mount Misenus hanging over Cumæ, and Gaurus  
 with his hollow Caverns, supply you with fruitful  
 Vines. Who stops up more Casks with Wine sure to  
 last long? What a mighty Matter would it be to  
 bestow a few Acres upon me your Drudge, worn out  
 in

c Upon the Calends, or the first Day of March, they celebrated  
 the Matronalia, when the Roman Beauties dressed up, sat in Chairs  
 that stood upon Carpets, and received rich Presents from their Hus-  
 bands and Admirers. This Ceremony was imitated by the Pathic  
 Virro.

Fugeribus paucis ? meliùsne hic rusticus infans  
 Cum matre, & casulis, & cum lusore catello  
 Cymbala pulsantis legatum fiet amici ?  
 Improbus es, cùm poscis, ait ; sed pensio clamat,  
 Posce : sed appellat puer unicus, ut Polyphemi  
 Lata acies, per quam solers evasit Ulysses :  
 Alter emendus erit ; namque hic non sufficit ; ambo  
 Pascendi, quid agam brumâ spirante ? quid, oro,  
 Quid dicam scapulis puerorum mense Decembri,  
 Et pedibus ? durate, atque expectate cicadas ?  
 Verùm ut dissimules, ut mittas cætera, quanto  
 Metiris pretiò, quòd, ni tibi deditus essem,  
 Devotusque cliens, uxor tua virgo maneret ?  
 Scis certè quibus ista modis, quàm sæpe rogâris,  
 Et quæ pollicitus ; fugientem sæpe puellam  
 Amplexu rapui ; tabulas quoque ruperat, & jam  
 Signabat : totâ vix hoc ego nocte redemi,  
 Te plorante foris ; testis mihi lætulus, & tu,  
 Ad quem pervenit læti sonus, & dominæ vox.  
 Instabile, ac dirimi cæpturi, & jam penè solutum  
 Conjugium in multis domibus servavit adulter.  
 Quòd te circumagas ? quæ prima, aut ultima ponas ?  
 Nullum ergo meritum est, ingrata ac perfide, nullum,  
 Quòd tibi filiulus, vel filia nascitur ex me ?  
 Tollis enim, & libris actorum spargere gaudes

vice ? Could you with more Justice leave your Ef-  
 fects, the Country Boy got by your Slave, his Mo-  
 ther, the poor Cottage with the Dog their Play-  
 fellow, as a Legacy to one of Cybelé's rank Priests  
 beating his Cymbals ? " You are never satisfied,  
 " says he, for ever begging ; " Rent calls out, beg  
 on : my only Servant cries for Wages as loud as  
 Polyphemus with his one large Eye, when Ulysses  
 by his Cunning had escaped ; I must soon purchase  
 another, one is not enough for my Business, and  
 both must be fed. What shall I do when Winter-  
 Blasts blow hard ? What shall I say to the Boy's  
 naked Shoulders and bare Feet in the cold Month of  
 December, Have Patience, my Lad, the Grasshop-  
 pers are coming ? But dissemble as you please, and  
 make as light as you will of these things, how much  
 are you in debt to me for another Jobb ? Had not I  
 stood fast by you, and been your most devoted Ser-  
 vant, your Wife had been a Maid still. You know  
 well by what Methods that Affair was brought a-  
 bout, how often you begg'd, what mighty Promises  
 you made me. Oft in my Arms I caught the flying  
 Virgin ; I prevented her tearing the Marriage-Ar-  
 ticles, when she was just ready to sign to another ;  
 I could scarce set Matters right by a whole Night's  
 Labour, while you stood whining at the Door.  
 You want no Evidence ; the Bed, the Noise you  
 heard, convinced you sufficiently. I am not the first  
 Adulterer that in a Family has fastened the Marriage  
 Knot, untying, cracked, and almost loosed. How  
 will you extricate yourself from these Objections ?  
 What can you offer first or last to this Charge ? Is  
 it no Merit then, ungrateful and perfidious Wretch,  
 none at all, that you have the Credit of a Boy or a  
 Girl by me ? You bring them up, and are pleased  
 to see them enter'd in the publick d Registers, as

U

Telli-

d Servius Tullius, in order to fix the Number of Births and Bu-  
 rials, ordered that when a Child was born, the Kindred should bring  
 a Piece of Money into the *Ærarium* of Juno Lucina ; and so into  
 the

*Argumenta viri, foribus suspende coronas ;*

85

*Jam pater es : dedimus quod famæ opponere possis.*

*Jura parentis habes ; propter me scriberis hæres :*

*Legatum omne capis, nec non & dulce caducum.*

*Commoda præterea junguntur multa caducis,*

*Si numerum, si tres implevero. P. Iusta doloris, 90*

*Nævole, causa tui : contra tamen ille quid affert ?*

*N. Negligit, atque alium bipedem sibi quærit asellum,*

*Hæc soli commissa tibi celare memento,*

*Et tacitus nostras intrâ te fige querelas.*

*Nam res mortifera est inimicus pumice lævis.*

95

*Qui modo secretum commiserat, ardet, & odit ;*

*Tanquam prodiderim quicquid scio : sumere ferrum.*

*Fusile aperire coput, candelam apponere valvis*

*Non dubitat, nec contenmas, aut despicias, quod*

*His opibus nunquam cara est annona veneni.*

100

*Ergo occulta teges, ut curia Martis Athenis.*

P. 0

Testimonies of your Manhood. Hang the Garland of Laurel upon your Gates, you are now a Father ; I took off the Scandal that was against you, by me you enjoy the paternal Privileges, I have given you a Right to inherit, you are now qualified to receive the whole e Legacy, besides the Benefit sometimes of a sweet f Windfall ; and many other Advantages, if I complete the Number, and make them up g Three.

JUV. Nævolus, you have just Reason to complain, but what does he say to all this ?

NÆV. He scorns me, and looks out for another two-legged As in my room ; but, Sir, remember, I beg you, to conceal what I have discover'd, and keep these Complaints of mine close in your Bosom ; for one of these Pumice-smoothed Gentry, if he turns your Enemy, destroys you as sure as Death. Virro, who trusted me with the Secret, is enraged, and hates me as if I had told all I know ; he would not stick to stab me, to break my Head with his Cane, or set my House o' fire. Men of his Fortune (do not despise this Truth) never think they buy Poison too dear, to gratify their Revenge. Be silent therefore as the Grave, as secret as the h Court of Mars at Athens.

JUV.

the Exchequer of Venus Libitina, when any died. The Father was obliged to give Notice of the Birth of the Child ; and the Child received its Name within thirty Days afterwards.

e If a Legacy was left to a married Man that had no Children, the tenth Part of it by the Papian Law fell to the Exchequer ; but Virro having a Child, had a Right to the whole.

f A Will was sometimes expressed conditionally, as that such things should descend to such an one, provided he had Children. Virro was now capable of such a Legacy.

g The Privileges of having three Children were, an Exemption from the Trouble of being a Guardian, a Priority in bearing Offices, and a treble Proportion of Corn. This Privilege was not granted unless the Parents lived in Rome ; if they lived in any other Part of Italy, they were to have five Children ; and if in the Roman Provinces, seven : otherwise, they could not claim the Advantages of the Jus trium Liberorum.

h As the Athenian Court of the Areopagites, where'n the Judges gave their Suffrages by Night and in Silence, by Characters, and Alphabetical



P. O Corydon, Corydon, *secretum divitis ullum*  
*Esse putas? servi ut taceant, jumenta loquentur,*  
*Et canis, & postes, & marmora: claude fenestras,*  
*Vela tegant rimas, junge ostia, tollito lumen* 105  
*E. medic, taceant omnes, propè nemo recumbat:*  
*Quod tamen ad cantum galli facit ille secundi.*  
*Proximus ante diem caupo sciet, audiet & quæ*  
*Finxerunt pariter librarius, archimagiri,*  
*Carptores: quod enim dubitant componere crimen* 110  
*In dominos, quoties rumoribus ulciscuntur*  
*Baltea? nec deerit, qui te per compita quærat*  
*Nolentem, & miseram vinosus inebriet aurem.*  
*Illas erro roges, quicquid paulò antè petebas*  
*A nobis, taceant illi, sed prodere malunt* 115  
*Arcanum, quàm subrepti potare Falerni,*  
*Pro populo faciens quantum Lausella bibebat.*  
*Vivendum rectè, càm propter plurima, tùm his*  
*Præcipuè causis, ut linguas mancipiorum*  
*Contemnas: nam lingua mali pars pessima servi.* 120  
*Deterior tamen hic, qui liber non erit, illis*  
*Quorum animas & farre suo custodit, & ære.*  
 N. Idcirco, ut possim linguam contemnere servi,  
*Utile consilium modò, sed commune, dedisti:* 124  
*Nunc mihi quid suades post damnum temporis, & spes*

*Deceptas?*

JUV. O Corydon, Corydon, do you think the Actions of the Rich can be unknown? If the Servants shut their Mouths, the very Beasts, the Dogs, the Pests, the Marble Pillars will speak out. Shut up the Windows, draw the Curtains close, bar the Doors, put out all the Lights, let all be hush, let no Soul lie near, what the rich Man does in the dark Morning at three, will be the Talk of the next Tavern before Day; there you will hear the Lies raised by the Steward, the Master-Cook, the Butler of the Family; for what Crimes will they scruple to invent, how often by their vile Reports do they revenge the Stroke of the Belt over their Shoulders? You'll find one of these Fellows hunting after you all the Town over, plaguing you with his Story in spite of your Teeth, and, very drunken, make you perfectly giddy with his Noise. Beg the same Favour of these Domesticks as you did of me, let them keep counsel: they had rather divulge the Secret than drink as much Falernian Wine (stolen and therefore the sweeter) as Laufella quaffed, when she sacrificed to the good Goddess for the Safety of the People. A Man would live regularly for many Reasons, but especially for this, that he might despise the Tongues of his Servants; for the Tongue of a wicked Servant is the worst Part he has about him; yet the Master is the worse of the two, that will not put himself out of the Power of those mercenary Slaves whom he feeds and pays at his own Charge.

NÆV. You have laid down some Rules, I confess, very useful to secure me from the spiteful Reflections of my Domesticks, but they are too general; what Advice do you give me in my particular Case, after so much Time lost, and my Hopes so often

alphabetical Letters. Th. ta signifying the Sentence of Death; and it was a capital Crime to divulge the Votes by which that Sentence pass. The Place where the Court was kept was called Areopagus or Mars Hill, because Neptune in that Court accused Mars for the Murder of his Son. He was acquitted by seven Votes of the twelve Gods that were his Judges.

*Deceptas ? festinat enim decurrere velox  
Flosculos angustæ, miseræque brevissima vitæ  
Portio ; dum bibimus, dum ferta, unguenta puellas  
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.*

P. *Ne trepida : nunquam pathicus tibi deerit amicus,  
Stantibus & salvis his collibus : undique ad illos* 131  
*Convenient & carpentis, & navibus omnes,  
Qui digito scalpunt uno caput, altera major  
Spes superest : tu tantum erucis imprime dentem.*

N. *Hæc exempla para felicibus : at mea Clothæ,  
Et Lachesis gaudent, si pascitur inguine venter.* 136  
*O parvi, nostrique Lares, quos thure minuto,  
Aut farre, & tenui soleo exornare coronâ ;  
Quando ego figam aliquid, quo sit mihi tuta senectus  
A tegete & baculo ? viginti millia fœnus,* 140  
*Pignoribus positis ? argenti vascula puri,  
Sed quæ Fabricius censor notet, & duo fortes  
De grege Mæstorum, qui me cervice locatâ  
Securum jubeant clamoso insistere Circo ?  
Sit mihi prætereâ curvus celator, & alter,* 145  
*Qui multas facies pingat citò. Sufficiant hæc,  
Quando ego pauper ero, votum miserabile, nec spes  
His saltem ; nam cum pro me Fortuna rogatur,  
Affigit ceras illâ de nave petitas,  
Quæ Siculos cantus effugit remige surdo.* 150

often disappointed? For the Flower of our Time, the scanty Portion of a short wretched Life flies swiftly on; while we drink and feast, amidst our Ointments and the Toys of Love, Old Age steals insensibly upon us.

JUV. Fear not, you'll never want a pathick Friend so long as these seven Hills are standing safe; such Friends will flock to Rome by Sea and Land, to carry on this filthy Trade. You may still hope to find a better Patron; only eat Rocket to keep your spirits up.

NÆV. Tell this to happier Men: The Destinies, Clotho and Lachesis, that attend my Fate, are satisfied, if this said Drudging can procure me Bread: O the small Cares of my Family, to whom I used to offer a little Incense, a Cake, a Chaplet of Flowers, when shall my Prayers so succeed, as to secure old Age from Rags, and begging with a Crutch? When shall I receive Thousands for Interest-Money, with Pledges in my hand to secure the Principal? See on my Table Vessels of pure Silver, such as the strict Fabricius would condemn? When shall I be carried on the Shoulders of the two lusty Mæsiens, safe from the Croud, into the noisy Circus? Keep in my Family a skilful Carver, retain a Painter, soon to fill my Court-yard with noble Pictures; Then I would wish no more. But alas, since I am doomed to Poverty, my wretched Prayers and all my Hopes are vain! for Fortune, importuned in my Behalf, seals up her Ears with Wax, as if she sailed in the same Vessel with that cunning <sup>k</sup> Greek, who saved his Seamen from the Syrens Charms.

i When Caius Fabricius was Censor, he adjudged Cornelius Ruffinus, a Senator who had been twice Consul, unworthy of the Senatorial Dignity, because he had Silver Vessels which weighed ten Pound apiece; esteeming it as a notorious Example of Luxury.

k Ulysses sailing by the Island of the Syrens, and fearing their sweet Singing might enchant his Men, he ordered them to stop their Ears with Wax, and commanded that he himself should be tied to the Main-Mast.

SATIRE



## S A T I R A X.\*

**O**mnibus in terris, quæ sunt à Gadibus usque  
 Auroram & Gangem, Pauci dignoscere possunt  
 Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remotâ  
 Erroris nebula: quid enim ratione timemus,  
 Aut cupimus? quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te 5  
 Conatus non pœniteat, utique perasti?  
 Evertère domos totas optantibus ipsis  
 Di faciles: nocitura togâ, nocitura petuntur  
 Militiâ, torrens dicendi copia multis,  
 Et sua mortifera est facundia, viribus ille 10  
 Confusus perit, admirandisque lacertis.  
 Sed plures nimia congesta pecunia curâ  
 Strangulat, & cuncta exsuperans patrimonia census,  
 Quantò delphinis balena Britannica major.  
 Temporibus diris igitur, jussuque Neronis 15  
 Longinum, & magnos Seneca prædixit hortos

\* This Satire has been always exceedingly admired; Bishop Burnet, in his Pastoral Letter, recommends it (together with Persius) to the serious Perusal and Practice of the Divines in his Diocese, as the best common Places for their Sermons, as the Store-houses and Magazines of Moral Virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have Occasion, all manner of Assistance for the Accomplishment of a virtuous Life. The tenth Satire (says Crusius in his Lives of the Roman Poets) is inimitable for the Excellency of its Morality, and sublime Sentiments.

Clausit,



## S A T I R E. X.\*

**S**URVEY the World over, from <sup>a</sup> Cales Westward to <sup>b</sup> Ganges in the East, you will find few able to distinguish without Prejudice between Good and Evil; for what do we fear or hope for by the Rule of Reason? What do you attempt upon ever such a Prospect of Success, that you do not repent of when accomplished, when your Desires are fully answered? The kind Gods have ruined whole Families at their own Request. In Peace, in War, we pray for what will destroy us. An abundant Fluency of Speech has ruined many, and the Orator has been undone by his own Eloquence. <sup>c</sup> Milo relying upon his Strength, and his wonderful Limbs, perished. But Money scraped together with too much Care has destroyed more; Heaps of Wealth, that as much exceed a common Fortune, as the Bulk of a British Whale compared to a Dolphin. For this it was that in these sad times a Troop of cut-throat Guards, by the command of Nero, beset <sup>d</sup> Longinus, and the great Gardens of the rich <sup>e</sup> Seneca,

<sup>a</sup> An Island without the Streights of Gibraltar, in the South Part of Spain; divided from the Continent by a small Creek. It is called still Cadiz, Cadix, and corruptly Calis and Cales.

<sup>b</sup> The greatest River in the East, dividing the Indies into two Parts.

<sup>c</sup> A mighty Wrestler, born at Croton in Italy; but presuming too much upon his Strength, he would try whether he could rend in sunder a Tree which was cleft as it grew in the Forest; it yielded at first to his Violence, but closed presently again, and catching his Hands he'd him till the Wolves devoured him.

<sup>d</sup> Cassius Longinus, put to death by Nero; his pretended Crime was, that he had in his Chamber an Image of Cassius one of Julius Cæsar's Murderers: but that which really made him Delinquent, was his Wealth.

<sup>e</sup> Nero's Tutor, supposed to be one in Piso's Conspiracy, but put to death for his great Riches.



*Clausit, & egregias Lateranorum obsidet ades  
Tota cohors : rarus venit in cœnacula miles.*

*Pauca licet portas argenti vascula puri,*

*Nesciter ingressus, gladium contumque timebis,*

20

*Et motæ ad lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram*

*Cantabit vaccus coram latrone viator.*

*Prima ferè vota, & cunctis notissima templis,*

*Divitiae ut crescant, ut opes ; ut maxima toto*

*Nostri sit arca foro : sed nulla aconita bibuntur*

25

*Fistilibus : tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes*

*Gemmata, & dato Setinum ardebit in auro.*

*Famme igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter*

*Ridebat, quoties à limine moverat unum*

*Protuleratque pedem : fiebat contrarius alter ?*

30

*Sed facilis cuivis rigidi censura cachinni :*

*Mirandum est, unde ille oculis suffecerit humor.*

*Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat*

*Democritus, quanquam non essent urbibus illis*

*Prætexta, & trabes, fascēs, lectica, tribunal.*

35

*Quid, si vidisset Prætores in curribus altis*

*Extantem, & medio sublimem in pulvere circi,*

*In tunica Jovis, & pietæ Sarrana ferentem*

*Ex humeris aurea togæ, magnæque coronæ*

*Tantum orbem, quanto cervix non sufficit ulla ?*

40

*Quippe tenet sudans hanc publicus, & sibi Consul*

*Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.*

Do

neca, and surrounded the stately Buildings of the  
 f Lateran Family ; the Soldier seldom looks for  
 Plunder in the Garrets of the Poor. Do but set out  
 by Night with a paltry Charge of a little Silver  
 Plate, you are afraid of the Dagger or the Bludgeon,  
 you shake at the Shadow of a Reed trembling by  
 Moon-shine ; while the Traveller that has nothing  
 to lose, sings in the Robber's Face.

Our first Prayers commonly, and what all our  
 Temples ring with, are that our Wealth, our For-  
 tune may improve ; that our Money-Chests may be  
 the largest in all the Forum ; but remember that  
 Poison is never drunk out of Earthen-ware ; then  
 suspect the Draught when the Cup is set with Jewels,  
 and your Setine Wine sparkles in the large Golden  
 Bowl.

What think you now of the <sup>2</sup> two Sages, one  
 bursting into Laughter, as soon as he moved one  
 Foot over the Threshold ; the other, on the con-  
 trary, dissolved in Tears ? But it is an easy matter  
 for a Man to sneer and grin ; the Wonder is, where  
 the other could find continual Moisture for his Eyes.  
 Democritus was always shaking his Sides with  
 Laughing, tho' in those Countries they had no such  
 Pageantry as Senatorial Gowns, Robes of State,  
 Rods, Litters, or Ivory Chairs. . What, had he be-  
 held the Prætor mounted in his lofty Chariot, con-  
 spicuous in the middle of the dusty Circus, strutting  
 in Jove's triumphal Coat, labouring under the Ty-  
 rian Tapestry of his embroidered Gown, and sinking  
 with the Weight of so wide a Circumference of a  
 Crown, that no one Neck is able to support. A  
 Slave therefore sweating bears it up : and to mortify  
 the mighty Consul, this Slave is carried in the same  
 Chariot with him : Not to forget the Eagle held in  
 his

f The Palace of Plautius Lateranus, put to death by the Com-  
 mand of Nero.

g Democritus of Abdera, who always laughed, because he be-  
 lieved all our Actions to be Folly ; and Heraclitus of Ephesus, who  
 always wept, because he thought them to be Misery.

*Da nunc & volucrem sceptro quæ surgit eburno,*

*Illinc Cornicines, hinc præcedentia longi*

*Agminis officia, & niveos ad fræna Quirites,*

45

*Defossa in oculis quos sportula fecit amicos.*

*Tunc quoque materiam risûs invenit ad omnes*

*Occursus hominum ; cujus prudentia monstrat,*

*Summos posse viros, & magna exempla daturus*

*Vervæcum in patriâ, crassoque sub aëre nasci.*

50

*Ridebat curas, necnon & gaudia vulgi,*

*Interdum & lachrymas ; cùm fortunæ ipse minaci*

*Mandaret laqueum, mediumque ostenderet unguem.*

*Ergo supervacua hac aut perniciofa petuntur,*

*Propter quæ fas est genua incerare Deorum.*

55

*Quosdam præcipitat subjecta potentia magnæ*

*Invidiæ ; mergit longa atque insignis honorum*

*Pagina ; descendunt statuæ, restemque sequuntur ;*

*Ipsas deindè rotas bigarum impacta securis*

*Cædit, & immeritis franguntur crura caballus.*

60

*Tam stridunt ignes, jam follibus atque caminis*

Arde

his Hand upon an Ivory Staff, the Trumpeters sounding about him, a long Troop of his Dependants before him, and the Citizens in their white Robes walking by the Horses Sides, Friends that wait upon him only for his Charity, that lies deep-buried in the Bottom of his Chest. This Man, in his time, found Subjects of his Mirth in every Company he met; and his distinguished Prudence fully shews, that the greatest Genius's, who are capable of setting us most excellent Examples, may be born among the dull Thracians, and in the thickest Air. He laughed at the Cares, and even at the imaginary Happiness of the Vulgar, and would sometimes make merry with their Tears. To Fortune, who threatened him, he presented a Halter, and held out the middle Finger at her in Contempt. Our Vows therefore which we so eagerly fasten upon the <sup>h</sup> Knees of the Gods, are Prayers for what will be of no Use, or perhaps prove fatal to us.

Power, liable to a Load of Envy, hurries others into Ruin; a long and extraordinary Catalogue of Titles overwhelms him; down come his Statues dragged about the Streets at a Rope's End. The Strokes of the Axe beat to Pieces the very Wheels of his triumphal Chariot, and the poor Horses have their Legs undeservedly broken in revenge to their Master: Hark, the Fires snap, that <sup>k</sup> Head, once the

<sup>h</sup> It was the manner of the Ancients, when they made their Vows to the Gods, to write them in Paper, (or in waxen Tables) seal them up, and with Wax fasten them to the Knees of the Gods, or to the Thighs of them, that being supposed to be the Seat of Mercy. When their Desires were granted, they took away the Paper, tore it, and offered to the Gods what they had promised.

<sup>i</sup> Before the Statues of eminent Persons, there was placed a Plate or Table of Brass, containing all the Honours of him whose Statue it was.

<sup>k</sup> The Head of Sejanus, Colleague to Tiberius. He had a Design upon the Empire, which coming to the Ears of Tiberius, who was scandalously indulging himself at Capreae, he wrote a long Letter to the Senate, who immediately seized him: and after he was condemned, he was drawn by a Hook to the Gemonian Stairs, and thrown into the Tiber. The Statues erected in his Honour were

*Ardet adoratum populo caput, & crepat ingens  
 Sejanus : deinde ex facie toto orbe secundâ  
 Fiunt urceoli, pelves, sartago, patellæ.  
 Pone domi lauros, duc in Capitolia magnum, 65  
 Cretatumque bovem : Sejanus ducitur unco  
 Spectandus : gaudent omnes : quæ lubra ? quis illi  
 Vultus erat ? numquam (si quid mihi credis) amavi  
 Hunc hominem : sed quo cecidit sub crimine ? quisnam  
 Delator ? quibus indiciis ? quo teste probavit ? 70  
 Nil horum : verbosa & grandis epistola venit  
 A Capreis : bene habet ; nil plus interrogo : sed quid  
 Turba Remi ? Sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit  
 Damnatos. Idem populus, si Nurscia Thusco  
 Favisset, si oppressa foret secunda senectus 75  
 Principis, hâc ipsâ Sejanum diceret horâ  
 Augustum. Jampridem, ex quo suffragia nulli  
 Vendimus, effugit curas, nam qui dabat olim  
 Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se  
 Continet, atque duas tantum res anxius optat, 80  
 Panem & Circenses. Perituros audio multos :  
 Nil dubium : magna est fornacula : pallidulus mi  
 Brutidius meus ad Martis fuit obviis aram.  
 Quam timeo, victus ne pœnas exigit Ajax,  
 Ut malè defensus ! curramus præcipites, &  
 Dum jacet in ripâ, calcemus Cæsaris hostem. 85*



the Idol of the People, is now dissolving in the Melting-pot heated by the Bellows; the great Sejanus crackles in the Flames, and of that Face, the second in the Roman World, are made Water-pots, Basons, Frying-pans, and Platters. Crown your Doors with Laurel, lead a large milk white Bull to the Capital; Sejanus the Prime Minister is dragged with a Hook, as a Spectacle to the City; the People triumph at his Fall. 'What Blubber-Lips are there? What a hanging Look? Believe me, I could never endure the Fellow. But what Crime was he charged with? who was the Informer? What Discoveries, what Evidence was there against him?' Nothing of all this, only a long and solemn Letter came from Capreæ. "Enough, I ask no more, but what did the People?" As they always do, follow Fortune and hate the Unhappy. Had I Nurscia, the Goddess of his Country, favoured this Tuscan Statesman with Success; had he supplanted the secure old Tyrant, this very People, at that Instant, had proclaimed Sejanus Emperor. Long since, when we no more sold our Suffrages, we have lived void of public Care; we who once bestowed Empires, Honours, Legions, all things, now look no farther, are anxious only for two weighty Matters, for Bread and the Circensian Games. 'I hear many more will suffer for the Plot.' No doubt of it, that Furnace is made for more than one. My Friend Brutidius met me at Mars's Altar, and looked very pale; how I fear lest Cæsar should expect severe Revenge like Ajax, as if we left him unsupported; let us therefore hurry away in time, and trample upon Cæsar's Enemy,

## X 2

upon his Fall pulled down, dragged about, broken and melted, together with the Chariot and Horses, who are introduced by the Poet as if they had been sensible of the Execution.

I Sejanus was a Tuscan, born at Volturnum; where the Goddess Nurscia, the same as Fortune, was worshipped.

The poorer sort of Plebeians used to sell their Votes to the Candidates for public Offices, before Julius Cæsar took from the People the Right of electing their Magistrates.



*Sed videant servi, ne quis neget, & pavidum in jus*

*Cervice astrictâ dominum trahat : hi sermones*

*Tunc de Sejano : secreta hæc murmura vulgi.*

*Visne salutari sicut Sejanus ? habere*

90

*Tantundem, atque illi summas donare curules ?*

*Illum exercitibus præponere ? tutor haberi*

*Principis, Augustâ Caprearum in rupe sedentis*

*Cum grege Chaldæo ? vis certè pila, cohortes,*

*Egregios equites, & castra domestica ? quidni*

95

*Hæc cupias ? & qui nolunt occidere quenquam,*

*Posse volunt. Sed quæ præclara, & prospera tanti,*

*Cùm rebus lætis par sit mensura malorum ?*

*Hujus, qui trahitur, prætextam sumere mavis,*

*An Fidenarum, Gabiorumque esse potestas ?*

100

*Et de mensurâ jus dicere, vasa minora*

*Frangere pannosus vacuis Ædilis Ulubris ?*

*Ergo quid optandum foret, ignorâsse fateris*

*Sejanum : nam qui nimios optabat honores,*

*Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat*

105

*Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset*

*Casus, & impulsæ præceps immane ruina.*

*Quid Crassos, quid Pompeios evertit ? & illum,*

*Ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites ?*

*Summus nempe locus, nullâ non arte petitus,*

110

*Magnaque numinibus vota exaudita malignis.*

my as he lies upon the Bank ; be sure our Slaves see us, lest any of them should deny it, and drag us trembling by the Neck to the Bar, and try us for our Lives. Such then was the common Talk, such the private Whispers about Sejanus. Would you now receive the Honours of a prime Minister? possess his Wealth? make this Man Consul, another General? Be called Guardian of the Prince, sitting in his Room of State, devoted to secret Lust at Capreæ, with his Chaldean Fortune-tellers about him? I know you would wish to be an Officer, to have a Company, to command a Troop of Horse, or be Captain of the Prætorian Guard; for why? Every Man desires the Power, that would avoid the Opportunity to kill. But what Titles, what good Fortune is of that Value, when an equal Share of Unhappiness is tempered with the highest Prosperity? Would you rather wear the Robe of this Sejanus, dragged about the Streets, or enjoy a small Post at Gabii or Fidenæ, or be an Ædile in a patched Coat at poor Ulubræ, or sit upon false Weights and Measures? You see then, Sejanus knew not what he should have wished for; he who desired too many Honours, who prayed for too much Wealth, raised only more Stories in his Tower of State, from whence his Fall was the higher, and the Precipice that dashed him to pieces the more dreadful.

What overthrew the <sup>n</sup> Crassi, what the <sup>o</sup> Pompeys, and <sup>p</sup> Julius Cæsar himself, who bent the stubborn Romans to his Will, but supreme Power by wicked Arts obtained, and Prayers heard by some malignant God?

<sup>n</sup> M. Crassus making War upon the Parthians for the sake of Plunder, Surenæ General of the Enemy slew him, and cut off his Head and Hand, which he carried into Armenia to his Master.

<sup>o</sup> Pompey the Great, being routed at the Battle of Pharsalia, fled into Egypt, where he was perfidiously slain: he left two Sons, Cneius and Sextus, the first was defeated in a Land-Battle at Munda in Spain, the other in a Sea-Fight upon the Coast of Sicily.

<sup>p</sup> After he had obtained the Sovereignty by Arms and Violence, he was murdered publicly in the Senate-house.

*Ad generum Cereris sinè cæde & vulnere pauci  
Descendunt reges, & siccâ morte tyrânni.*

*Eloquium ac famam Demosthenis, aut Ciceronis  
Incipit optare, & totis Quinquatribus optat,  
Quisquis adhuc uno partam colit asse Minervam,  
Quem sequitur custos angustæ vernula capsæ.*

115

*Eloquio sed uterque perit orator : utrumque  
Largus & exundans letho dedit ingenii fons :  
Ingenio manus est & cervix cæsa : nec unquam  
Sanguine caufidici maduerunt rostra pusilli.*

120

*O fortunatam natam, me Consule, Romam !*

*Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic  
Omnia dixisset : ridenda pœmata malo,  
Quàm te conspicuæ, divina Philippica, famæ,  
Volueris à prima quæ proxima, sævus & illum  
Exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenæ  
Torrentem, & pleni moderantem frana theatri.*

125

*Dīs ille adversis genitus, fatoque sinistro,  
Quem pater ardentis massa fuligine lippus,  
A carbone & forcipibus, gladiosque parante  
Incude, & luteo Vulcano ad rhetora misit,*

130

*Bellorum exuvie, truncis affixa trophæis  
Lorica, & fractâ de casside buccula pendens,*

Et

God? Few Kings and Tyrants to the Shades descend  
by a dry Death, or without Wounds and Blood.

The Boy that goes to School, that scarce can  
shew three Farthings worth of Learning, attended  
by a Slave to carry his little Satchel after him, yet  
soon begins to wish, and on Minerva's five Days  
Festival, <sup>q</sup> invokes the Goddess that he may obtain  
the Eloquence and Fame of <sup>r</sup> Tully and Demosthe-  
nes; yet both these Orators perished by their Elo-  
quence, a rapid and overflowing Torrent of Wit  
was fatal to both. Wit struck off Tully's Hand and  
Head. You never heard of a mean paltry Pleader  
sprinkling the Rostrum with his Blood: "O Rome,  
"deem'd lost, redeem'd by me thy Consul" Had  
all his Writings been in this poor Strain, he might  
have scorned the Sword of Antony. I had rather  
write a Poem to be laughed at, than be thy Author,  
O Divine Philippic! the second of the Name, for  
ever praised. A cruel Death took off <sup>t</sup> Demosthenes  
whom Athens once admired, bearing all before him  
like a Torrent, and leading the full Assembly as he  
pleased. This Man begot with the Gods against  
him, in an evil Hour, his Father a blear-eyed Smith  
sent to the fatal School of Rhetorick, removed from  
the reeking Heat of glowing Iron, from Coals, and  
Tongs, and Anvils (where Swords are tempered)  
and all the sooty Trade of Vulcan's Shop.

The Spoils of War, a Coat of Mail fixed as a  
Trophy on a ragged Stump, a chap-fallen Bever,  
hanging from the broken Helmet, a Chariot with-  
out

<sup>q</sup> The Goddess of Eloquence; her Festival was celebrated for  
five Days; it began on the nineteenth of March, and ended on the  
twenty-third.

<sup>r</sup> His Death was agreed upon by the Triumvirs, Augustus Cæsar,  
Antonius, and Lepidus. Accordingly an Officer of Antony's (against  
whom he writ his Philippics, so called from the Orations of Demo-  
sthenes, delivered by that Orator against Philip King of Macedon)  
cut off his Hand, and nailed his Head to the Rostrum.

<sup>s</sup> A paltry Verse made by Tully upon his Discovery of Cætiline's  
Conspiracy.

<sup>t</sup> An excellent Orator, the Son of a Blacksmith at Athens, who  
poisoned himself for fear of falling into the Hands of Antipater.

*Et curtum temone jugum, victæque triremis*

135

*Aplustre, & summo tristis captivus in arcu,  
Humanis majora bonis creduntur : ad hæc se  
Romanus, Graiusque ac Barbarus induperator  
Erexit : causas discriminis atque laboris*

139

*Inde habuit. Tantò major famæ sitis est, quam  
Virtutis ; quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,  
Præmia si tollas ? patriam tamen obruit olim  
Gloria paucorum, & laudis, titulique cupido  
Hæfuri saxi cinerum custodibus ; ad quæ  
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus :*

145

*Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.  
Expende Hannibalem : quot libras in duce summo  
Invenies ? hic est, quem non capit Africa Mauro  
Perfusa oceano, Niloque admota tepenti,*

*Rursus ad Æthiopum populos, aliosque elephantos  
Additur imperiis Hispania : Pyrenæum*

150

*Translit : opposuit natura Alpemque nivemque :  
Diduxit scopulos, & montem rupit aceto.*

*Jam tenet Italiam, tamen ultrà pergere tendit ;  
Actum, inquit, nihil est, nisi Pæno milite portas  
Frangimus, & mediâ vexillum pono Suburrâ.*

155

*O qualis facies, & quali digna tabellâ,  
Cum Gætula ducem portaret bellua luscum !  
Exitus ergò quis est ? ô gloria ! vincitur idem*

Nempe,

out a Beam, the Flag of a Galley taken, a melancholy Captive sitting on the Summit of the Triumphal Arch ; these are accounted Blessings more than Human ; for these the Roman, the Greek, the Barbarian Captain exerts all his Courage ; these are the Spurs to Labour and to Danger. So much the Love of Fame inspires before the Esteem of Virtue ; for Virtue who would wed, with all her Charms, without a Dowry ? Yet time has been, when the Ambition of a Few, the Desire of Titles fixed upon their Tombs, the Keepers of their Ashes, have brought Ruin and Destruction to their Country ; Monuments thro' which the barren Fig-tree strikes her piercing Roots, and tumbles to the Ground : for Sepulchres themselves must yield to Fate.

Place <sup>a</sup> Hannibal in the Scale, how many Pounds will you find of that great General ? Yet this is he whom Africa, washed by the Atlantic Ocean to the West, and stretching Eastward to the heated Waters of the Nile, could not contain. Not content with his Æthiopian Subjects, and Lybian Elephants, all Spain is added to his Empire ; he passed the Pyrenees ; Nature offered to stop him by the rugged Alps covered with Snow ; he opened Rocks, and crumbled Mountains to Pieces by the Force of Vinegar. He is now come into Italy, and resolves to pursue his March. We have done nothing, says " he, unless we break the Gates with Punic Troops, " and fix our Standards in the middle of Suburra, " the chief Street of Rome." O what a Face was there, how worthy to be painted, mounted as the one-eyed General rode on his Gætulian Elephant ! But what was his End ? O Glory ! this great Hannibal

<sup>a</sup> He gave the Romans many signal Overthrows, particularly at Cannæ, where he took above three Bushels of Gold Rings : which, says the Poet, were fully revenged by a little Ring he always carried about him, in which he concealed a Dose of Poison. He was at last routed by Scipio, and forced to fly for Refuge to Prusias King of Bithynia, of whom the Romans demanded him : so that finding no hopes of Safety, he took the Poison, and died.



*Nempe, & in exilium præceps fugit, atque ibi magnus  
Mirandusque cliens sedet ad prætoria Regis,* 161  
*Donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.*

*Finem animæ, quæ res humanas miscuit olim,  
Non gladii, non saxa dabant, non tela ; sed ille  
Cannarum vindex, & tanti sanguinis ultor,* 165  
*Annulus. I, demens, & sævas curre per Alpes,  
Ut pueris placeas, & declamatio fias.*

*Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis :*

*Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi,  
Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis, parvâque Seripho.* 170  
*Cùm tamen à figulis munitam intraverat urbem,  
Sarcophago contentus erat. Mors sola fatetur,  
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula. Creditur olim  
Velificatus Athos, & quicquid Græcia mendax  
Audet in historiâ ; cùm stratum classibus isdem,* 175  
*Suppositumque ratibus solidum mare : credimus altos  
Defecisse amnes, epotaque flumina Medo  
Prandente, & madidis cantat quæ Sostratus alis.  
Ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relicta,  
In Corum atque Eurum solitus sævire flagellis* 180  
*Barbarus, Æolio nunquam hos in carcere passos,*

*Ipsum*

nibal is at last subdued, flies headlong into Exile, there as a mighty Spectacle of Wonder, waits at the Court of the Bithynian King, until the haughty Monarch pleased to wake. This Man, that used to set the World on fire, was not destroyed by Swords, or Stones, or Darts, but that Avenger of the Field at Cannæ, which satisfied for so much Blood, a little Ring concealed the Poison. Go, Madman as thou art, scour over the rugged Alps to please the Boys, and be a Theme at School!

One World did not suffice the warlike Youth of Pella; he chafes unhappy, cooped in the narrow Compass of the Globe, as if shut up within the Rocks of Gyaras, or small Seriphus! but when he made his Entry into Babylon, fortified with Towers of Brick, he had Room enough within the strait Dimensions of a Tomb. How small a Space our puny Bodies fill, Death only shews.

It is believed, that formerly Mount  $\gamma$  Athos was failed round, with other Tales like what the lying Greeks record in Story, as that the Sea was covered with those very Ships, and as a Pavement passed over by Chariot Wheels; we believe that deep Rivers failed, and their waters were drank up by  $\alpha$  Xerxes's Army at a Meal, and every thing that  $\beta$  Sostratus (his Fancy moistened and inspired with Wine) relates. But how did the Persian Monarch look flying from Salamis? that proud Barbarian who used to scourge the Winds, North, East, and West, that never bore so great Indignity in their  $\text{\AA}$ olian Prison?

$\alpha$  Alexander the Great, born at Pella a City of Macedon, died of a Fever at Babylon; he lamented there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

$\gamma$  A Mountain of Macedon, running like a Peninsula into the  $\text{\AA}$ gean Sea. Xerxes dug thro' Part of it to make a Passage for his Fleet.

$\beta$  King of Persia; he joined Europe and Asia by a Bridge of Boats over the Hellespont; but his mighty Fleet being beaten at Salamis by Themistocles, and finding his Bridge broken by a tempest, he took a poor Fisher-boat, and so escaped. In his Pride he shot Arrows against the Sun, cast Irons into the Sea to fetter Neptune, and ordered the Sea to be scourged with three hundred Lashes.

$\alpha$  A Great Poet, that wrote the Persian Expedition into Greece.

*Ipsum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennosigæum ?  
 Mitius id sanè, quòd non & stigmate dignum  
 Credidit : huic quisquam vellet servire deorum.*

*Sed qualis rediit ? nempe una nave cruentis  
 Fluctibus, ac tardâ per densa cadavera prorâ.  
 Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas.* 185

*Da spatium vitæ, multos da, Jupiter, annos :  
 Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc & pallidus optas.*

*Sed quàm continuis & quantis longa senectus* 190

*Plena malis ! deformem & tetrum ante omnia vultum,*

*Dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem,*

*Pendentesque genas, & tales aspice rugas,*

*Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca saltus,*

*In vetulâ scalpit jam mater smia buccâ.* 195

*Plurima sunt juvenum discrimina, pulchrior ille*

*Hoc, atque ille alio : multum hic robustior illo :*

*Una senum facies, cum voce tremencia membra,*

*Et jam læve caput, madidique infantia nasi.*

*Frangendus misero gingivâ panis inermi :* 200

*Usque adèò gravis uxori, gnatisque, sibi que,*

*Ut captatori moveat fastidia Cossò.*

*Non eadem vini atque cibi, torpente palato,*

*Gaudia : nam coitûs jam longa oblivio : vel si*

*Coneris, jacet exiguus cum ramice nervus ;* 205

*Et quamvis totâ palpitur nocte, jacebit.*

*Anne aliquid sperare potest hæc inguinis ægri*

*Canities ? quid, quòd meritò suspecta libido est,*

*Quæ Venerem affectat sine viribus ? aspice partis*

*Nunc damnum alterius : nam quæ cantante voluptas,*

Prison ? He that bound Neptune Shaker of the Earth in Fetters ? It was gently done, he might with the same Ease have branded him for a Slave, no God would murmur to obey so mild a Prince ! But how returned he ? Truly in one small Cock-boat thro' the bloody Waves, that hardly made its way o'er Heaps of Slain. Glory, so often wished for, thus takes Vengeance on the Ambitious.

Give Length of Life, Great Jove, give many Years : This you desire ; for this alone you pray, with Eyes to Heaven, trembling for fear of Death. But what great and continued Evils attend upon a long old Age ? See the Face ill-favoured and frightful to look upon, unlike to what it was ; instead of a Skin, a nasty Hide ; a flabby Pair of Cheeks, the Wrinkles of an old Grandam Ape (bred in the shady Woods of <sup>b</sup> Tabracha) that numbs and scrubs her leathern Face. The Complexion of Youth is different, this is fairer than that, he than another, a third has the Advantage in Strength ; but the Appearance of old Men is always the same ; the Limbs trembling with the Voice, a bald Pate, a running Nose like a Child, the poor Wretch forced to mumble his Crust with his toothless Gums ; and so grievous is he to his Wife, his Children, and to himself, that Cossus, with all his fawning Patience, could not endure him. His Pleasure of Eating and Drinking is quite changed, his Taste gone, the Rites of Love long since forgot ; or, if he makes a faint Attempt, his little Power, with his broken Belly, flags, and flag it will, tho' all the Night he tries to raise the Spirit. For what are the Hopes of grey Hairs and Impotence ? Is not that Warmth deservedly suspected, that Venus courts without the Strength to please her ?)

Look now into the Loss of another of his Senses. What Pleasure has he in the Voice of the best Musician,

<sup>b</sup> A City in Africa Propria, now called Tunis, on the Mediterranean, near which was a Wood wherein was great Store of Apes.

Sit licet eximius, citharædo, sive Seleuco,  
 Et quibus auratâ mos est fulgere lacerna ?  
 Quid refert, magni sedeat quâ parte theatri,  
 Qui vix cornicines exaudiat, atque tubarum  
 Conventus ? clamore opus est, ut sentiat auris,  
 Quem dicat venisse puer, quot nunciet horas.  
 Prætereâ minimus gelido jam in corpore sanguis  
 Febre calet solâ : circumfilit agmine facto  
 Morborum omne genus, quorum si nomina quæras,  
 Promptius expediam, quot amaverit Hippia mæchos ;  
 Quot Themison egros autumnæ occiderit uno ;  
 Quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Hirrus  
 Pupillos : quot longa viris exsorbeat uno  
 Maura die, quot discipulis inclinet Hamillus.  
 Percurram citius, quot villas possideat nunc,  
 Quo tendente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat.  
 Ille humero, hic lumbis, hic coxâ debilis, ambos  
 Perdidit ille oculos, & luseis invidet : hujus  
 Pallida labra cibum capiunt digitis alienis.  
 Ipse ad conspectum cœnæ diducere rictum  
 Suetus, hiat tantum, ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem  
 Ore volat pleno mater jejuna, sed omni  
 Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec  
 Nomina servorum, nec vultum agnoscit amici,  
 Cum quo præteritâ cœnavit nocte, nec illos,  
 Quos genuit, quos eduxit : nam codice sævo  
 Heredes vetat esse suos ; bona tota feruntur  
 Ad Phialen : tantum artificis valet habitus oris,  
 Quod steterat multos in carcere fornicis annos.



fician, or if <sup>c</sup> Seleucus sings, or those that used to shine upon the Stage in an embroidered Coat? What signifies it in what Part of the large Theatre he sits, who can scarce hear the Cornets, or the Sound of Trumpets? His Boy must bawl with all his Force to reach his Ear, when he wants to tell him who called to see him, or what is the Time of Day. Besides the small Current of his Blood in his cold Body can be heated by a Fever only. A whole Troop of all kinds of Diseases pour in upon him; if you would know their names, I could as soon reckon how many Adulterers Hippia entertained, how many Patients Doctor Themison killed in one Autumn; how many Provinces were spoiled by Basilus, how many Orphans Hirrus over-reached, how many Men a Day long-sided Maura could dispense with, or the Boys the Pedagogue Hamillus could defile; I could sooner count the Country-Houses now possessed by Cinnamus, my Barber once, whose nimble Scissars snipped my youthful Beard.

One is lame in his Shoulder, another in his Loins, this in his Hip, the other has lost both his Eyes, and envies the Man that has one left; the pale Lips of a Fifth receive Meat from another's Hand. At the Sight of a Supper, he opens his Jaws, he makes a shift to gape like a young Swallow, when the hungry Dam flies to feed her with a full Mouth. But a greater Unhappiness than the Loss of Limbs, is, that he does not know so much as the Names of his own Servants, nor the Face of a Friend with whom he supped the Night before; he forgets his Children whom he got and brought up; he excludes them by a cruel Codicil from inheriting his Estate, that his whole Fortune may pass to his Whore Phiale; so insinuating is the Breath of a cunning Strumpet, that many Years plied at a common Bawdy-house. But  
allow

<sup>c</sup> A noted Musician, who, according to the Fashion of these times, used a rich embroidered Garment, for the Delight of the Spectators to walk and sing in upon the Stage.



Ut vigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt 240  
 Funera gnatorum, rogus aspiciendus amatæ  
 Conjugis, & fratris, plenæque sororibus urnæ.  
 Hæc data pœna diu viventibus; ut renovatâ  
 Semper clade domûs, multis in luctibus, inque  
 Perpetuo mœrore, & nigrâ veste senescant. 245  
 Rex Pylus (magno si quicquam credis Homero)  
 Exemplum vitæ fuit à cornice secundæ:  
 Felix nimirum, qui tot per secula mortem  
 Distulit, atque suos jam dextrâ computat annos,  
 Quique novum toties mustum bibit: oro, parumper 250  
 Attendas, quantum de legibus ipse queratur  
 Fatorum, & nimio de stamine, cùm videt acris  
 Antilochi barbam ardentem: nam quærit ab omni,  
 Quisquis adest, socio, cur hæc in tempora duret;  
 Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit ævo? 255  
 Hæc eadem Peleus, raptum cùm luget Achillem,  
 Atque alius, cui fas Ithacum lugere natantem.  
 Incolumi Trojâ Priamus venisset ad umbras  
 Assaraci magnis solennibus, Hecloze funus  
 Portante, ac reliquis fratrum cervicibus, inter 260  
 Mladum lachrymas, ut primos edere planctus  
 Cassandra inciperet, scissâque Polyxena palla:  
 Si foret extinctus diverso tempore, quo non  
 Cœperat audaces Paris edificare carinas.  
 Longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia vidit 265  
 Eversa, & flammis Asiam ferroque cadentem.  
 Tunc miles tremulus positâ tulit arma tiarâ,

allow him to retain the use of his Senses, he lives to attend the Funerals of his Children, to see the Pile of his beloved Wife, and the Urn filled with the Ashes of his Brother and Sisters ; these are the Torments that pursue those that live long, a Scene of Death in their Family continually renewing, much Sorrow, constant Trouble, always in Mourning. Nestor, the King of Pylus (if we believe what the great Homer sings) was, next to the Raven's Age, an Example of the longest Life ; happy, no doubt, that could ward against the Stroke of Death for so many Centuries, that counted the Number of his Years upon his Right hand, and guzzled new Wine for three hundred Seasons. But pray, hear a little, what Complaints he made against the Laws of Fate, and his Thread of Life too long extended, when he saw his Son Antilochus, in the Prime of Youth, burning upon the Pile. He demands of every Friend about him, why he lived to see that Day, what Crime condemned him to so great an Age ? Peleus made the same Complaint, lamenting the Loss of his Son Achilles ; and Laertes likewise, grieving for Ulysses tossed upon the Sea. Had Troy stood, Priam had visited the Shade of Assaracus his Ancestor with great Solemnity, carried upon the Shoulders of Hector and the other Brothers, amidst the Tears of the Trojan Ladies, his Daughters Cassandra, and Polyxena with her Clothes rent, beginning the Funeral Lamentation ; had he died at any time before Paris fitted out an insolent Fleet for the Rape of Helen. What Advantage had he by his long Life ? He saw his whole Empire overthrown, and Asia ravaged by Fire and Sword. Then the old Soldier trembling with Years, took Arms, laying his Diadem aside ;

he

d He was said to be three hundred Years old ; for having told two hundred and eighty upon the Fingers and Thumb of his Left-hand, by twenty Years a Joint, he begun the other twenty upon his Right. This seems to be the easiest Construction, without the long Account of what is called Hand Arithmetic, mentioned by various Authors. His Son was slain by Memnon at the Siege of Troy.

*Et ruit ante aram summi Jovis, ut vetulus bos,*

*Qui domini cultris tenuæ & miserabile collum*

*Præbet, ab ingrato jam fastiditus aratro.*

270

*Exitus ille utcunque hominis: sed torva canino*

*Latravit rictu, quæ post hunc vixerat, uxor.*

*Festino ad nostros, & regem transeo Ponti,*

*Et Cræsum, quem vox justi facunda Solonis*

*Respicere ad longæ jussit spatia ultima vitæ.*

275

*Exilium & cæcar, Minturnarumque paludes,*

*Et mendicatus victà Carthagine panis,*

*Hinc causas habuere, quid illo cive tulisset*

*Naturâ in terris, quid Roma beatius unquam?*

*Si circumducto captivorum agmine, & omni*

280

*Bellorum pompâ, animam exhalâisset opimam,*

*Cùm de Teutonico vellet descendere curru?*

*Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres*

*Optandas: sed multæ urbes, & publica vota*

*Vicerunt: igitur fortuna ipsius, & urbis*

285

*Servatum victo caput abstulit, hoc cruciatu*

*Lentulus, hæc pœnâ caruit, ceciditque Cethegus*

*Integer, & jacuit Catilina cadavere toto.*

*Formam optat modico pueris, majore puellis*

*Murmure, cùm Veneris sanum videt anxia mater*

290

*Usque ad delicias votorum. Cur tamen, inquit,*

*Corripias?*

he rushed before the Altar of great Jupiter, as an Ox worn out that offers his lean miserable Neck to the Master's Knife, his past Service to the Plough ungratefully forgotten. This Prince, however, died a Man, but his e Wife, who outlived him, barked with her fierce Jaws and died a Bitch.

I hasten to Examples at home, and pass by Mithridates the Pontic King, and Cræsus commanded by the Eloquence of the wise Solon, not to applaud his Fortune, till he arrived at the last Stage of Life. The Exile, the Imprisonment of f Marius, the Marshes of Minturnæ, and the begging of his Bread about the Streets of conquered Carthage, all this was owing to a Length of Life; What had Nature thro' the World produced more happy? Whom had Rome seen more fortunate than that great Citizen, had he breathed out his mighty Soul in all the Pomp of War, amidst the Troops of Captives led before him, when he descended from his Teutonic Chariot in Triumph o'er the Cimbri? Pompey by Providence had a Fever in Campania; happy had he then died: but the Prayers of many Cities, and the public Vows prevailed; yet conquered, his own Fortune, and the Fate of Rome, took off his Head, unhappily preserved. A cruel Death, a Punishment unfelt by Lentulus; Cethegus died undiminished, and Catiline (all Traytors to their Country) fell with his Body whole.

The anxious Mother, at the Shrine of Venus, prays softly for the Boys a moderate Share of Beauty, but for the Girls she begs aloud a Form complete even to the greatest Nicety. Why, says she, do you

e Hecuba, the Wife of Priam King of Troy, was turned into a Bitch.

f Being overcome in the Contest between him and Sylla, for the Empire of Rome, he was forced to skulk in the Marshes of Minturnæ, where he was found; he was imprisoned. and a Soldier sent to kill him: but the Man, daunted at his Presence, his stern Looks and Words, durst not attempt it. He escaped into Africa, where, it seems, he begged in the Streets of Carthage, till he was recalled by Cinna, and made Consul the seventh time, and died in that Consulship, in the sixty-eighth Year of his Age.

Corripias? pulchrâ gaudet Latona Dianâ.  
 Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem  
 Ipsa habuit. Cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum  
 Accipere, atque suam Rutilæ dare. Filius autem 295  
 Corporis egregii, miseros, trepidosque parentes  
 Semper habet. Rara est adeo concordia formæ,  
 Atque pudicitia! sanctos licet horrida mores  
 Tradiderit domus, ac veteris imitata Sabinas:  
 Præterea castum ingenium, vultumque modesto 300  
 Sanguine ferventem tribuat natura benigna  
 Larga manu: (quid enim puero conferre potest plus  
 Custode, & curâ Natura potentior omni?)  
 Non licet esse viros: nam prodiga corruptoris  
 Improbilas ipsos audet tentare parentes. 305  
 Tanta in muneribus fiducia. Nullus ephebum  
 Deformem savâ castravit in arce tyrannus:  
 Nec pretextatum rapuit Nero loripedem, vel  
 Strumulosum, atque utero pariter, gibboque tumentem.  
 Inunc, & juvenis specie letare tui, quem 310  
 Majora expectat discrimina, fiet adulter  
 Publicus, & pœnas metuet, quasunque maritus  
 Exigit iratus: nec erit felicior astro  
 Martis, ut in laqueos nunquam incidat: exigit autem  
 Interdum ille dolor plus, quam lex ulla dolori 315  
 Concessit, necat hic ferro, secat ille cruentis  
 Verberibus, quosdam mœchos & mugilis intrat.  
 Sed tuus Endymion dilecta fiet adulter

Matrone.



you blame me? Was not Latona glad to see Diana fair? But the Fate of <sup>g</sup> Lucretia is no Encouragement to wish for a Face like her's. <sup>h</sup> Virginia would have been glad to exchange her Shape for Rutila's Camel-Back. A Son with a most accomplished Person, makes his Parents unhappy, and keeps them perpetually in fear; for Beauty and Modesty seldom meet together, tho' the plain honest Family had furnished him with the best Morals, and brought him up after the Sabine Education. Besides, let liberal Nature, with a kind Hand, bestow upon him a chaste Disposition, and a Face glowing with a modest Blush (for what of greater Value can Nature, superior to all the Art and Care of Guardians, bestow upon a Youth? yet still the Boy cannot preserve the Honour of his Sex; for the vile Prodigality of those Corrupters of Virtue will dare to bribe his very Parents; such is the Confidence that comes armed with Gold. No Tyrant in his cruel Palace ever gelt a Boy deformed; Nero never defiled a noble Youth club-footed, Neck-swelled, with Back and Belly prominent. Go now, vain Mother, please yourself with the Beauty of your Son, still exposed to greater Dangers. You will see him a publick Stallion, dreading whatever Punishment the enraged Husband pleases to inflict. Nor shall he escape more happily than Mars, as never to be caught in Vulcan's Net. A Husband's Rage sometimes demands severer Vengeance than what the Letter of the Law requires. Some of these Gallants are stabbed with Poignards, some bleed with cruel Strokes, and the live Mullet enters some behind. But your sweet Endymion, forsooth, will be engaged with a Lady  
for

<sup>g</sup> A beautiful Roman Lady. ravished by Sextus Tarquinius, which she so resented, that she immediately sent for her Father and Husband, and stabbed herself before them.

<sup>h</sup> A Roman Virgin, exceeding handsome, whom her own Father, to prevent her being exposed to the Lust of Appius, one of the Decemviri, stabbed in the middle of the Forum. Rutila, an ugly deformed old Woman, above threescore and seventeen, as Pliny says, was in no danger of such a Death.



*Matronæ, mox cum dederit Servilia nummos,*

*Fiet & illius, quam non amat ; exuet omnem*

320

*Corporis ornatum. Quid enim ullâ negaverit udis*

*Inguinibus, sive est hæc Hippia, sive Catulla ?*

*Deterior totos habet illic sæmina mores.*

*Sed casto quid forma nocet ? quid profuit olim*

*Hippolyto grave propositum ? quid Bellerophonti ?*

325

*Erubuit nempe hæc, ceu, fastidita repulsâ :*

*Nec Sthenobœa minùs quàm Cressa excanduit, & se*

*Concussère ambæ. Mulier sævissima tunc est,*

*Cum stimulos odio pudor admovet. Elige quidnam*

*Suadendum esse putes cui nubere Cæsaris uxor*

330

*Destinat. Optimus hic, & formosissimus idem*

*Gentis patriciæ rapitur miser extinguendus*

*Messalina*

for Love, for her Beauty only; but when Servilla, tho' deformed, loads him with golden Presents, he will do her Drudgery whom he hates; she will strip herself of all her Jewels for him: for what will a Woman prodigal as Hippia, or covetous as Catulla, what will she deny to gratify her Lust? The closest of them all will open their Purse upon this Occasion. But, you'll say, how can Beauty hurt the Chaste? Pray what Advantage had <sup>i</sup> Hippolitus by his inflexible Virtue? Of what Use was it to <sup>k</sup> Bellerophon? Truly Phædra reddened as slighted by Denial, nor was Sthenobœa less on fire than she. Both worked themselves to Rage: A Woman rises then to hot Revenge, when Fear of Shame adds Spurs to her Resentment.

Say, what Advice would you think proper for the unfortunate <sup>l</sup> Silius, whom Messalina the Wife of Cæsar resolves to marry? This most noble, most beautiful Youth of the first Quality, is hurried to Destruction

<sup>i</sup> The Son of Theseus, who refusing the Love of his Stepmother Phædra, was by her accused of tempting her to Incest. He fled away in a Chariot by the Sea Side; but the Horses, affrighted by the Sea-Calves that lay on the Shore, overturned and broke the Chariot, and killed him.

<sup>k</sup> The Son of Glaucus. Sthenobœa the Wife of Patrus, King of the Argives, falling in Love with him, he refused her, at which she was so incensed, that she accused him to her Husband. This forced him upon many desperate Adventures, which he overcame. Sthenobœa, hearing of his Success, killed herself.

<sup>l</sup> A noble Roman, designed to be Consul. The insatiable Empress Messalina so doted on him, that she made him put away his Wife Julia Syllanus, and resolved to marry him in the Absence of her Husband Claudius, who was gone no farther than Ostia. Accordingly she omits nothing of the Hymeneal Ceremony, she put on the flame-coloured Marriage-Vell, the Conjugal Bed was richly adorned with Purple, and prepared in the Lucullan Gardens; she had her Portion ready of a thousand Sestertia, which was generally given with Ladies of the Senatorial Order. The Soothsayer and those that sealed were present; for before Marriage they writ down in Tables, by way of Record, the Form of the Contract, unto which the Witnesses set their Seals. The Soothsayer attended according to Custom, to take an Observation, and the most fortunate Sign on that Occasion was a Crow. They pleased themselves in all Solemnity that Day and Night, till they were both seized by the Emperor's Command, and put to Death.

*Messalina oculis : dudum sedet illa parato  
Flammeolo ; Tyriusque palam genialis in hortis  
Sternitur, & ritu decies centena dabuntur*

335

*Antiquo : veniet cum signatoribus auspex.*

*Hæc tu secreta, & paucis commissa putabas ?*

*Non nisi legitime vult nubere, quid placeat, dic :*

*Ni parere velis, pereundum est antè lucernas :*

*Si scelus admittas, dabitur mora parvula, dum res*

*Nota urbi & populo, contingat principis aures :*

341

*Dedecus ille domûs sciet ultimus. Interea tu*

*Obsequere imperio, si tanti est ? ita dierum*

*Paucorum, quicquid melius, leviusque putâris,*

*Præbenda est gladio pulchra hæc & candida cervix.*

*Nil ergo optabunt homines ? si concilium vis,*

346

*Permites ipsis expendere numinibus, quid*

*Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.*

*Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dî,*

*Carior est illis homo, quam sibi : nos animorum*

350

*Impulsi, & cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti,*

*Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris : at illis*

*Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.*

*Ut tamen & poscas aliquid, voveasque facellis*

*Extæ, & candiduli divina tomacula porci :*

355

*Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*

*Fortem posce animum, & mortis terrore carentem,*

*Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat*

*Naturæ, qui ferre queat quoscunque labores ;*

*Nesciat irasci ; cupiat nihil ; & potiores*

360

*Herculis ærumnas credat, sævosque labores,*

*Et Venere, & cœnis, & plumis Sardanapali.*

Monstro

struction by Messalina's Eyes ; she sits expecting in her Bridal Veil flame-coloured ; the Marriage-Bed of Tyrian Dye is spread ; the customary Portion of a thousand Sestertia is ready ; the Soothsayer with the Publick Notaries attend. Do you think she does this privately, as a Secret entrusted with a few ? No, she resolves to marry in due form of Law. Advise what the Youth should do ; unless you comply, you are sure to die before Candle-light ; if you commit the Crime, you will gain a few Hours, till the News reach the City and the People, and come to the Prince's Ears (for he will be last acquainted with the Disgrace of his Family) please the Lady then for so small a time, if you think a few Days Life of such Consequence ; but whatever Resolution you judge safest, your fair and white Neck is sure to bleed by the Sword of the Executioner.

Must Men therefore wish for nothing ? If you will be advised, leave it to the Gods to determine what is suitable to us, and useful to our Affairs : for the Deities, instead of what is pleasing, will give what is most proper for us. We Mortals are dearer to them than we are to ourselves. We, led on by the Impulse of our Minds, by blind and strong Desire, pray for a Wife and Children ; they only know how that Wife and those Children will prove. But that you may ask somewhat (and vow the choicest Entrails to their Shrines, the sacred Puddings of a whitish Hog) pray for a sound Mind in a sound Body ; beg for a great Soul, not terrified by the fear of Death, that esteems the last Stage of a long Life among the Gifts of Nature, that is able to bear Misfortune, that knows not how to be angry, that desires nothing, and thinks the Troubles and cruel Labours of Hercules more agreeable than the Lasciviousness, the Luxury, the Softness of <sup>m</sup> Sardanapalus.

I shew

<sup>m</sup> The last King of Assyria, a Prince so soft and effeminate, that his Subjects, disdaining him, revolted, and being overcome, he made  
a Pile

*Monstro, quod ipse tibi possis dare : Semita certe*

*Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.*

*Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia : sed te* 365

*Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cæloque locamus.*



# SATIRA XI.

**A**TTICUS eximiè si cœnat, lautus habetur :

*Si Rutilus, demens : quid enim majore cachinno*

*Excipitur vulgi, quàm pauper Apicius ? omnis*

*Convictus, therma, stationes, omne theatrum*

*De Rutilo. Nam dum valida ac juvenilia membra* 5

*Sufficiunt galeæ, dumque ardens sanguine, fertur*

*(Non cogente quidem, sed nec prohibente Tribuno)*

*Scripturus leges, & regia verba lanistæ.*

*Multos porrò vides, quos sæpe elusus ad ipsum*

*Creditor introitum solet expectare macelli,* 10

*Et quibus in solo vivendi causa palato est.*

*Egregius cœnat, meliusque miserrimus horum,*

*Et citq̃ casurus jam perlucente ruinâ.*

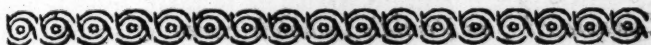
*Interea gustus elementa per omnia quærunt,*

*Nunquam animo pretiis obstantibus : interius si* 15

*Attendas :*



I shew you what is in your own Power to bestow upon yourself. Be assured, that the only Path to a Life of Peace is thro' a Course of Virtue. O Fortune ! did Men act right, thou wouldst have no Divinity about thee ; but we make thee a Goddess, and place thee in the Skies.



## S A T I R E. XI.

**I**F Atticus sups nobly, he is accounted splendid ; if a Rutilus, he is called a Madman : for what is treated by the Vulgar with greater Ridicule than Apicius the Glutton all in Rags ? Every Company, the Baths, the Forum, every Theatre, they talk of nothing but Rutilus. For so long as his robust and youthful Limbs are able to stand under a Helmet, while his Blood is warm, he eagerly studies the Laws and the Words of Command in Fencing, under the Master of the Gladiators, the Tribune neither compelling him indeed, nor forbidding him. You see many of these Fellows (whom their Creditors, often disappointed, wait to meet with going into the Butcher-row) who place the end of Life only in pleasing their Palate. The most wretched of these Gluttons eat elegantly and of the best, when they are visibly falling into Ruin. They ransack all the Elements for Dainties, never troubling themselves about the Price ; and if you attend closely, the Dish pleases best that is dearest bought. They make no-  
thing

a Pile, set it on fire, and burnt himself and his most precious Moveables in it ; the only thing, says Justin, he ever did like a Man.

a A Spendthrift, and Disgrace to the noble Family of his Ancestors ; he studied the Rudiments of Fencing to qualify himself to be a public Gladiator for Money. Not like young Proculus, compelled by Caligula to fight with a Thracian Fencer ; or Demitius Glabrio, who, by the Necessity of the Times was forced to fight in the Circus.



*Attendas : magis illa juvant, quæ pluris emuntur.*  
*Ergo haud difficile est perituram arcessere summam*  
*Lancibus oppositis, vel matris imagine fractâ ;*  
*Et quadringentis nummis condire gulosum*  
*Fictile : sic veniunt ad miscellanea ludî. 20*  
*Refert ergo quis hæc eadem paret : in Rutilo nam*  
*Luxuria est ; in Ventidio laudabile nomen*  
*Sumit, & à censu famam trahit. Illum ego jure*  
*Despiciam, qui scit quanto sublimior Atlas*  
*Omnibus in Lybiâ sit montibus · hic tamen idem 25*  
*Ignoret, quantum ferratâ distet ab arcâ .*  
*Sacculus : è cælo descendit, γῶδι σκαυίδῳ*  
*Figendum, & memori tractandum pectore, sive*  
*Conjugium quæras, vel sacri in parte senatûs*  
*Esse velis, nec enim lorica poscit Achilles 30*  
*Thersites, in quâ se traducebat Ulysses*  
*Ancipitem : seu tu magno discrimine causam*  
*Protegere affectas ; te consule, dic tibi quis sis ;*  
*Orator vehemens, an Curtius, an Matho. Buccæ*  
*Noscenda est mensura tuæ, spectandaque rebus 35*  
*In summis, minimisque ; etiam cùm piscis emetur :*  
*Nec mullum cupias, cùm sit tibi gobio tantum*  
*In oculis : quis enim te, deficiente crumenâ,*  
*Et crescente gulâ, manet exitus ; ære paterno,*  
*Ac rebus merfis in ventrem, sænoris atque 40*  
*Argenti gravis, & pecorum agrorumque capacem ?*  
*Valibus à dominis post cuncta novissimus exit*  
*Annulus, & digito mendicat Pollio nudo.*  
*Non præmaturi cineres, nec funus acerbum*

*Luxuriæ,*

thing therefore to borrow a Sum, that will soon be spent, upon the Security of the Family Plate, or of the Golden Image of their Mother, first broken in Pieces to prevent Discovery, and to provide a luxurious Fish at the Expence of four hundred Sestertii : thus are they at last reduced to the mixt coarse Diet of a common Prize-fighter. The difference therefore is, who makes the Entertainment : In Rutilus it is called Luxury, in Ventidius it obtains the laudable Name of Generosity, and assumes a Character from the Fortune of the Giver. I cannot but justly despise that Man who knows plainly how much Atlas is higher than the other Mountains of Lybia, and yet cannot distinguish between a small Purse and a large Iron-Chest. That divine Maxim that dropped from the Skies, KNOW THYSELF, should be fixed and impressed upon your Mind in every State of Life, whether you desire to marry, or be a Member of the venerable Senate ; for Therfites had not the Impudence to contend for the Armour of Achilles, in which Dispute even Ulysses behaved with a distrust of himself. If you attempt to plead at the Bar in a Cause of Consequence, consult your own Abilities, satisfy yourself who you are, whether an Orator of strong Eloquence, or an empty Advocate like Curtius, or a common Barreter as Matho. The Extent of your Capacity should always be considered, this should be regarded in the highest and the lowest Concerns ; even when you are buying of Fish, you should not wish for a Barbel, when you have but a Gudgeon in your Purse : for what will be the End of you, when your Throat grows wider as your Pocket fails ? when the Estate and Fortune of your Family is swallowed up in that Gulph your Belly, that Devourer of Use and Principal, of Fields and Cattle upon the Ground. Last of all the Ring goes to pawn, and poor Sir Pollio is forced to beg with his Finger bare. Death never comes too soon, the Funeral Pile is never bitter to these Spendthrifts, Old

*Luxuria, sed morte magis metuenda senectus.*

45

*Hi plerumque gradus : conductâ pecunia Romæ,  
Et coram dominis consumitur : inde ubi paulum  
Nescio quid superest, & pallet fœnoris auctor,  
Qui vertère solum, Baias, & ad Ostia currunt.  
Cedere namque foro jam non tibi deterius, quàm*

50

*Esquilias a ferventi migrare Suburrâ.*

*Ille dolor solus patriam fugientibus, illa  
Mœstitia est, caruisse anno Circensibus uno:  
Sanguinis in facie non hæret gutta ; morantur*

*Pauci ridiculum, & fugientem ex urbe pudorem:*

55

*Experiêre hodiè numquid pulcherrima dictu,  
Persice, non præstem vitâ, nec moribus, & re ;  
Sed laudem siliquas occultus ganeo, pultes  
Coram aliis dictem puero ; sed in aure placentas.  
Nam, cùm sis convîva mihi promissus, habebis  
Evandrum, venies Tirynthius, aut minor illo  
Hospes, & ipse tamen contingens sanguine cœlum ;  
Alter aquis, alter flammis ad sidera missus.*

60

*Fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis :*

*De Tiburtino veniet pinguiissimus agro*

65

*Hædulus, & toto græge mollior, inscius herbæ,*

*Necdum ausus virgas humilis mordere salicî ;*

*Qui plus lactis habet quàm sanguinis : & montani*

*Asparagi,*

Age they dread more to be feared than Death.  
 These are the Steps by which they are undone, they  
 first take up Money at Rome, then they spend it in  
 the Face of their Creditors; after this, when a small  
 matter is left, and the Usurer turns pale for fear of  
 his Money, they leave their native Soil, and away  
 they run to Baïæ or to Ostia. It is no more Dis-  
 credit now to leave the City for Debt, than to retire  
 from the hot Street Suburra, to the cool Shade of  
 Mount Esquiline. The only Grief they feel, these  
 Fliers of their Country are concerned for nothing,  
 but that for a whole Year they shall lose the Pleasure  
 of the Circensian Games. They have not a Drop of  
 Blood to blush in their Faces, Modesty is treated  
 with Contempt, is flying out of the City, and there  
 are few left to stop her.

This Day, Friend Persicus, you shall be convinced  
 whether I do not practise these fair Rules in my Life,  
 my Conduct, and my Affairs; whether I recom-  
 mend a Meal of Herbs, and at the same time am a  
 private Glutton; call to my Cook for a Dish of Pulse  
 before Company, but whisper Sweet-meats in his  
 Ear. Now since you have promised to be my Guest,  
 you will find me frugal as <sup>b</sup> Evander; you to me shall  
 be as <sup>c</sup> Hercules or <sup>d</sup> Æneas, the least Hero of the  
 two, yet springing from Celestial Blood, the one by  
 Water and the other by Fire consigned to Immortality.

Hear now your Bill of Fare, not furnished from  
 the Shambles: First, a Kid, the fattest on my Farm  
 at Tibur, the most tender of the Herd, that never  
 cropped a Leaf of Grass, nor broused upon the  
 Twigs of the low Willow, that in his Veins has more  
 of Milk than Blood. Then a Dish of Mountain Af-

paragus,

<sup>b</sup> A King of Arcadia, who having accidentally slain his Father,  
 sailed into Italy by the Advice of his Mother, beat the Aborigenes,  
 and possessed himself of the Place, where afterwards Rome was built;  
 he entertained Hercules, and hospitably received Æneas when he  
 landed in Italy.

<sup>c</sup> He burnt himself to death on Mount Oeta in Thessaly.

<sup>d</sup> He was drowned in Numicus, a River in Italy, which was af-  
 afterwards consecrated to his Deity.

*Asparagi, posito quos legit villica fuso.*

*Grandia prætereà, tortoque calentia sæno*

70

*Ova adsunt ipsis tum matribus, & servatæ :*

*Parte anni, quales fuerant in vitibus uvæ :*

*Signinum, Syriumque pyrum : de corbibus isdem*

*Emula Picenis, & odoris mala recentis,*

*Nec metuenda tibi, siccatum frigore postquam*

75

*Autumnum, & crudi posuere pericula succi.*

*Hæc olim nostri jam luxuriosa senatûs*

*Cæna fuit : Curius, parvo quæ legerat horto,*

*Ipse focus brevibus ponebat oluscula : quæ nunc*

*Squalidus in magnâ fastidit compede fossor,*

80

*Qui meminit, calidæ sapiat quid vulva popinæ.*

*Sioci terga suis, rarâ pendentia crate,*

*Moris erat quondam festis servare diebus,*

*Et natalitium cognatis ponere lardum,*

*Accedente novâ, si quam dabat hostia, carne.*

85

*Cognatorum aliquis titulo ter Consulis, atque*

*Castrorum imperiis, & Dictatoris honore*

*Functus, ad has epulas solito maturius ibat,*

*Ereclum domito referens à monte ligonem.*

*Cum tremarent autem Fabios, durumque Catonem,*

90

*Et Scauros, & Fabricios, rigidique severos*

*Censoris mores etiam collega timeret :*

*Nemo inter curas, & seria duxit habendum,*

*Qualis in oceani fluctu testudo nataret,*

*Clarum Trojugenis factura ac nobile fulcrum :*

95

*Sed nudo latere, & parvis frons ærea lectis*



I. paragus, gathered by my Bayliff's Wife, her Spindle  
 laid aside. The largest Eggs, yet warm in the Nest  
 70 of twisted Hay, are set next, together with the Hens  
 that laid them; Grapes preserved for half a Year,  
 and as fresh as they were upon the Vine; the Signian  
 and Syrian Pear; Apples of a quick Flavour, that  
 match the Picene, are served out of the same Baskets.  
 You need not fear to eat them, since they are cured  
 75 of the raw Taste they have in Autumn by the Cold,  
 and you are in no Danger from the Crudity of their  
 Juice. This formerly was a luxurious Entertain-  
 ment for a Senator; Curius the great Dictator boil-  
 ed his Pot-herbs, gathered in his small Garden, over  
 a little Fire, with his own Hands. But now the dirty  
 80 Rogue that digs in Chains, disdains such Meat, who  
 has upon his Tongue the Relish of a Sow's Belly,  
 dressed at a Cook's Shop. It was the Custom for-  
 merly to reserve a Flitch of dried Bacon, laid upon  
 the wide Rack, for Holydays; to treat your near  
 Relations on a Birth-day with a Rasher, with an  
 Addition perhaps of a Steak of fresh Meat, if any  
 85 remained after you had sacrificed to your good Genius.  
 One of your great Ancestors, who had thrice borne  
 the Name of Consul, who had been General of Ar-  
 mies, and discharged the Honour of a Dictator, would  
 hurry away sooner than usual to such an Entertain-  
 ment, as to a Feast of Dainties, returning with his  
 90 Spade mounted on his Shoulder, proud of the Con-  
 quest of some stubborn Hill. In old time, when the  
 People trembled at the Fabian Name, at stern Cato,  
 the Scauri, and Fabricii, when Decius, a Censor  
 more remiss, feared the severe Rules of his rigid Col-  
 league, no one thought it worth their Care, or a mat-  
 95 ter of any serious Concern, to know how large a Tor-  
 toise swam in the wide Sea, whose Shell inlaid was to  
 adorn the Couches of the luxurious Romans. Then  
 were their Beds small, plain, and without Backs; in  
 the

e The Couches upon which they supped in antient Times, were  
 not adorned with Pearls and curious Shells; they had plain and ordi-  
 nary



*Vile coronati caput ostendebat aselli,  
 Ad quod lascivi ludebant ruris alumni.  
 Tales ergo cibi, qualis domus atque supellex.  
 Tunc rudis, & Graias mirari nescius artes,  
 Urbibus everfis, prædarum in parte repertâ  
 Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles,  
 Ut phaleris gauderet equus, calataque cassis  
 Romuleæ simulacra feræ mansuescere jussæ  
 Imperii fato, & geminos sub rupe Quirinos,  
 Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis & hastâ,  
 Pendentisque Dei, perituro ostenderet hosti.  
 Argenti quod erat, solis fulgebat in armis.  
 Ponebant igitur Ithusco farrata catino  
 Omnia tunc; quibus invidetas, si lividulus sis.  
 Templorum quoque majestas præsentior, & vox  
 Noctæ ferò mediâ, mediamque audita per urbem,  
 Littore ab oceani Gallis venientibus, & Dis  
 Officium votis peragentibus, hos monuit nos,  
 Hanc rebus Latius curam præstare solebat  
 Fictilis, & nullo violatus Jupiter auro.  
 Illa domi natas, nostrâque ex arbore mensas  
 Tempora viderunt: hoc lignum stabat in usus,  
 Annosam si fortè nucem dejecerat Eurus.  
 At nunc divitibus cœnandi nulla voluptas,  
 Nil rhombus, nil dama sapit: putere videntur  
 Unguenta, atque rosæ; latos nisi sustinet orbes  
 Grande ebur, & magno sublimis pardus hiatu,  
 Dentibus ex illis, quos mittit porta Syenes,*

100

105

110

115

120

Ea

the Front, which was of Brass, appeared the despicable Figure of an Ass's Head, with a Garland upon it, at which the wanton Boys of the Village used to make Sport. In short, their Diet, their Houses and Furniture, were all of a piece. The Soldier, then rough and unpractised in the Grecian Arts, after the Sack of Cities, among a Heap of Spoils, finding a weighty Bowl, the Work of some curious Hand, would break it into Pieces, to adorn his Horse with pompous Trappings ; his Helmet was embossed with various Figures that amazed the Foe designed for Death ; the Wolf appeared, by Rome's happy Fate made tame, suckling the Infant-Twins, there shewed the Brothers as they lay exposed under the Rock, and the naked Image of the God Mars, glittering with Shield and Spear, hovering aloft ; the Silver got in War, shone only in the Soldiers Arms ; all their homely Fare was then served up in Tuscan Platters, which you would envy, had you the least Tincture of the Spleen about you. Then was the Majesty of the Gods more present in all our Temples ; a Voice almost at Midnight, and heard throughout the City, gave Notice that the Gauls were coming from the Western Shore : The Gods themselves were Prophets for our Safety, and warned us of the Enemy's Approach. Thus Jupiter with his Earthen Statue, not yet profaned with Gold, used to shew his Care for the Affairs of Italy. Those times saw our Tables made at home, and of Timber of our own Growth ; if a Storm of Wind by Chance blew down an old Walnut-Tree, the Wood was always applied to these Uses. Now our rich Gluttons take no Pleasure at a Feast, the Turbut, the Venison are insipid, the Ointments, the Roses seem to stink, unless a huge Pedestal of Ivory bears up the wide Circumference of your Table, supported by a lofty Panther, gaping with his wide Jaws, carved from the Teeth of Elephants, sent hither, from the Port Syene, by  
 any Sides, or Sides which had no Backs rising from them, to lean upon for their Ease.

Et Mauri celeres, & Mauro obscurior Indus, 125  
 Et quos deposuit Nabathæo bellua saltu,  
 Jam nimios, capitique graves : hinc surgit orexis,  
 Hinc stomacho vires : nam pes argenteus illis,  
 Annulus in digito quod ferreus. Ergo superbum  
 Convivam caveo, qui me sibi comparat, & res 130  
 Despiciat exiguas ; adeò nulla uncia nobis  
 Est eboris, nec tessellæ, nec calculus ex hac  
 Materiâ ; quin ipsa manubria cultellorum  
 Ossea : non tamen his ulla unquam opsonia sunt  
 Rancidula ; aut ideò pejor gallina secatur 135  
 Sed nec structor erit, cui cedere debeat omnis  
 Pergula, discipulus Tryphæri doctoris, apud quem  
 Sumine cum magno lepus, atque aper, atque pygargus,  
 Et Scythicæ volucres, & Phænicopterus ingens,  
 Et Catulus oryx, bebeti lautissima ferro 140  
 Cæditur, & totâ sonat ulmea cæna Suburrâ.  
 Nec frustum capræ subducere, nec latus Afræ  
 Novit avis noster tyrunculus, ac rudis omni  
 Tempore, & exiguæ frustis imbutus osellæ,  
 Plebeios calices, & paucis assibus emptos 145  
 Porriget incultus puer, atque à frigore tutus ;  
 Non Phryx, aut Lycius, non à mangone petitus  
 Quisquam erit, & magno : cùm poscis, posce Latinè.  
 Idem habitus cunctis, tonsi, relique capilli,  
 Atque hodie tantùm propter convivium pexi. 150  
 Pastoris duri est hic filius, ille bubulci ;  
 Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,  
 Et casulam, & notos tristis desiderat hædos :

by the swift Moors, or blacker Indians, cast by the Beasts in the Arabian Woods, now grown too great, too heavy for their Head. This whets the Appetite, this gives Vigour to the Stomach. A Table with a Silver foot they scorn, as they would to wear upon their Finger an Iron Ring; therefore a haughty Guest I shun, who measures my Expences by his own, and loaths my meaner Fare. I have not one Ounce of Ivory, neither my Chess-board nor the Men are of this Stuff; the very Handles of my Knives are Bone, and yet my Meat tastes ne'er the ranker, nor does a Pullet cut the worse on that Account. I'll have no Carver more skilful in his Art than all the Trade, a Pupil to the dextrous <sup>f</sup> Trypherus, in whose School we see cut up in Wood the large Udder of a Sow, the Hare, the Boar, the Pygarg, Pheasants, the huge Phœnicopter and Gætulian Goat, choice Dishes carved with a blunt dull Knife, so that the wooden Feast resounds o'er all the Street. My raw Lad knows nothing how to take off a Slice of a Goat, or the Wing of a Turkey, quite clumsy from his Cradle; indeed he can broil a Pork-steak, and that's all. My Boy in his Country Frock (and yet it keeps him from the Cold) shall serve you in common Glasses purchased for a few Pence; no Phrygian or Lycian Youth waits at my Table, bought of the Slave Merchants at a monstrous Price; when you call for any thing, speak plain Roman. My two Waiters are both dressed alike, with cropt lank Hair; to-day indeed, in honour of our Feast, you will find it combed. The one is my rough Shepherd's, the other my Ploughman's Son; he moans, alas! the tedious Absence from his Mother's Arms, with Tears he longs to see the lowly Cottage, and his dear Play-fellows the Kids again. He

is

<sup>f</sup> Trypherus was eminent for his Skill in Carving, which he taught in a public School; in which he had all kind of Provision for a Feast, made in Wood, as being the best Materials for the Conveniency of teaching; which, among all the Scholars, made no small Noise.

A a

Ingenui vultus puer, ingenuique pudoris,  
Quales esse decet, quos ardens purpura vestit. 155  
Nec pugillares desert in balnea raucus  
Testiculos, nec vellendas jam præbuit alas;  
Cassa nec opposito pavidus tegit inguina gutto.  
Hic tibi vina dabit diffusa in montibus illis,  
A quibus ipse venit, quorum sub vertice lusit : 160  
Namque una atque eadem est vini patria, atque ministri.  
Forsthan expectes, ut Gaditana canoro  
Incipiat prurire choro, plausuque probatæ  
Ad terram tremulo descendant clune puellæ,  
Spectent hoc nuptæ, juxta recubante marito, 165  
Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem præsentibus ipsis;  
Irritamentum Veneris languentis, & acres  
Divitis urticæ : major tamen ista voluptas  
Alterius sextus : magis illa incenditur, & mox  
Auribus atque oculis concepta urina movetur. 170  
Non capit has nugas humilis domus : audiat ille  
Testarum crepitus cum verbis, nudum olido stans  
Fornice mancipium quibus abstinet : ille fruatur  
Vocibus obscænis, omnique libidinis arte,  
Qui Lacedæmonium pytismate lubricat orbem. 175  
Namque ibi fortunæ veniam damus : alea turpis,  
Turpe & adulterium mediocribus : hæc tamen illi  
Omnia cum faciant, hilares nitidique vocantur.  
Nostra dabunt alios hodiè convivia ludos :  
Conditor Iliados cantabitur, atque Maronis 180  
Altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.  
Quid refert, tales versus quo voce legantur ?  
Sed nunc dilatis averte negotia curis,



is a Lad of an honest Countenance, and of a generous Modesty, such as would become the noble Youth cover'd with glowing Purple. Nor, hoarse with Lust, does he in the Bath produce his monstrous Furniture, nor offers his Hair to be pulled off with Gums; nor, pale with fear of being discovered, does he conceal with the Distillatory his large Obsecenities. This Lad shall serve you with the chearful Juice made from the fruitful Hills from whence he came, under whose Brow he often played; for the Wine and he are the Growth of the same Soil.

You may expect perhaps a Spanish Curtezan, leading a Round of singing Girls with wanton Air; these Wenches, once encouraged, will prostitute themselves upon the Ground with trembling Limbs: let wanton Wives behold such Sights, their Husbands sitting by, which would be shameful to relate before them; Provocatives to dying Lust, the rich Man's sharpest Sting to Lechery! and yet the Women take the greatest Pleasure in such Impurities, they are more inflamed, they suck the Poison with their Eyes and Ears, they can't contain, A small Income is not capable of such Follies; let the Rich enjoy the Musick of Castanets with wanton Songs, which a poor tatter'd Whore, standing in a filthy Brothel, would be ashamed of; let him delight in obscene Ribaldry, and every Art of Lust, who makes the Floor, paved with round Spartan Marble, slippery with drunken Vomits. In such a Case we make Allowance for a large Fortune; Gaming is scandalous, Adultery is vile in low Life; yet the Rich who act all this are called polite well-bred Gentlemen.

My Entertainment to-day shall afford you other sort of Diversion; the Author of the Iliad shall be sung, and lofty Maro's Verse, which makes it doubtful where to give the Prize: what signifies in what Tone such Lines are read? Now therefore lay aside Business, suspend all Care, afford yourself some



*Et gratam requiem dona tibi ; quando licebit*  
*Per totam cessare diem : non fœnoris ulla* 185  
*Mentio, nec, primâ si luce egressa rêverti*  
*Nocte solet, tacito bilem tibi contrahat uxor,*  
*Humida suspectis referens multitia rugis,*  
*Vexatasque comas, & vultum, auremque calentem.*  
*Protinus ante meum, quicquid dolet, exue limen :* 190  
*Pone domum & servos, quicquid frangitur illis,*  
*Aut perit : ingratos ante omnia pone fodales.*  
*Intereâ Megalefiacæ spectacula mappæ*  
*Idæum solenne colunt, similisque triumpho*  
*Perda caballorum Prætor sedet : ac, mihi pace* 195  
*Immensæ nimicque licet si dicere plebis,*  
*Totam hodie Romam Circus capit ; & fragor aurem*  
*Percutit, eventum viridis quo colligo panni.*  
*Nam si deficeret, mœstam attonitamque videres*  
*Hanc urbem, veluti Cannarum in pulvere victis* 200  
*Consulibus. spectent juvenes, quos clamor, & audax*  
*Sponsio, quos cultæ decet assediſſe puellæ :*  
*Nostra bibit vernum contracta cuticula solem,*  
*Effugiatque togam. jam nunc in balnea salvâ*  
*Fronte licet vadas, quanquam solida hora superſit* 205

sweet Refreshment ; and since you may command a whole Day's Pleasure, say not a Word of Interest of Money ; nor if your Wife slips from you at Day-break, and ne'er returns till Night, let her provoke your Rage, forced as you are to hide your Shame ; tho' her stained Silks suspected Rumples shew, her Hair betowsed, her Face and Ears on fire. Lay down whatever grieves you at my Door, think not of home, of Servants, of what they broke or what is lost ; but, above all, forget the ungrateful Usage of false Friends.

And now the <sup>g</sup> Flag is hung out, the Magalesian Games grace the Idæan Festival of Cybele ; there the <sup>h</sup> Prætor (the Bane of Horses) sits as in Triumph ; and (if without Offence it might be said to such a mighty Multitude of People) the Circus comprehends within its Walls all Rome to-day. A Shout this Moment strikes my Ear, by which I guess the <sup>i</sup> Green has won the Honour of the Prize. If once these Shews should fail, you would see the City all in Tears, astonished as when the Consuls were overcome in Cannæ's fatal Field. Let Youth these Sports behold, pleased with Noise, and boldly laying Wagers, with their tight Lasses sitting by their Side. Let our rough Skin drink in the vernal Sun, and lay aside the Business of the Gown ; you at your Years may bathe with a good Grace, tho' it should want a complete

<sup>g</sup> At the Circensian and Megalesian Games, instituted in honour of Cybele, they hung out a Towel to shew the Plays were going to begin. Nero introduced this Custom ; for hearing, as he sat at Dinner, how impatiently the People expected his Coming, he threw them out of the Window the Towel he wiped his Hands with, to give them Notice that he had dined, and would be presently at the Circus.

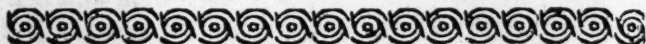
<sup>h</sup> Many of the Horses were provided by the Prætor at these Games, where they were spoiled and made useless. This Construction of this difficult Passage seems the easiest.

<sup>i</sup> The four Parties that ran Chariot-Races in the Circus were divided into several Liveries ; the Green Coats, the Russet Coats, the Blue Coats, and the White Coats. To these four Domitian added two Companies more, the Gold Coats and the Purple Coats.

*Ad sextam. Facere hoc non possis quinque diebus*

*Continuis : quia sunt talis quoque tædia vitæ*

*Magna. Voluptates commendat rarior usus.*



## S A T I R A XII.

**N***ATALI, Corvine, die mihi dulcior hæc lux,*

*Quâ festus promissa Deis animalia cespes*

*Exspectat : niveam Regina cadimus agnam :*

*Par vellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maurâ.*

*Sed procul extensum petulans quatit hostia funem,*

*Tarpeio servata Jovi, frontemque coruscat :*

*Quippe ferox vitulus, templis maturus & aræ,*

*Spargendusque mero, quem jam pudet ubera matris*

*Ducere, qui vexat nascenti robora cornu.*

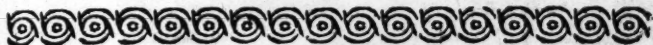
*Si res ampla domi, similisque affectibus esset,*

*Pinguior Hispullâ traheretur taurus, & ipsâ*

*Mole piger, nec finitimâ nutritus in herbâ,*

*Lata sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis*

plete k Hour of Noon ; and yet you would not care for these five Days successively, a great Fatigue attends even such a Life. Pleasures you seldom taste, go down the sweetest.



## S A T I R E XII.

**T**HIS Day, Corvinus, (on which the sacred  
 \* Altars expect my promised Sacrifices to the  
 Gods) is more welcome to me than a Birth-day.  
 A snow-white Lamb I kill to Juno ; another, with  
 a Fleece as white, shall be presented to Pallas,  
 bearing the b Mauritanian Gorgon on her Shield.  
 But see the wanton Victim, devoted to Tarpeian  
 Jove, shakes his long Rope, and brandishes his Brow.  
 'Tis a fierce Calf ripe for the Temple and the Altar,  
 fit to be sprinkled with pure Wine ; so grown, that  
 longer he is ashamed to suck the Dam : and gores  
 the Oak with his young budding Horns. Had I a  
 large Fortune, and equal to my Love, a Bull much  
 fatter than Hispulla should be made to bleed, flow  
 with his Weight of Fat, nor bred in the adjacent  
 Plains, but his flowing Blood should shew the rich  
 Pastures

k The Romans used to follow their Business till Noon, that is, the sixth Hour, or our twelve o'clock ; and then to the ninth Hour, or three o'clock in the Afternoon, they exercised and bathed themselves : but to do this before Noon, was allowed only on Festival Days, or to Persons aged and infirm.

a In the Capitol was the Temple of Jupiter, to which joined the Temples of Juno and Minerva, under one Roof. To these principal Deities milk-white Beasts were sacrificed. But our Poet confining all his Devotion within the Limits of his Fortune, built an Altar of green Turf, and offered white Victims to those Deities.

b The Gorgons, Medusa, Sthenio, and Euryale, were Daughters to Phorcus and Cete. They resided near Mount Atlas, upon the Borders of Mauritania, and were conquered by Minerva, who is fabled to bear in her Shield Medusa's Head, that had Vipers dangling down instead of Hair, and turned Men into Stones.

Iret, & à grandi cervix ferienda ministro,  
 Obreditum trepidantis adhuc, horrendaque passi  
 Nuper, & incolumem sese mirantis amici.  
 Nam præter pelagi casus, & fulguris ictum  
 Evasi, densæ cælum abscondere tenebra  
 Nube unâ, subitusque antennis impulit ignis ;  
 Cùm se quisque illo percussum crederet, & mox  
 Attonitus nullum conferri posse putaret  
 Naufragium velis ardentibus. Omnia sunt  
 Talia, tam graviter, si quando poetica surgit  
 Tempestas. Genus ecce aliud discriminis : audi,  
 Et miserere iterum, quanquam sint cætera sortis  
 Ejusdem : pars dira quidem, sed cognita multis,  
 Et quam votivâ testantur fana tabellâ  
 Plurima. Pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci ?  
 Accidit & nostro similis fortuna Catullo,  
 Cùm plenus fluctu medius foret abveus, & jam  
 Alternum puppis latus evertentibus undis  
 Arboris incertæ, nullam prudentia cani  
 Rectoris conferret opem ; decidere jactu  
 Cæpit cum ventis, imitatus Castora, qui se  
 Eunuchum ipse facit, cupiens evadere damno  
 Testiculorum : aded medicatum intelligit inguen.  
 Fundite quæ mea sunt, dicebat, cunctâ, Catullus ;  
 Præcipitare volens etiam pulcherrima, vestem  
 Purpuream, teneris quoque Mæcenatibus aptam,

Atque



Pastures on <sup>c</sup> Clitumnus' Banks; his Neck not to  
 be struck but with a mighty Blow. This for my  
 Friend's Return, yet trembling after dreadful Dan-  
 gers lately passed, and wondring at the Safety he  
 enjoys. For, beside the Hazards of the Sea, and  
 the Stroke of Lightning happily escaped, thick  
 Darknefs hid the Sky in one great Cloud, and then  
 a sudden Fire struck the Sail-yards, when each  
 believed the Flash was levelled at his Head; and,  
 quite astonished, thought a Shipwreck was nothing  
 to the Terrors of the burning Sails. All things so  
 distressed, so dreadful, as when Poetic Tempests rise,  
 and are described in Fiction. But see another kind  
 of Danger, attend and pity once again, tho' the  
 Case be of the same unfortunate Nature, a terrible  
 Calamity indeed, but undergone by many; witness  
 the Number of Shrines with <sup>d</sup> Votive Tablets, hung  
 upon the Walls: who knows not that Painters are  
 maintained by these Designs in Isis's Temple? The  
 same ill Fortune happened to my Friend Catullus;  
 for when the Hold was half-full of Water, when  
 the Waves were ready to o'erfet the Ship rolling  
 from Side to Side, the Planks were not to be de-  
 pended on, and the Skill of the old Pilot could af-  
 ford no Help; then my Friend began to compound  
 with the Winds to his Loss? having the Beaver for  
 Example, who gelds himself, and is glad to get off  
 without his Stones, so sensible is the Creature of the  
 Physical Virtue of his Testicles. Over with all  
 that's mine, cries Catullus, willing to cast away the  
 choicest of his Goods, the purple Vest fit for the  
 tender

<sup>c</sup> A River that divides Umbria and Tuscany, whose Water gives  
 such Virtue to the rich Pastures adjoining, that the Cows grazing  
 there had white Calves; therefore the Capitoline Sacrifices came  
 from thence.

<sup>d</sup> Persons that escaped Shipwreck used to have a Painting of  
 their Danger drawn upon a Tablet, which they vowed to Neptune  
 in their Distress, and hung up in some Temple near the Sea Coasts.  
 The Romans, it seems, made so many Vows to the Egyptian God-  
 dess Isis, that the whole Company of Picture-drawers were employed  
 in drawing Votive Tablets, that were to be hung up in her Temple.



*Atque alias, quarum generosi graminis ipsum  
Infecit natura pecus, sed & egregius fons  
Viribus occultis, & Beticus adjuvat aër.  
Ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances  
Parthenio factas, urnæ cratera capacem,  
Et dignum sitiente Pholo, vel conjuge Fusci.  
Adde & bascaudas, & mille escaria, multum  
Calati, biberat quo callidus emptor Olynthi.  
Sed quis nunc alius, quâ mundi parte, quis audet  
Argento praeferre caput, rebusque salutem?  
Non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam,  
Sed vitio cæci propter patrimonia vivunt.  
Factatur rerum utilium pars maxima; sed nec  
Damna levant. Tunc, adversis urgentibus, illuc  
Recidit, ut malum ferro summitteret, ac se  
Explicat angustum: discriminis ultima, quando  
Præsidia offerimus, navem factura minorem.  
I nunc, & ventis animam committe, dolato  
Conscius ligno, digitis à morte remotus  
Quatuor, aut septem, si sit latissima tæda.  
Max cum reticulis, & pane, & ventre lagena,*

tender Favourites of Princes, and other Garments  
 which received their Dye from the rich Nature of  
 the Grass which fed the Sheep, improved by the se-  
 cret Quality of noble Springs, and the Bætic Air. He  
 never scrupled to throw over his Silver Vessels,  
 Chargers of Parthenius' Work, a Goblet of two  
 Gallons, a Draught for Pholus when a-dry, or  
 Fuscus' Wife. Besides, in went the British Baskets,  
 a thousand Dishes, and that Golden Cup imbossed,  
 which Philip used to quaff, who by his artful Bribes  
 bought the Surrender of Olynthus. But where is  
 there another, in what Part of the World does he  
 live, who is he that now-a-days has the Courage to  
 prefer his Life to his Money, his Safety to his Estate?  
 Few Men now raise a Fortune with a Prospect of  
 enjoying it while they live, but blind with Cove-  
 nousness, desire Life only for the Sake of raising a  
 Fortune. In short, the greatest Part of the most  
 useful Goods are thrown over-board, and the Danger  
 continues; the contrary Winds blowing hard, it  
 came to this, that he was forced to cut down the  
 Mast, and so got rid of that Incumbrance. A Case  
 of the last Distress, when we are thus obliged for  
 safety to make the Ship light. Go now, commit  
 your Life to the Winds, relying on a hewn Plank,  
 removed four or seven Fingers Breadth at most from  
 Death, if the Bottom be of the thickest; and re-  
 member, along with your Sea Provisions, your net-  
 ted Knap sack, your Biscuit, and large belly'd Flag-

gons,

He means the Country in the South-West of Spain, called An-  
 dalusia, and in that the River Bætis, commonly called Guadalqui-  
 (or the great River) whose Water gives a natural Tincture to  
 the Sheep's Wool upon their Backs, between black and red.  
 of A notorious drunken Centaur. When he treated Hercules, he  
 brought out a Tun of Wine which he had buried in the Sand; and  
 being pierced, it cast a Perfume upon the Air, which his Brother  
 centaurs presently smelt, and would have stormed the Place, had  
 not been defended by Hercules, who killed many of them, and  
 made the rest fly.

A Golden Cup that Philip King of Macedon used, and slept with  
 under his Pillow. This Vessel, and others, he gave to Læsthenes,  
 and bribed him to betray Olynthus, a City of Thrace, into his Hands.

*Aspice sumendas in tempestate secures.*

*Sed postquam jacuit planum mare, tempora postquam*

*Prospera vectoris, fatumque valentius Euro,*

*Et pelago ; postquam paræ meliora benignâ*

*Pensa manu ducunt hilares, & staminis albi*

*Lanificæ ; modicâ nec multò fortior aurâ*

*Ventus adest ; inopi miserabilis arte cucurrit*

*Vestibus extensis, & , quod superaverat unum,*

*Velo, prora, suo : jam deficientibus Austris,*

*Spes vitæ cum sole redit : tum gratus Iulo,*

*Atque novercali sedes prælata Lavino,*

*Conspicitur sublimis apex, cui candida nomen*

*Scrofa dedit (lætis Phrygibus mirabile fumen)*

*Et nunquam visis triginta clara mamillis.*

*Tandem intrat positas inclusa per æquora moles,*

*Tyrrbenamque Pharon, porrectaque brachia rursus,*

*Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longèque relinquunt*

*Italiam, non sic igitur mirabere portus,*

*Quos natura dedit ; sed truncâ puppe magister*

*Interiora petit Baianæ pervia cimbæ*

*Tuti stagnâ sinûs, gaudent tibi vertice raso*

*Garrula*

gons, to take an Axe with you in case of a Storm. But when the Sea lay smooth, when the happy Fortune of my Friend, and Fate, more powerful than Wind and Waves, prevailed; when the pleased Destinies, with a kind Hand, and in a better Humour, followed their Task, and drew a<sup>h</sup> whiter Thread, and the Wind blew no stronger than a gentle Gale, the shattered Vessel made a sad shift to steer her Course, assisted by the Seamens Clothes spread out, and a Fore-sprit-sail, the only one left: and now the Wind was laid, and the Hope of Life returned with the Sun, the lofty Albion Mount, (loved by Iulus, and preferred to Lavinum, built in honour of his Step-mother) was descried, the City had its Name from a white Sow, (a Sight admired by the joyful Trojans) famous for her thirty Pigs ne'er seen before. At last<sup>k</sup> she enters the Mole, through the Tide inclosed, and arrives at our Tyrrhene Pharos, and those Arms stretched out which reach the Mid-Sea, and leave far behind the Shore of Italy. The Havens formed by Nature admit of no such Wonder. The Steersman, with his shatter'd Bark, drops anchor in the inmost Bay, where small Boats ride safe from Winds. The Sailors, there secure with their shaved

<sup>h</sup> It was the Opinion of the Ancients, that when the Destinies intended long Life to a Man, they spun a white Thread, when Death a black.

<sup>i</sup> Alba Longa was built by Iulus Ascanius, who having before dwelt at Lavinum, (built by Æneas, and so called from his second Wife Lavinia) left that Place to his Mother-in-law. The Trojans were told by the Oracle, that where they found a white Sow with thirty Pigs sucking her, there they should build a City, which they did, and called it from the Colour of the Sow, Alba; a happy Sight, says the Poet, to the wandering Trojans, who here made themselves a Settlement.

<sup>k</sup> The Ship enters the Haven of Ostia, whose two Sides (artificial Mounts like two Arms) run so far into the Tyrrhene Sea, that they seemed to inclose it, and, as it were, to leave Italy behind them. In this Haven there was a Pharos, or Watch-Tower, in Imitation of that of Egypt, and for the same Use, to give Notice to Seamen in the Night, by a Lanthorn hanged up, of the Nearness of the Shore.

B b

*Garrula securi narrare pericula nautæ.*

*Ite igitur, pueri, linguis animisque faventes,*

*Sertaque delubris, & farra imponite cultris,*

*Ac molles ornate focos, glebamque virentem.*

85

*Jam sequar, & sacro, quod præstat, ritè peracto,*

*Inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parva coronas*

*Accipient fragili simulachra nitentia cerâ.*

*Hic nostrum placabo Jovem, Laribusque paternis*

*Thura dabo, atque omnes violæ jactabo colores.*

90

*Cuncta nitent; longos erexit janua ramos,*

*Et matutinis operatur festa lucernis.*

*Nec suspecta tibi sint hæc, Corvine: Catullus,*

*Pro cujus reditu tot pono altaria, parvos*

*Tres habet hæredes, libet expectare, quis agram*

95

*Et claudentem oculos gallinam impendat amico*

*Tam sterili: verùm hæc nimia est impensa: coturnix*

*Nulla unquam pro patre cadet, sentire calorem*

*Si cæpit locuples Gallita & Paccius, orbi,*

*Legitimè fixis vestitur tota tabellis*

100

*Porticus. Existunt, qui promittant hecatomben.*

*Quatenus hic non sunt nec venales elephantia,*

*Nec Latio, aut usquam sub nostro fidere talis*

*Bellua concipitur: sed furvâ gente petita*

*Arboribus Rutulis, & Turni pascitur agro*

105

*Cæsaris armentum, nulli servire paratum*

*Privato: siquidem Tyrio parere solebant*

*Hannibali, & nostris Ducibus, Regique Moloſso,*

*Horum majores, ac dorso ferre cohortes,*

*Partem aliquam belli, & euntem in prælia turrim:*

110

Nulla

I Sla  
Liberty  
Seamen  
hey ha

shaved Heads, delight to prate of Dangers they escaped.

Haste then, my Boys, assist me with your Hearts and Voice, lay Garlands on the Temples, and Meal upon your sacrificing Knives, and dress your soft Hearths of Turf, your Altars of green Grass; I'll follow soon, and when the holy Rites are finished in due Form, and as they should, home I'll repair, and all my little Deities, shining in brittle Wax, shall be adorned with Chaplets; here will I appease our mighty Jove, and Incense burn to the old Lares of my Family, and scatter to their Honour the various Colours of the Violet. Every thing looks gay, my Gates with lofty Branches are adorned, and celebrate this Festival with Morning-lights.

Think not, Corvinus, that these Ceremonies are paid for selfish Ends; for Catullus (for whose Return I raise so many Altars) has three little Heirs: I should be glad to see, who besides would sacrifice a rotten Hen, just dying, for a Friend so little to be got by; this truly is an Expence too great, not a poor Quail will be offered up for such a Father: but if rich Gallita and Paccius, childless both, should chance to have a Fever, all the Porches of the Temples are covered solemnly with Votive Tablets for their Recovery; some would even vow an hundred Oxen: for Elephants, you know, cannot be purchased here, this Beast is never bred in Italy, or in our Climate, but is hither brought by Moors, fed in the Rutilian Woods, or in the Plains of Turnus, Cæsar's Imperial Herd, at no private Man's Command: their great Sires were used to serve the Tyrian Hannibal, our mighty Generals, Pyrrhus the Molossian King, to bear Cohorts, part of the warlike Force, and Towers moving in the Fight, upon  
 B b 2 their

Slaves made free were shaved before they put on the Cap of Liberty, because they had escaped the Tempest of Servitude: Thus Seamen proffered themselves preserved to Life and Liberty, after they had escaped the Danger of Shipwreck.



Nulla igitur mora per Novium, mora nulla per Istrum  
 Pacuvium, quin illud ebur ducatur ad aras,  
 Et cadat ante Lares Gallitæ victimæ sacra,  
 Tantis digna Deis, & captatoribus horum.

Alter enim, si concedas mactare, vovebit.

115

De grege servorum magna, aut pulcherrima quæque  
 Corpora; vel pueris, & frontibus ancillarum  
 Imponet vittas: &, si qua est nubilis illi  
 Iphigenia domi, dabit hanc altaribus, etsi  
 Non speret tragica furtiva piacula cervæ.

120

Laudo meum civem, nec compare testamento

Mille rates: nam si Libitinam evaserit æger,

Delebit tabulas, inclusus carcere nassæ,

Post meritum sanè mirandum; atque omnia soli

Forsan Pacuvio breviter dabit: Ille superbus,

125

Incedit victis rivalibus. Ergo vides, quàm

Grande operæ pretium faciat jugulata Mycenis.

Vivat Pacuvius, quæso, vel Nestora totum:

Possideat, quantum rapuit Nero: montibus aurum

Exæquet; nec amet quenquam, nec ametur ab ulla.

130

S. A. T. I. R. A.

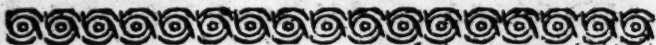
their Backs. Novius, no doubt, would instantly, and Ister Pacuvius too with utmost Haste, lead one of these Ivory Brutes up to the Altar, there should the sacred Victim fall before the Lares of rich Gallita, a Victim worthy of Deities so great, and of those Knaves that flatter them. Pacuvius, give him but leave, would slay the comeliest and the fairest of all his Servants, would dress the Foreheads of his favourite Boys and Maids with Chaplets; and if he had a Daughter, an <sup>m</sup> Iphigenia, marriageable at home, he will devote her to the Altars, tho' in her Place he cannot hope for the secret Expiation of the Hind so famed in Tragic Verse. I commend my Countryman, and make no Comparison between a thousand Ships, and a rich Man's Will; for if the sick Miser now escapes the Stroke of Death, he will cancel all former Dispositions of his Estate; and, hamper'd in the Net laid for him, perhaps will make Pacuvius (upon the Account of such wonderful Merit) in a few Words sole Heir to his whole Fortune. Then will the Fellow strut triumphant, his Rivals all o'ercome. See how a fair <sup>n</sup> Mycenian, with her bleeding Throat, has brought him mighty Gains. Long may Pacuvius live, I beg, even Nestor's Age: May he possess as much as Nero plundered, heap Riches mountain-high, not have a Friend to love, and be by none beloved.

B b 3

SATIRE

<sup>m</sup> The Grecians having killed a Hind consecrated to Diana, were by the offended Goddess detained a long Time at the Haven of Aulis, with their fleet, by a contrary Wind; upon this, consulting the Oracle, they were answered, that they must sacrifice Iphigenia the Daughter of Agamemnon. The Father, by the Eloquence of Ulysses, was persuaded; but when the Time came, Diana conveyed her away, and substituted a Hind as a Sacrifice in her room. Our Poet observes, if Pacuvius should sacrifice an only Daughter for the Recovery of Gallita, he should not think the Act of Agamemnon so extraordinary; for alas! what is the Freedom of a thousand Ships, to the glorious Expectation of a Legacy?

<sup>n</sup> Agamemnon was King of Mycenæ.



## S A T I R A XIII.

**E**xemplo quodcunque malo committitur, ipsi  
 Displicet authori ; prima est hæc ultio, quod se  
 Judice nemo nocens absolvitur ; improba quamvis  
 Gratia fallacis prætoris vicerit urnam.  
 Quid sentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti  
 De scelere, & fidei violatæ crimine ? Sed nec  
 Tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut medicris  
 Jacturæ te mergat onus : nec rara videmus  
 Quæ pateris ; casus multis hic cognitus, ac jam.

Tritus,

## S A T I R E XIII.

EVERY Crime a Man commits, that gives a bad Example, displeases even the Author of it; the first Revenge is, that no guilty Person is acquitted by the Sentence of his own Conscience, tho' the wicked Favour of a corrupt Judge may possibly declare him innocent. What think you, Calvinus, the World says of that late Injustice, that villainous Breach of Trust you complain of? that neither your Circumstances are so small, that the Weight of so mean a Loss should sink you; nor is the Damage you sustain uncommon: the same Case has

a Or to translate literally, "Tho' wicked Favour may pervert the justice of the Prætor's Urn." To explain this Expression, Holyday gives a curious Note concerning the Forms of Trials at Law among the Romans. The Prætor, who was supreme Judge, had many others appointed him as Assistants. The Names of these were written upon little Balls, and by the Prætor cast into an Urn; and after they were shaken together, he drew out again, as in a Lottery, so many as were by Law, according to the Nature of the Cause, accounted necessary. After which, the Plaintiff and Defendant had Power to reject, upon good Exceptions, such as they thought would be Enemies to the Cause. The Number was appointed to be filled up by drawing of other Names out of the Urn. Then the Judges that were appointed, and accepted of the Trouble, (for in some Cases they were allowed their Excuse) took an Oath to judge according to Law; but, on many Occasions, others were often substituted in their room by the Prætor. After pleading of the Cause, the Prætor gave to each of the Judges three waxen Tables, wherein were expressed so many several Opinions; in one was written the Letter A, to signify the Acquittal or Absolution of the Defendant; in another, the Letter C, to imply his Condemnation; and in the third, the Letters N.L, for Non liquet; signifying that the business required a farther Hearing, as being as yet not clear enough; which Delay of the Cause was called Ampliation. Then the Judges being called, expressed their Opinions by the Tables, which they chose to cast into the Urn; and according to the Consent of the major part of their Opinions, the Prætor pronounced Sentence. In which many Turns of the Business, (says the Commentator) there was room enough for a Bribe to slip in.

*Tritus, & è medio Fortunæ ductus acervo.*

10

*Ponamus nimios gemitus. Flagrantior æquo  
Non debet dolor esse viri, nec vulnere major.*

*Tu quamvis levium minimam, exiguamque malorum*

*Particulam vix ferre potes, spumantibus ardens*

*Visceribus, sacrum tibi quodd non reddat amicus*

15

*Depositum; stupet hæc, qui jam post terga reliquit*

*Sexaginta annos, Fonteio Consule natus ?*

*An nihil in melius tot rerum proficis usu ?*

*Magna quidem, sacris quæ dat præcepta libellis,*

*Victrix Fortunæ Sapientia. Dicimus autem*

20

*Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,*

*Nec jactare jugum, vitâ didicere magistrâ.*

*Quæ tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem,*

*Perfidiam, fraudes, atque omni ex crimine lucrum*

*Quæsitum, & partos gladio vel pyxide nummos ?*

25

*Rari quippe boni : numero vix sunt totidem, quot*

*Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili.*

*Nunc atas agitur, pejoraque sæcula ferri*

*Temporibus : quorum scelerei non invenit ipsa*

*Nomen, & à nullo posuit natura metallo.*

30

*Nos hominum Divûmque fidem clamore ciemus,*

*Quanto Fesidium laudat vocalis agentem*

*Sportula. Dic senior bullâ dignissime, nescis,*

*Quas habeat Veneres aliena pecunia ? nescis,*

*Quem tua simplicitas risum vulgo moveat, cum*

35

*Exigis à quoquam ne pejeret, & putet ullis*

Ess

b L  
of Ne  
c T  
Mont

has happened to many before ; you hear of it every day, it is one of the lightest Evils drawn out of the Heap of Misfortunes that Men by Fate are liable to suffer. Prithee, don't fret thyself too much, a Man's Concern should never exceed the proper Bounds, or appear greater than the Wound. You that can scarce bear the least, the most minute Particles even of the most trifling Evils, that are all on fire, your very Bowels boiling with Rage, because your Friend will not give up to you the Pledge he swore to return ; is this such a Wonder to a Man that has left Sixty behind him, that was born when <sup>b</sup> Fonteius was Consul ? Are you never the better by seeing so much of the World ? 'Tis true, that Wisdom lays down excellent Rules in the sacred Volumes of Philosophy, and triumphs over Fortune ; yet we pronounce those Men happy, who by the Experience of Life only, have learnt to bear common Accidents with Temper, without shaking the Yoke. What day so sacred, that does not discover to us a Thief, a Scene of Treachery, of Fraud, of Gain gotten by every sort of Wickedness, and Money obtained by Stabbing or by Poison ? Good Men are thinly sown, they are scarce so many as are the Gates of <sup>c</sup> Thebes, or the Mouths of Fruitful Nile. An Age is now come much worse than that of Iron, an Age of Villainy, for which Nature herself can find no Name, no Metal base enough to call it by. Yet we exclaim against the Vices of the Times, we call Heaven and Earth to witness, as loud as the noisy Clients of Fæsidius applaud him pleading at the Bar. Tell me, old Gentleman, worthy again to wear your childish Baubles, don't you know the Charms another Man's Money shews ? Don't you know how your Simplicity will set the whole Town a-laughing, when you expect that no Man dares forswear, but should believe

*Ess* <sup>b</sup> L. Fonteius Capito was Consul with C. Vipsanius, in the Reign of Nero.

<sup>c</sup> Thebes in Æthiopia had seven Gates, as the Nile had seven Mouths.



*Esse aliquod numen templis, aræque rubenti ?*  
*Quondam hoc indigenæ vivebant more, prius quàm*  
*Sumeret agrestem posito diademate falcem*  
*Saturnus fugiens : tunc, cùm virguncula Juno,* 40  
*Et privatus adhuc Idæis Jupiter antris.*  
*Nulla super nubes convivio Cœlicolarum,*  
*Nec puer Iliacus, formosa nec Herculis uxor*  
*Ad cyathos ; Et jam siccato nectare tergens*  
*Brachia Vulcanus Liparæâ nigra tabernâ.* 45  
*Prandebat sibi quisque Deus, nec turba Deorum*  
*Talis, (ut est hodie) contentaque sidera paucis*  
*Numinibus miserum urgebant Atlanta minori*  
*Pondere. nondum aliquis sortitus triste profundâ*  
*Imperium, aut Siculâ torvus cum conjuge Pluto.* 50  
*Nec rota, nec Furia, nec saxum, aut vulturis atri*  
*Pœna ; sed infernis hilares sine regibus umbræ.*  
*Improbis illo fuit admirabilis ævo.*  
*Credebant hoc grande nefas, Et morte piandum,*

lieve some Deity presides in every Temple, and delights to see the Victim bleed upon the Altars. Formerly indeed, our home-bred Ancestors knew no better; <sup>d</sup> before Saturn, laying his Diadem aside, and forced to fly, handled the Country Scythe. It was when Juno was a very little Girl, and <sup>e</sup> Jupiter for fear was hid in the Caves of Ida; when there was no Carousing among the Gods above the Clouds, no Ganymede, no <sup>f</sup> Hebe (fair wife of Hercules) to be Cup-bearer, and Vulcan (not yet allowed to quaff celestial Nectar) scoured his black Arms fouled at his Forge at Lipara. Every God then dined alone; nor was there such a Rout of Godships as we have now: but Heaven, content with few Divinities, pressed groaning <sup>g</sup> Atlas with a lesser Weight. No Deity had yet by Lot obtained the dreadful Empire of the Deep, nor did grim Pluto reign with Proserpine his Sicilian Wife; nor was there in Hell, <sup>h</sup> a Wheel, or Furies, or a <sup>i</sup> Stone to roll, nor a black <sup>k</sup> Vulture to devour the Liver; but the Ghosts lived jocund then, without their Kings infernal. Villainy was a Wonder in those Times? It was thought a monstrous Crime, and

<sup>d</sup> In the Golden Age, before Saturn was glad to fly into Latium. Being expelled from the Kingdom of Crete by his Son Jupiter; he invented the Scythe, which some make a Symbol of Husbandry, which he taught the rude People; others take to be his Attribute, as the God of Time.

<sup>e</sup> Jupiter was hid in the Caves of Mount Ida in Crete, lest his Father Saturn should have devoured him.

<sup>f</sup> The Daughter of Juno alone, (who conceived by eating too freely of Lettuce) and Cup-bearer to Jupiter; she happened to make a Sip at a Banquet among the Gods, so was turned out of her Place, and Ganymede put into it. She was afterwards married to Hercules.

<sup>g</sup> A high Hill in Mauritania, feigned by the Poets to bear up the Heavens.

<sup>h</sup> He alludes to the Story of Ixion, who was thrown down to Hell by Jupiter, for boasting he had lain with Juno. He was there tied to a Wheel, and encompassed with Serpents.

<sup>i</sup> Sisyphus was condemned to roll a great Stone to the Top of a high Mountain, which presently fell down upon his Head; so his labour was never at an End.

<sup>k</sup> Prometheus was chained to Mount Caucasus, for stealing Fire from Heaven, where a Vulture was continually preying upon his liver, which grew again as fast as it was devoured.

*Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat ; & si* 55

*Barbato cuicunque puer : licet ipse videret*

*Plura domi fraga, & majores glandis acervos.*

*Tam venerabile erat præcedere quatuor annis,*

*Primaque par adeo sacra lanugo senectæ.*

*Nunc, si depositum non inficietur amicus,* 60

*Si reddat veterem cum totâ ærugine follem,*

*Prodigiosa fides, & Thuscis digna libellis,*

*Quæque coronatâ lustrari debeat agnâ.*

*Egregium sanctumque virum si cerno, bimbri*

*Hoc monstrum puero, vel mirandis sub aratro* 65

*Piscibus inventis, & fœtæ comparo mula ;*

*Sollicitus tanquam lapides effuderit imber,*

*Examenque apium longâ considerit uolâ*

*Culmine delubri, tanquam in mare fluxerit amnis*

*Curgitibus miris, & lactis vortice torrens.* 70

*Intercepta decem quereris sestertia fraude*

*Sacrilega ? quid si bis centum perdidit alter*

*Hoc arcana modo ? majorem tertius illâ*

*Summam, quam patula vix ceperat angulus arcæ ?*

*Tam facile & pronum est Superos contemnere testes,* 75

*Si mortalis idem nemo sciat. Aspice quantâ*

*Voce neget ; quæ fit fidei constantia vultûs.*

*Per solis radios, Tarpeiaque fulmina jurat,*

*Et Martis frameam, & Cirrbai spicula vatis ;*

and to be purged by Death, if Youth did not rise to shew respect to Age, or if a Boy did not express a Duty to one arrived at Manhood, tho' the Lad had the larger Fortune, could produce more Strawberries and higher Heaps of Acorns in his House. So venerable a Distinction was it to have the Precedence but of four Years; and the first Down upon the Chin was equal in regard, to the most sacred Reverence of old Age.

But now for a Friend not to deny his Trust, if he restores the old leathern Purse with all the rusty Coin, 'tis a Prodigy of Honesty fit to be recorded among the Miracles in <sup>1</sup> Tuscan Calendars, to be expiated by a Lamb, crowned with a Chaplet for a Sacrifice. To see a Man of Probity and Faith, a Sight so portentous, I always liken to a Child, half Man half Brute, or to a wondrous Shoal of Fish turned up by the Plough, or to a Mule with Foal; I am all Amazement, as if the Clouds rained Showers of Stones, as if a Swarm of <sup>m</sup> Bees fixed like a long Cluster of Grapes upon a Temple's Top; as if a River flowed into the Sea with a dreadful Violence, rushing impetuous with a Stream of Milk.

Do you complain because you lost ten Sestertia by impious Fraud? What if another, in the same manner, had lost two hundred, trusted with equal Secrecy? a third had been cheated of a larger Sum, which the Corner of his wide Chest could scarce hold? So easy, so ready a thing is it to despise the Gods, that witness all our Crimes, if we can hide them from the Eyes of Men. See with how bold a Voice the Wretch denies it, what a steady Look disguises his false Face? he swears by the Sun's Rays, and by the Thunder of Tarpeian Jove, by Mars's Javelin, and Apollo's

<sup>1</sup> The Romans received the Art of Divination from Tuscan Soothsayers, who presaged of future Events by Prodigies, of which they kept a very exact Record.

<sup>m</sup> It was accounted ominous in the Roman Superstition, for Bees to settle upon the Top of a House, or of a Temple.

*Per calamos venatricis, pharetramque puellæ,* 80

*Perque tuum, pater Ægæi Neptune, tridentem :*

*Addit & Herculeos arcus, hastamque Minervæ,*

*Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cæli,*

*Si verò & pater est, comedam, inquit, flebile gnati*

*Sinciput elixi, Pharioque madentis aceto.* 85

*Sunt, in Fortunæ qui casibus omnia ponunt,*

*Et nullo credunt mundum rectore moveri,*

*Naturâ volvente vices & lucis, & anni,*

*Atque ideo intrepidi quæcunque altaria tangunt.*

*Est alius, metuens ne crimen pœna sequatur,* 90

*Hic putat esse Deus, & pejerat, atque ita secum ;*

*Decernat quodcunque volet de corpore nostro*

*Isis, & irato feriat mea lumina fistro,*

*Dummodò vel cæcus teneam, quos abnego, nummos.*

*Et phibis, & vomica putres, & dimidium crus,* 95

*Sunt tanti ? pauper locupletem optare podagram*

*Ne dubitet Ladas, si non eget Anticyrà, nec*

*Archigene : quid enim velocis gloria plantæ*

*Præstat, & esuriens Pisææ ramus olivæ ?*

*Ut fit magna, tamen certè lenta ira Deorum est*

*Si curant igitur cunctos punire nocentes,* 101

*Quando ad me venient ? sed & exorabile numen*

*Fortassè experiar : solet his ignoscere. multi*

*Committunt*



Apollo's Darts, by the Arrows and the Quiver of Diana, and by the Trident, Neptune, Father of Ægeus ; he adds the Bow of Hercules, and Minerva's Spear, and all the Weapons stored in the Armory of Heaven ; and if he be a Father, I'll eat, says he, if guilty, my Son's lamented Head, boiled and seasoned with Ægyptian Vinegar.

There are who refer all things to the Chances of Fortune, and believe the World is governed by no First Cause ; Nature herself bringing about the Revolutions both of Days and Years, so they n touch any Altars, and swallow Oaths undaunted. Another, fearing lest a Punishment should pursue his Crimes, imagines that there are Gods ; and yet forswears with this Salvo to himself : Let Isis (the Scourge of Perjury) do as she pleases with this Body of mine, and strike my Eyes out with her angry Sistrum, so that, even blind, I may hold fast the Money I deny ; what's a Consumption, rotten Sores, and half a Leg ? Would p Ladas, the running Footman, all in Rags, stick to wish for the rich Gout, unless he were stark mad, and wanted Hellebore, or the Advice of Archigenes the Physician ? What signifies the Honour of his nimble Feet ? Will a hungry Branch of Pisæan Olive, the Prize of Victory, fill his Belly ? But say the Anger of the Gods is great, yet it is slow ; and if they resolve to punish all the guilty World, when will they come to me ? Besides, I may possibly find Favour with their Deities, they sometimes pardon ; many, we see, commit the same Crimes

n When a Man would put a Trustee to his Oath, he brought him into the Temple, and there made him swear, laying his Hand upon the Altar

o An Instrument used by the Priests in the Celebration of the Rites of Isis ; it was of a triangular Form, with little Rings upon each Side, which being struck with a small Iron Rod, gave a shrill Sound.

p Footman to Alexander the Great ; his Swiftnefs was so great that the Print of his Foot was not seen upon the Sand. His Statue was set up at Argos in the Temple of Venus, after he had won the Foot Races in the Olympic Games.



*Committunt eadem diversocrimina fato.*

*Ille crucem pretium sceleris tuli thic diadema.*

105

*Sic animum diræ trepidum formidine culpæ*

*Confirmant. Tunc te sacra ad delubra vocantem*

*Præcedit, trahere imò ultrò, ac vexare paratus.*

*Nam cùm magna malæ supereſt audacia cauſæ,*

*Creditur à multis fiducia : mimum agit ille,*

119

*Urbani qualem fugitivus ſcurra Catulli.*

*Tu miſer exclamas, ut Stentora vincere poſſis,*

*Vel potiùs quantùm Gradivus Homericus : audis,*

*Jupiter, hæc ? nec labra moves, cùm mittere vocem*

*Debueras, vel marmoreus, vel abeneus ? aut cur*

115

*In carbone tuo chartâ pia thura ſolutâ*

*Ponimus, & ſectum vituli jecur, albaque porci*

*Omenta ? ut video, nullum diſcrimen habendum eſt*

*Effigies inter veſtras, ſtatuamque Batylli.*

*Accipe, quæ contrâ valeat ſolatia ferre,*

126

*Et qui nec Cynicos, nec Stoïca dogmata legit*

*A Cynicis tunicâ diſtantior ; non Epicurum*

*Suſpiciſt exigui latum plantaribus horti.*

*Curentur*

Crimes with different Fate : one, for his Villainy, is crucified, another crowned. Thus they harden their Minds, tender at first, and trembling for fear of Guilt ; thus confident, the Wretch you summon to the holy Altar, hurries away before you, he is ready to drag you along by force, and teazes you to bring him to his Oath ; for when Impudence supports a wicked Cause, to some it looks like Innocence. He rails at you with such an Outcry as the run-away Buffoon makes in the *q* Vision of Catullus. Then you, poor Soul, exclaim so loud as to drown *r* Stentor's Noise ; or rather, to exceed the Cry of wounded *s* Mars, described by Homer. Hearest thou, Jove, these things, and not one Word, when thou oughtest to threaten Vengeance, wert thou even made of Marble or of Brass ? Or why, instead of empty Vows, upon thy burning Altars do we pour the sacred Frankincense, a Calf's slit Liver, or a Hog's white Cawl ? As far as I perceive, there is no Difference between thy Images and the Statue of *t* Bathyllus the Musician.

Hear therefore what Comfort may be applied in your Case, by one who neither reads the Rules of the Cynic or Stoic Philosophers, differing from the other only in *u* Dress, by wearing a Coat less ; by one who is no Admirer of *x* Epicurus, who pleased himself with the Herbs raised in his own small Garden. Patients who are in a desperate way, should be attended

*q* Urbanus Catullus was the Author of a Comedy, called, The Phantasm or Vision, where a Mimick is introduced making a hide-out Noise. This Play is lost by Time. and so it is all Conjecture.

*r* A Grecian, who had as loud a Voice as fifty Men together.

*s* Mars, wounded by Diomedes, roared as loud as the Cry of ten thousand Men when they join Battle.

*t* His Statue was erected at Samos, in the Temple of Juno, by the Tyrant Polycrates.

*u* The Cynic and Stoic Philosophers differed more in their Clothes than in their Opinions, the Cynics wearing two Cloaks, the Stoics but one.

*x* A Philosopher of Athens, a temperate and sober Man, who lived upon Bread and Water, and Herbs ; he placed the chief Happiness in the Tranquillity of the Mind.

*Curentur dubii medicis majoribus ægri,*

*Tu venam vel discipulo committe Philippi.*

125

*Si nullum in terris tam detestabile factum*

*Ostendis, taceo; nec pugnis cedere pectus*

*To veto, nec planâ faciem contundere palmâ:*

*Quandoquidem accepto claudenda est janua damno,*

*Et majore domûs gemitu, majore tumultu*

130

*Planguntur nummi quam funera. Nemo dolorem*

*Fingit in hoc casu, vestem diducere summam*

*Contentus, vexare oculos humore coactô.*

*Ploratur lachrymis amissa pecunia veris.*

*Sed si cuncta vides simili fora plena quærelâ;*

135

*Si decies lectis diversâ parte tabellis,*

*Vana supervacui dicunt chirographa ligni,*

*Arguit ipsorum quos litera, gemmaque princeps*

*Sardoniches, oculis quæ custoditur eburnis:*

*Ten', ô delici as, extra communia censes*

140

*Ponendum? Qui tu gallinæ filius albæ,*

*Nos viles pulli nati infelicibus ovis?*

*Rem pateris modicam, & mediocri bile ferendam,*

*Si fleâs oculos majora ad crimina: Confer*

*Conductum latronem, incendia sulphure cæpta.*

145

*Atque dolo, primos cùm janua colligit ignes:*

*Confer & hos, veteris qui tollunt grandia templi*

*Pocula adorandæ rubiginis, & populorum*

*Dona, vel antiquo positas à rege coronas.*

*Hæc ibi si non sint, minor extat sacrilegus, qui*

150

*Radat inaurati femur Herculis, & faciem ipsam*

*Neptuni, qui bracteolam de Castore ducat.*

*An dubitet, solitus totum conflare Tonantem?*

*Confer et artifices, mercatoremque veneni,*

tended by Physicians of Character, but you may trust your Vein with Philip the Surgeon's Boy.

Could you shew no Example of so vile an Act in all the World, I have done, in God's Name beat your Breast with your Fist, and strike your Face with your open Hands, shut up your Doors close, in Sign of Mourning for your Loss ; for Money is lamented with much deeper Groans, and with a louder Noise of all the Family, than the Death of nearest Friends; no one feigns Concern in such a Case, or thinks it sufficient to rend only the Border of his Gown, or rubs his Eyes to squeeze out forced Tears ; no, lost Money is deplored with real Grief. But if you should see our Courts of Justice full of the like Complaints ; if, when Writings have been read ten times over before many Witnesses, and in divers Places, you find Men denying the Obligation of such Deeds, tho' their own Hand, and their Seal, (cut upon a Sardonyx of Value, and kept in a choice Ivory Box) are plain Evidence against him ; do you, sweet Sir, think yourself exempt from the Stroke of such common Accidents ? How came you to be Fortune's Favourite, hatched as we say by a white Hen, and we a baser Brood from unpropitious Eggs ? You suffer but a Trifle to be borne with moderate Concern, if you do but turn your Eyes to greater Crimes about you. What think you of the hired Cut-throat, of Fires treacherously raised by Sulphur, that first sets your Doors all in a Blaze ? What think you of the Villain who spoils some antique Shrine of a huge Goblet of venerable Rust, a whole Nation's Offering, or of a Crown presented by some ancient King ? if there be none of these the little sacrilegious Thief will scrape the gilded Thigh of Hercules, or Neptune's Beard, or peel the Leaf-gold laid upon Castor's Statue. What will not he dare, that has been used to steal Jove's Image, and even to melt the Thunderer down ? What think you of the Compounders and Sellers of Poison, of Parricides thrown in  
an

*Et deducendum corio bovis in mare, cum quo*

155

*Clauditur adversis innoxia simia fatis.*

*Hæc quota pars scelerum, quæ custòs Gallicus urbis*

*Usque à Lucifero, donec lux occidat, audit ?*

*Humanl generis mores tibi nôsse volenti*

*Sufficit una domus ; paucos consume dies, &*

160

*Dicere te miserum, postquàm illinc veneris, aude.*

*Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus ? Aut quis*

*In Meroë crasso majorem infante mamillam ?*

*Cærule quis stupuit Germani lumina, flavam*

*Cæsariem, & madido torquentem cornua cirro ?*

165

*Nempè quòd hæc illis natura est omnibus una.*

*Ad subitas Thracum volucres, nubemque sonoram*

*Pygmæus parvis currit bellator in armis :*

*Mox impar hosti, raptusque per æra curvis*

*Unguibus è sævâ fertur grue : Si videas hæc*

170

*Gentibus in nostris, risu quaterere : sed illic,*

*Quanquam eadem assiduè spectentur prælia, ridet*

*Nemo, ubi tota cohortis pede non est altior uno.*

*Nullane perjuri capitis, fraudisque nefandæ*

*Pœna erit ? abreptum crede hunc graviore catenâ*

175

*Protinus, & nostro (quid plus vespit ira ? necari*

*Arbitrio. manet illa tamenjactura, nec unquam*

*Depositum tibi sospes erit : sed corpore trunco :*

*Invidiosa dabit minimus solatia sanguis :*

*At vindicta bonum vitâ jucundius ipsâ.*

180

*Nempe hic indocti, quorum præcordia nullis*

*Interdum, aut levibus videas flagrantia causis.*



an Ox Hide into the Sea, with whom, hard Fate!  
 the guiltless Ape is doomed to die? What Trifles are  
 these Crimes, if once compared with such as Gallius  
 the Præfect of the City hears, sitting in Court  
 from Break of Day till Night? If you desire to know  
 the Vices of Mankind, this Court alone will shew a-  
 bundantly; do but attend a few Days here, and when  
 you come away, dare, if you can, to call yourself  
 unhappy. Who wonders on the y Alps, to see a  
 hanging Throat? Who stares, in Meroe, at the Mo-  
 ther's Breast larger than the plump Infant? Who is  
 surprized to meet a German with his blue Eyes and  
 yellow Hair, twisting his anointed Locks, like  
 Horns, into a Curl? The Reason is because Nature  
 acts uniformly, and appears one and the same in all.  
 When suddenly a Flight of Cranes descends like a  
 dark Cloud, cruncing with dreadful Noise, the  
 Pygmy Warrior hurries to his Arms so small; but  
 soon o'erpower'd, and carried sprawling thro' the  
 Air, is borne away in the bent Claws of his most  
 cruel Foe. If you were to see this in our Country,  
 you would shake your Sides with Laughing: but  
 there, where such Battles are fought every Day, no  
 one so much as smiles, and yet not a Soldier in the  
 Army measures much above a Foot.

“ But shall no Punishment pursue the perjured  
 Head, a Treachery horrid as this !” Suppose the  
 Villain cast into a Dungeon, loaded with heaviest  
 Chains, and tortured there at your own Will, (and  
 what can Rage desire more than this?) Your Loss  
 would still remain the same, nor would your Pledge  
 be ever the more safe. “ But the least Drop of Blood,  
 pressed from his mangled Body, would give me  
 Comfort even to be envied; Revenge affords a  
 Pleasure sweeter than Life itself.” Fools indeed  
 think so, whose very Bowels are all on fire, some-  
 times

y The Inhabitants about the Alps have generally great Swellings  
 in their Throat, occasioned; it is supposed, by drinking the Snow-  
 Water.

z The Pygmies were a People of Thrace, not much  
 above a Foot high, who had continual War with the Cranes.



Quantulacunque adeò est occasio, sufficiet iræ.  
 Chrysippus non dicet idem, nee mite Thaletis  
 Ingenium, dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto, 185  
 Qui partem acceptæ sæva inter vincla cicute  
 Accusatori nollet dare. Plurima felix  
 Paulatim vitia, atque errores exuit omnes,  
 Prima docens rectum sapientia: quippe minuti  
 Semper & infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas 190  
 Ultio. continuò sic collige, quòd vindicta  
 Nemo magis gaudet, quàm fœmina. cur tamen hos tu  
 Evasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti  
 Mens habet attonitos, & surdo verbere cædit,  
 Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum? 195  
 Pœna autem vehemens, ac multo sævior illis,  
 Quas & Cæditius gravis invenit aut Rhadamantibus,  
 Nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.  
 \* Spartano cuidam respondit Pythia vatês,  
 Haud impunitum quondam fore, quòd dubitaret 200  
 Depositum retinere, & fraudem jure tueri  
 Jurando; quærebat enim quæ numinis esset  
 Mens; & an hoc illi facinus suaderet Apollo.  
 Reddidit ergo metu, non moribus; & tamen omnem  
 Vocem adyti dignam templo, veramque probavit, 205  
 Extinctus totâ pariter cum prole domoque;  
 Et quamvis longâ deductis gente propinquis.  
 Has patitur pœnas peccandi sola voluntas.  
 Nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum,  
 Facti crimen habet: cedò, si conata peregit? 210  
 Perpetua anxietas nec mensæ tempore cessat:  
 Paucibus ut morbo sicci, interque molares

Difficili

\* The Poet alludes here to a Story related by Herodotus, of one Glaucus a Spartan, with whom a Milesian, in Confidence of his Honesty, left a Sum of Money in Trust; the Sons of this Milesian, some time after, came and demanded the Money; but Glaucus denied it, and sent them away without it. Yet going to the Oracle to know whether he should constantly deny it or not, he was answered, that if he forswore the Money, he might escape for a time; but for his wicked Design, he and all his Family should be utterly destroyed. Upon this Glaucus sent for the Milesians, and paid them the whole Sum. But what the Oracle foretold came to pass, for he and all his Kindred were soon exterminated.

times for nothing, or for the smallest Reason; any the least Occasion is enough to raise their Passion: but so said not Chrysippus, nor the forgiving Mind of Thales, nor old Socrates, a Neighbour to the sweet Hymettus, who bound in cruel Chains, would not offer one Drop of the cold Hemlock to his Accuser. Wisdom that first informs us what is right, strips us by Degrees of every Vice and every Error; Revenge is pleasing only to a little, an abject, and a narrow Mind. This you may soon collect from hence, that no Creature is more delighted with Revenge than Woman. But why should you suppose those Wretches escape unpunished, whose very Souls, conscious of dreadful Crimes, are all Astonishment, are lashed with Strokes unheard, Conscience the Executioner shaking her secret Whip with Terror over them? To carry Night and Day within his Breast a Witness of his Guilt, is Vengeance more severe, more terrible than what the stern Dæditius, or Rhadamanthus Judge of Hell, could e'er invent.

A certain Spartan was answered by the Pythian Prophetess, that he should retain a Pledge left in his Hands, or defend the Fraud by a false Oath. He inquired what the Opinion of the Deity was, and whether Apollo approved of the Deceit: however, the Money he restored, more from a Principle of Fear than of Conscience: yet the Event confirmed the Prediction of the Oracle to be true, and worthy of the Shrine from whence it came; for the Man, with his Children and Family, was utterly extirpated, with all his Relations, tho' descended from a long Train of Ancestors. Thus was the meer Intention of doing ill, most justly punished; for he, who in his Heart conceives a secret Villainy, has equal Guilt as if he did the Act. But had he finished the Design, what would he suffer? Perpetual Torment, without respite even at his Meals, his Jaws parched as in a Fever, his Meat hard to swallow, and swelling between

Difficili crescente cibo. sed vina misellus  
 Exspuit: Albani veteris pretiosa senectus  
 Displicet. ostendas melius, densissima ruga 215  
 Cogitur in frontem, velut acri ducta Falerno.  
 Nocte brevem si fortè indulset cura soporem,  
 Et tota versata toro jam membra quiescunt,  
 Continuo templum, & violati numinis aras,  
 Et (quod præcipuis mentem sudoribus urget) 220  
 Te videt in somnis. tua sacra & major imago  
 Humanâ turbat pavidum, cogitque fateri.  
 Hi sunt qui trepidant, & ad omnia fulgura pallent,  
 Cum tonat; exanimes primo quoque murmure cæli:  
 Non quasi fortuitus, nec ventorum rabie, sed 225  
 Iratus cadat in terras, & vindicet ignis.  
 Illa nihil nocuit, curâ graviore timetur  
 Proxima tempestas; velut hoc dilata sereno:  
 Præterea lateris vigili cum febre dolorem  
 Si cæpere pati, missum ad sua corpora morbum 230  
 Insesto credunt à numine: saxa Deorum  
 Hæc, & tela putant. pecudem spondere sacello  
 Balantem, & Laribus aristam promittere galli  
 Non audent. quid enim sperare nocentibus ægris  
 Concessum? vel quæ non dignior hostia vita? 235  
 Mobilis & varia est ferme natura malorum.  
 Cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia: quid fas,  
 Atque nefas, tandem incipiunt sentire, peractis  
 Criminibus. tamen ad mores natura recurrit  
 Damnatos, fixa & mutari nescia. nam quis  
 Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit  
 Ejectas semel attritâ de fronte ruborem?

tween his Grinders. The miserable Wretch spues  
 up his Wine, the precious Juice of the Albanian  
 Grape, mellowed with Age, displeases; set before  
 him Liquor of a nobler Flavour, he makes a sour  
 Face all over Wrinkles, as if it were tart Falernian.  
 If in the Night the Horror of his Mind allows him  
 a short Repose, and his Limbs, tired with tossing  
 o'er the Bed, enjoy some Rest, presently in his  
 Dreams he sees the Temple, the Altars of the Deity  
 profaned, and (which presses his dark Soul with Ago-  
 nies not to be endured) he sees Thee, thy dreadful  
 Figure of Gigantick Size, torments him quaking with  
 fear, and frights him to confess; these are the Guilty  
 that tremble at every Flash of Lightning, at every  
 Thunder-clap, turn pale, are dying at the least  
 Grumbling in the Air; the Fire he knows is not the  
 Effect of Chance, or raised by Rage of Winds; but  
 falls in Fury on the Earth, and comes full charged  
 with Vengeance. This Stroke perhaps he escapes,  
 but dreads the next with double Horror, as if delay-  
 ed by one fair Day, only to fall the heavier. Be-  
 sides, when they begin to feel a sharp Pleurettick  
 Pain, attended by a wakeful Fever, the Disease in-  
 sisted on their Bodies, they believe, is sent by some  
 enraged Deity. These are the Stones they think,  
 the Artillery of the Gods to plague the Wicked.  
 They dare not vow to offer at the Altar a bleating  
 Lamb for their Recovery, nor promise a poor Cock's  
 Crest as an Oblation to their Lares; what can such  
 guilty Souls be allowed to hope for when they are  
 sick? Or what Victim does not more deserve to live  
 than they? The Nature of the Wicked is commonly  
 wavering and timorous at first, but engaging in the  
 Act, they become resolute. When the Pleasure of  
 the Crime is over, they begin too late to reflect, to  
 distinguish between Right and Wrong; but Nature  
 soon returns to vitious Courses, in that she is fixed  
 and unchangeable. For who engaged in Vice ever  
 set bounds to the Pursuit of it? When did a Man

*Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno  
 Flagitio? dabit in laqueum vestigia noster  
 Perfidus, & nigri patietur carceris uncum,  
 Aut maris Ægæi rupem, scopulosque frequentes  
 Exulibus magnis. pœnâ gaudebis amarâ  
 Nominis inuisi: tandemque fatebere lætus  
 Nec furdum, nec Tiresiam quenquam esse Deorum.*

245



## S A T I R A XIV.

*Plurima sunt, Fuscine, & famâ digna sinistrâ,  
 Et nitidis maculam hæsuram figentia rebus,  
 Quæ monstrant ipsi pueris traduntque parentes.  
 Si daminosa senem juvat alea, ludit & hæres  
 Bullatus, parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo:  
 Nec de se meliùs cuiquam sperare propinquo  
 Concedet juvenis, qui rade're tubera terræ,  
 Boletum condire, & eodem jure natantes  
 Mergere ficedulas didicit, nebulone parente,  
 Et canâ monstrante gulâ. cum septimus annus  
 Transferit puero, nondum omni dente renato,  
 Barbatos licet admoveas mille inde magistros,  
 Hinc totidem, cupiet lauto cœnare paratu  
 Semper, & à magnâ non degenerare culina.*

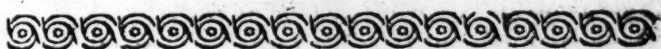
5

10

Mitem



recover his Modesty once banished from his harden'd Face ; Where is he that contented himself with tasting a Sin but once ? This cheating Villain of yours will never rest, till he has got his Legs into Fetters, and drags his Chain in some dark Dungeon, or is banished into a craggy Isle of the Ægean Sea, among the Rocks thronged with Exiles of the first Quality ; then will you glory in the bitter Punishment of his hated Name ; and then with Joy confess that no God is deaf, or, as <sup>z</sup> Tiresias, blind.



## S A T I R E XIV.

**T**HERE are many Actions, Fuscinus, that are deservedly scandalous, and fix a lasting Stain and Blemish upon the most inoffensive Behaviour, which Parents themselves daily shew and recommend to their Children. If the fatal Dye be the favourite Pleasure of the Father, you will see the Son and Heir in Hanging-sleeves shaking his little Box, and engaging at the same Weapons. Nor does the Youth give any of his Relations a better Prospect of doing well, who has learnt to peel a Fungus, to pickle a Mushroom, and set the <sup>a</sup> Beccafico a swimming in the same Liquor ; and this by the Instruction of the Epicure his Father, by the Example of Gluttony in grey Hairs. Take such a Lad just turned of seven, before his Sett of Teeth are all come again, and, place a thousand of the gravest Tutors on one Side of him, and as many of the other, he will be always longing for an extravagant Supper, and never degenerate from the Luxury of his Father's Kitchen. Is

<sup>z</sup> A blind Soothsayer of Thebes, fabled to be struck blind by Juno, for deciding a Dispute between her and her Husband, in favour of Jupiter, who in requital gave him the Gift of Prophecy.

<sup>a</sup> A delicious Bird called a Fig-eater, recommended by Apicius according to the wanton Cookery of those times. This was the only Bird, it seems, that was usually eaten all of it ; for it was esteemed a Sign of a coarse vulgar Palate, to eat any more than the hinder Parts of other Birds.

D d 2



Mitem animum, & mores, modicis erroribus æquos :  
 Præcipit, atque animas servorum, & corpora nostra 16  
 Materiâ constare putat, paribusque elementis ;  
 An scire docet Rutilus ? qui gaudet acerbo  
 Plagarum strepitu, & nullam Sirena flagellis  
 Comparat, Antiphates trepidi laris, ac Polyphemus ?  
 Tum felix, quoties aliquis tortore vocato 21  
 Uritur ardenti duo propter lintea ferro.  
 Quid suadet juveni lætus stridore catenæ,  
 Quem mire afficiunt inscripta ergastula, carcer  
 Rusticus ? Expectas, ut non sit adultera Largæ 25  
 Filia, quæ nunquam maternos dicere mæchos  
 Tam citò, nec tanto poterit contexere cursu,  
 Ut non ter decies respiret ? conscia matri  
 Virgo fuit : ceras nunc hæc dictante pusillas  
 Implet, & ad mæchum dat eisdem ferre cinædis. 30  
 Sic natura jubet : Velociùs & citiùs nec  
 Corruptunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis  
 Cùm subeunt animos authoribus. Unus & alter  
 Forsitan hæc spernant juvenes, quibus arte benignâ,  
 Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan. 35

Is Rutilus capable of setting his Children an Example of a mild Disposition, of a Temper that makes allowance for small Faults? Does he think his Servants have Souls, and that their Bodies are made of Flesh and Blood, and of the same Elements with his own? Does not he rather shew a Pattern of Cruelty? Does not he delight in the sad Noise of Blows, and prefers the Crack of Whips to the Musick of a Siren? Is he not a downright <sup>b</sup> Antiphates, a Polyphemus to his trembling Family? Never happy but when one of his Servants is <sup>c</sup> burnt by the Executioner with a hot Iron, for stealing such a Trifle as a couple of Towels? What but Barbarity can a Father who is pleased with the rattling of Chains, recommend to his Son, whom he has taught to be wonderfully delighted with the Sight of Slaves branded, and with the Smell of a Country Jail? Do you expect that the Daughter of Larga should not be a common Strumpet, who could not repeat the Names of her Mothers's Adulterers, let her run over the List ever so fast, without taking breath at least thirty times? The Girl was privy to her Mother's Lewdness, now she is grown up to write her little Billetdoux, instructed by the old Bawd, and sends them to her Gallant by the same Pimps; it was natural to do so, for Examples of Vice in the same Family corrupt the soonest, especially under the Influence of those who have a Right to use Authority over us. One Youth perhaps among a thousand may despise the Infection of his Father's Vices, but he must have been moulded with singular Art indeed, and his Contexture formed out of the finest Clay. But generally the

<sup>b</sup> A King of the Læstrigones, a savage People near Formiz in Italy, Eaters of Man's Flesh; Polyphemus the Cyclops lived upon the same Diet.

<sup>c</sup> It was the Custom to brand their Servants with deep Characters upon their Faces, being their Master's Mark by which they were known, that if they ran away they might be brought back again. The common Letter with which they were branded to express their Flight, was the Greek ο.

*Sed reliquos fugienda patrum vestigia ducunt ;  
Et monstrata diu veteris trahit orbita culpæ.  
Abstineas igitur damnandis : hujus enim vel  
Una potens ratio est, ne crimina nostra sequantur  
Ex nobis geniti : quoniam dociles imitandis* 40  
*Turpibus & pravis omnes sumus ; & Catilinam.  
Quocunque in populo videas, quocunque sub axe :  
Sed nec Brutus erit, Bruti nec avunculus usquam.  
Nil dictu foedum, visuque hæc limina tangat,  
Intra quæ puer est. procul hinc, procul inde puellæ  
Lenonum. & cantus pernoctantis parasiti.* 46  
*Maxima debetur puero reverentia. Si quid  
Turpe paras, ne tu pueri contempseris annos :  
Sed peccaturo obsistat tibi filius infans.  
Nam si quid dignum Censoris fecerit irâ,* 50  
*(Quandoquidem similem tibi se non corpore tantum,  
Nec vultu dederit, morum quoque filius) & cùm  
Omnia deterius tua per vestigia peccet,  
Corripies nimirum, & castigabis acerbo  
Clamore, ac post hæc tabulas mutare parabis:* 55  
*Unde tibi frontem, libertatemque parentis,  
Cùm facias pejora senex ? vacuumque cerebro  
Jampridem caput hoc ventosa cucurbita querat ?  
Hospite venturo, cessabit nemo tuorum :  
Verre pavimentum, nitidas ostende columnas.* 60  
*Arida cum totâ descendat aranea telâ :  
Hic læve argentum, vasa aspera tergeat alter :  
Vox domini fremit instantis, virgamque tenentis.*

Ergo

the deſtable Examples of Parents leave a laſting Impreſſion upon Children, and the beaten Track of Wickedneſs, conſtantly before their Eyes, draws them into the ſame Crimes. Refrain therefore from ill Actions, were it only for this one invincible Reaſon, leſt our Children ſhould follow us in the ſame Vices ; for we are all of us too ready to imitate baſe and depraved Examples. You may ſee a Catiline in every Nation, in every Climate, but no where will you find a Brutus or a Cato. Nothing indecent to be ſaid or ſeen ſhould approach thoſe Doors where there are Children. Hence, far away, be gone you hired Whores, and filthy Catches of the Paraſite ſinging all Night for Bread. The greateſt Reverence is due to Youth. If you propoſe to commit a ſecret Sin, do not deſpiſe the tender Years of your Son, but let the Preſence of the little Boy check your Deſign, and ſtop you from the Act. If the Lad proves vicious, and falls under the Correſtion of the Cenſor, (for he is not to reſemble you in Perſon and in Face only, but will ſhew himſelf the Son of your Morals, and become much worſe by following you in all your Steps) no doubt, you will call him to a ſevere Account, and exclaim bitterly againſt him ; and if he does not mend his Manners, you will alter your Will, and diſinherit him. With what Face can you aſſume the Look and Authority of a Father, when you, an old Fellow too, do much worſe ? when that brainleſs Head of yours has long ſince called loud for d Cupping-glaſſes to ſet it right ?

When a Friend intends you a Viſit, not one in the Family is idle ; “ Rub all the Floors, ſee the “ Pillars are clean, brush the dead Spiders and the “ Cobwebs down ; you, Sir, ſcour all the plain Plate, “ and you, the figured :” The Maſter’s bluſtering Voice, and the Whip in his Hand, keep them all to their

*Ergo* d. The ancient Cupping-glaſſes were of Braſe and Horn ; in a Phrency they uſed to trepan the Patient, or open the Fore-part of his Skull, and ſet on Cupping-glaſſes to take off the Fever, and bring him to ſleep.

*Ergo miser trepidas, ne stercore sæda canino*

*Atria displiceant oculis venientis amici?*

65

*Ne perfusa luto sit porticus: Et tamen uno*

*Semodio scobis hæc emundet servulus unus:*

*Illud non agitas, ut sanctam filius omni*

*Aspiciat sinè labe domum, vitioque carentem?*

*Gratum est, quòd patriæ civem populoque dedisti,*

70

*Si facis, ut patriæ sit idoneus, utilis agris,*

*Utilis Et bellorum, Et pacis rebus agendis.*

*Plurimum enim intererit, quibus artibus, & quibus  
hunc tu*

*Moribus instituas. Serpente ciconia pullos*

*Nutrit, Et inventâ per devia rura lacertâ:*

75

*Illi eadè sumptis quærunt animalia pennis.*

*Vultur jumento Et canibus, crucibusque relictis,*

*Ad sætus properat, partemque cadaveris affert.*

*Hinc est ergo cibus magni quoque vulturis, Et se*

*Pascentis, propriâ cum jam facit arbore nidos.*

80

*Sed leporem, aut, copream, famulæ Jovis, Et generasæ*

*In saltu venantur aves: hinc præda cubili*

*Ponitur: inde autem, cum se matura levârit*

*Progenies stimulante fame, festinât ad illam*

*Quam primùm rupto prædam gustaverat ovo,*

85

*Edificator erat Centronius, Et modò curvo*

*Littore Cajetæ, summâ nunc Tiburis arce,*

*Nunc Prænestinis in montibus, alta parabat*

*Culmina villarum, Græcis, longèque petitis*

*Marmoribus, vincens Fortunæ atque Herculis ædem;*

*Ut spado vincebat Capitolia nostra Possides.*

91

*Dum sic ergo habitat Centronius, imminuit rem.*

Fregit



their Work. Wretch? dost thou tremble lest thy Court-yard, fouled by some filthy Cur, should distast<sup>e</sup> the Eyes of thy expected Guest, lest thy Gallery should be covered with Dirt, when an ordinary Servant with half a Bushel of scouring Dust, would make every thing clean, and yet hast no Concern that thy Son should see a sober Family at home, without Reproach, and free from Vice? It is commendable, I own, that you gave a Subject to your Country and the Roman People; but then you should take care that he be worthy of his Country, that he understands the Business of the Field, that he is qualified to transact the Affairs of War and Peace; for it is of the utmost Consequence, with what Principles, with what Morals you furnish him in his Youth. The Stork feeds her Young with Serpents, and with Lizards she finds in the wild Woods; they, when they can fly, pursue the same Creatures for their Food. The Vulture hastens to his Brood with Horse-flesh, with Dogs, with Limbs from Gibbets, and brings part of the Carcase with her. The young, when grown up to feed themselves, live upon the same Diet, and chuse Trees to build Nests of their own. But Jove's Eagle, and Birds of nobler Blood, hunt the Woods for the Hare or the Kid, from thence they bear their Prey home; and so their Young, when raised upon the Wing, and Hunger pinches, hasten to that Prey, which first they tasted when they burst the Shell.

Centronius was a Builder; one while the lofty Tops of Palaces he raised upon e<sup>e</sup> Cajeta's winding Shore; then at the Tower of Tibur, now on Præneste's Hills, with Grecian Marble, and far fetched, as much exceeding the Temple of Fortune and of Hercules, as <sup>f</sup> Posides the Eunuch out-did the Fabrick of the Capitol; Centronius therefore living thus in Grandeur, lessened his Fortune, impaired his Wealth,

and

<sup>e</sup> A Sea-port in Campania, not far from Baiz, built in Memory of Cajeta Nurse to Æneas.

<sup>f</sup> A Freedman of Claudius Cæsar. He built at Baiz that stately Fabrick called the Posidonian Bath.



*Fregit opes, nec parva tamen mensura relicta  
 Purvis erat; totam hanc turbavit filius amens,  
 Dum meliore novas attollit marmore villas.*

95

*Quidam sortiti metuentem Sabbata patrem,  
 Nil præter nubes, & cæli numen adorant;  
 Nec distare putant humanâ carne suillam,  
 Quâ pater abstinuit; mox & præputia ponunt:  
 Romanas autem soliti contemnere leges,  
 Judaicum ediscunt, & servant, ac metuunt jus,  
 Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moses:  
 Non monstrare vias, eadem nisi sacra colenti;  
 Quæsitum ad fontem solos deducere verpos.  
 Sed pater in causâ, cui septima quæque fuit lux  
 Ignava, & partem vitæ non attigit ullam.*

100

105

*Sponte tamen juvenes imitantur cætera: solam  
 Inviti quoque avaritiam exercere jubentur.  
 Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis, & umbra,  
 Cum sit triste habitu, vultuque & veste severum,  
 Nec dubiè tanquam frugi laudatur avarus,  
 Tanquam parvus homo, & rerum tutela suarum  
 Certa magis, quàm si fortunas servet easdem  
 Hesperidum serpens, aut Ponticus. adde quòd hunc, de  
 Quo loquor, egregium populus putat, atque verendum  
 Artificem: quæque his crescunt patrimonia fabris.  
 Sed crescunt quocunque modo, majoraque fiunt  
 Incude assiduâ, semperque ardente camino.  
 Et pater ergo animi felices credit avaros,  
 Qui miratur opes, qui nulla exempla beati*

110

116

120

Pauperis

and yet what he left of his great Estate, was no in-  
considerable Part ; all this however his mad Son ran  
through, attempting to raise new Villas of more ex-  
pensive Marble.

There are some descended from a Father who  
dreads to break the Sabbath ; these worship nothing  
but the Clouds, and one only God that dwells above.  
The Flesh of Swine they hold as execrable to eat as  
human Bodies. Of this their Fathers never touched.  
They cut off the Foreskin, and are used betimes to  
vilify the Roman Rites, they learn to keep the Jewish  
Rules, and fear no Laws, but what are published in  
the mystic Volume by Moses. They will not so  
much as shew the Way to one of a different Reli-  
gion, nor lead a Stranger to a desired Spring to drink,  
only their Brethren of the Circumcision. And why ?  
their Fathers taught them so, who every seventh  
Day kept idle, nor made it answer to any the least  
Purposes of Life.

All other Vices Youth are fond to imitate, but that  
of Avarice is forced upon them against their Wills ;  
this Vice deceives under the Pretence and Shade of  
Virtue ; it has a reverend Outside, its Face and Dress  
shew solemn and severe ; no wonder then the Cove-  
tous is applauded as a frugal, as a thrifty Man, whose  
Money is secured more safely than if those Bags were  
guarded by the g Hesperian or Pontic Serpent. Be-  
sides, this very Man the People praise as excellent,  
and respect as a most ingenious Artist ; for it is by  
Workmen such as these Estates are raised, but raised  
they are, no matter how ; by laying on the Anvil  
perpetually, and keeping the Forge hot, Fortunes are  
hammered out. The Father therefore believes the  
Covetous alone blest in their Minds, he admires their  
Wealth, and thinks there is no Example of a poor  
Man

g The Dragon that watched the Garden of the Hesperides, the  
Daughters of Atlas : from whence, notwithstanding, Hercules stole  
the Golden Apples. Jason likewise carried off the Golden Fleece,  
guarded by the Dragon at Colchos in Pontus.

*Pauperis esse putat : juvenes hortatur, ut illam  
Ire viam pergant, & eidem incumbere secta.  
Sunt quædam vitiorum elementa : his protinus illos  
Imbuit, & cogit minimas ediscere sordes.*

*Mox acquirende docet insatiabilis votum.* 125

*Servorum ventres modio castigat iniquo,  
Ipse quoque esuriens : neque enim omnia sustinet unquam  
Mucida cærulei panis consumere frustra,  
Hesternum solitus medio servare minutal  
Septembri ; nec non differre in tempora cænæ* 130

*Alterius, conchen æstivi cum parte lacerti  
Signatam, vel dimidio putrique siluro,  
Filaque sectivi numerata includere porri.  
Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negaret.  
Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas ?* 135

*Cùm furor haud dubius, cùm sit manifesta phrenesis,  
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato ?  
Intereâ pleno cùm turget sacculus ore,  
Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit ;  
Et minùs hanc optat, qui non habet. ergo paratur* 140

*Alter villa tibi, cùm rus non sufficit unum,  
Et proferre libet fines : majorque videtur,  
Et melior vicina seges : mercaris & hanc, &  
Arbusta, & densâ montem qui canet olivâ :  
Quorum si pretio, dominus non vincitur ullo,* 145  
*Nocte boves macri, lassoque famelica collo  
Armenta ad virides hujus mittentur aristas ;  
Nec priùs inde domum, quàm tota novalia sævos  
In ventres abeant, ut credas falcibus actum,  
Dicere vix possis, quam multi talia plorent,  
Et quot venales injuria fecerit agros.* 150  
*Sed qui sermones ? quàm scædæ buccina fama ?*

Man happy ; his Sons he strictly orders to go the same way, and follow close that thriving Sect. There are certain Elements of Vice, with these he seasons first their tender Years, and compels the Youth to learn the meanest, the most sordid Stinginess; then as they grow up, he opens to them the unbounded Scene of growing rich. He mortifies his Servants Bellies by short Allowance, himself half-starved, nor will he suffer all the mouldy Crusts of his blue Bread to be devoured at once ; he sets by Part of the Hash of yesterday in the middle of September, and lays up for another Meal the Dish of cold Beans with Scraps of Summer Fish sealed up ; nor does he forget to save half of a stinking Shad, and the Threads of a chop'd Leek, carefully counted lest they should be stolen, A Beggar on a Bridge invited here would scorn to come.

But to what End serve Riches heaped together with such Plagues, since it is Madness beyond Dispute, a Phrenzy most notorious to live poor, that you may die rich. Besides, when your Bags are full up to the Mouth, your Love of Money grows as your Wealth increases ; the Man that has none desires it the least. You look out then for another Farm, one is not enough, you want to extend your Boundaries ; your Neighbour's Crop shews larger and better than your own, his Field therefore must be purchased, his Grove, and the Hill white with a Wood of Olives when in Bloom. If the Owner refuses to sell at any Price, your lean Oxen, and starved Herd, with their tired Neck, are turned into his green Corn by Night, nor will they stir homewards, till the whole Crop be swallowed into their insatiable Guts, that you would think the Field had been reaped with Sickles. It is incredible almost how many have suffered by such Oppression, how many, Injuries of this Nature have forced to sell their Estates.

But what does the World say of you, what a foul Character you have abroad ? " What does this hurt

E e

me ?

*Quid nocet hoc ? inquit. tunicam mihi malo lupini.*

*Quam si me toto laudet vicinia pago*

*Exigui ruris paucissima farra secantem.*

155

*Scilicet & morbis & debilitate carebis,*

*Et luctum & curam effugies, & tempora vitæ*

*Longa tibi post hæc fato meliore dabuntur ;*

*Si tantum culti solus possederis agri,*

*Quantum sub Tatio populus Romanus arabat.*

160

*Mox etiam fractis ætate, ac Punica passis*

*Prælia, vel Pyrrhum immanem, gladiosque Molossos,*

*Tandem pro multis vix jugera bina dabantur*

*Vulneribus. merces ea sanguinis atque laboris*

*Nullis visa unquam meritis minor, aut ingrata*

165

*Curta fides patriæ. saturabat glebula talis*

*Patrem ipsum, turbamque casæ, quâ sæta jacebat*

*Uxor, & infantes ludebant quatuor, unus*

*Vernula, tres domini : sed magnis fratribus horum*

*A scrobe vel sulco redeuntibus, altera cæna*

170

*Amplior, & grandes fumabant pultibus ollæ.*

*Nunc modus hic agri nostro non sufficit horto.*

*Inde ferè scelerum causæ, nec plura venena*

*Miscuit, aut ferro grassatur sæpius ullum*

*Humanæ mentis vitium, quàm sæva cupido*

175

*Indomiti censûs. nam dives qui fieri vult,*

*Et citò vult fieri. sed quæ reverentia legum ?*

*Quis metus, aut pudor est unquam properantis avari ?*

*Vivite contenti casulis & collibus istis,*

*O pueri. Marsus dicebat & Hernicus olim,*

180

*Vestinusque senex : panem quæramus aratro,*

*Qui satis est mensis : laudant hoc numina ruris,*

*Quorum ope & auxilio, gratæ post munus aristæ,*

*Contingunt*



“ me ? he cries ; I value the Husk of a Bean more  
“ than to have the Praise of all the Town, if my  
“ Farm be small, and affords but a poor Crop.” No  
doubt, you will escape Distempers and Sickness,  
avoid all Sorrow and Care, and be allowed a long  
Stage of Life, attended with uncommon Happiness,  
provided you alone possessed as much ploughed Land  
as the whole Roman People cultivated in the Reign  
of Tatius. Since those Times, the Soldier broken  
by Age, engaged in all the Punic Wars, who had felt  
the Rage of cruel Pyrrhus and Molossian Swords, was  
scarce at length rewarded with two Acres for his  
many Wounds ; this Recompence for Blood and  
Toil, no one thought less than he deserved, or called  
his Country ungrateful, as if the Allotment were too  
scanty. So small a Share of Land maintained in  
Plenty the Father himself, the large Family of his  
Cottage, where his Wife lay big with Child, and four  
young Boys play’d upon the Ground, one a Slave,  
three free-born ; but then a Mess larger than ordi-  
nary was provided for their lusty Brothers returning  
from the Ditch or Plough, then the largest Pot  
smoked with Pulse for Supper ; but now so small a  
Piece of Ground would scarce serve for a Garden.

Hence commonly arise the Seeds of Villainy ; for  
there is no Wickedness in the Heart of Man, that  
compounds more Poisons, or rages oftner with a  
murdering Sword, than the insatiable Desire of an  
unbounded Fortune. The Man that resolves to be  
wealthy, would be so soon ; where is the Reverence  
of the Laws ? Where are any Restraints of Fear or  
Shame upon a covetous Mind that hurries to be rich ?

“ Live content, my Boys, with your Cottages and  
“ your rugged Hills,” said honest Marfus, Hernicus,  
and old Vestinus in former Days. “ Let us get Bread  
“ by the Plough sufficient for our Tables, the Rural  
“ Gods applaud our Diligence : It was their Bounty  
“ and Assistance that bestowed upon us the Use of



*Contingunt homini veteris fastidia quercûs.*

*Nil vetitum fecisse volet, quem non pudet alto* 185

*Per glaciem perone tegi ; qui summovet Euros*

*Pellibus inversis. peregrina, ignotaque nobis*

*Ad scelus atque nefas, quodcunque est, purpura ducit.*

*Hæc illi veteres præcepta minoribus : at nunc*

*Post finem autumnî mediâ de nocte supinum* 190

*Clamorus juvenem pater excitat : accipe ceras,*

*Scribe, puer, vigila, causas age, perlege rubras*

*Majorum leges, aut vitem posce libello.*

*Sed caput intactum buxo, naresque pilosas*

*Annotet, & grandes miretur Lælius alas.* 195

*Dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantûm*

*Ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus*

*Afferat : aut longos castrorum ferre labores*

*Si piget, & trepido solvunt tibi cornua ventrem,*

*Cum lituis audita, pares, quod vendere possis* 200

*Pluris dimidio, nec te fastidia mercis*

*Ullius subeant ablegandæ Tiberim ultra :*

*Nec credas ponendum aliquid discriminis inter*

*Unguenta, & corium. lucri bonus est odor ex re*

*Quâlibet. illa tuo sententia semper in ore* 205

*Versetur, Dîs atque ipso Jove digna, potæ :*

*Unde habeas quærit nemo ; sed oportet habere.*

*Hoc monstrant vetulæ pueris poscentibus æsem :*

" Corn, and taught us to loath our old Food of  
 " Acorns ; the Poor (who is not ashamed to wade  
 " thro' Ice in his high Shoes, and keeps off the East  
 " Wind by Skins turned Inside out) is an Enemy to  
 " Vice ; foreign Purple it was, unknown to us, that  
 " led Men into Wickedness, into Crimes of every  
 " sort." These Remarks those good old Men left to  
 their Posterity. But now the bawling Father rouses  
 his sleepy Son at the End of Autumn, and at Mid-  
 night ; " Wake, Boy, take your Paper, write,  
 " make a Motion in Court, turn over the red-let-  
 " ter'd Titles of our old LawBooks, or else petition  
 " to be a Captain ; Lælius the General has his Eye  
 " upon those uncombed Locks of your's, those hairy  
 " Nostrils, and admires the Breadth of your Shoul-  
 " ders ; down then with the Tents of the Moors,  
 " and the Castles of the Brigantines, that by Sixty  
 " you may rise to the fat Post of a Standard-bearer.  
 " But if you do not care for the long Fatigues of a  
 " Camp ; if the Trumpet or the Cornet's Sound set  
 " you trembling, and throws you into a Lax, take  
 " to a Shop ; buy what you are sure to sell for Pro-  
 " fit more than half: do not be nice in what Com-  
 " modities you deal in, tho' fit for the other Side of  
 " the <sup>h</sup> Tiber ; and believe there is no manner of  
 " Difference whether you are a Perfumer, or a  
 " stinking Tanner ; for the Smell of Gain is sweet,  
 " whatever it comes from ; let that Maxim of the  
 " Poet, (worthy of the Gods, of Jupiter himself) be  
 " always in your Mouth : <sup>k</sup> No one asks whence it  
 " comes, but come it must : " This is the Lesson  
 the old Women teach the Boys when they are beg-  
 ging

<sup>h</sup> Beyond the Tiber, Tanning and other noisome Trades were carried on to preserve the City sweet and healthy.

<sup>i</sup> He alludes to the Answer of Vespasian Cæsar made to his Son Titus, that was against the raising of Money by a Tax laid upon Urine. Vespasian, pulling out of his Pocket a new-minted Piece of Gold, asked, How smells it, Titus ? He replied, Very well, Sir. Yet, said Vespasian, this came out of the Piss-pot.

<sup>k</sup> This whole Verse is quoted out of the old Poet Ennius.

*Hoc discunt omnes ante Alpha & Beta puellæ.*

*Talibus instantem monitis quemcunque parentem* 210

*Sic possem affari : dic, ô vanissime, quis te*

*Festinare jubet ? meliorem præsto magistro*

*Discipulum. Securus abi : Vincêris, ut Ajax*

*Præterit Telamonem, ut Pelea vicit Achilles.*

*Parcendum est teneris : nondum implevêre medullas*

*Nativæ mala nequitiae : cùm pectere barbam* 216

*Cæperit, & longi mucronem admittere cultri,*

*Falsus erit testis, vendet perjuriam summâ*

*Exiguâ, Cereris tangens aramque pedemque.*

*Elutam jam crede nurum, si limina vestra* 220

*Mortiferâ cum dote subit. quibus illa premetur*

*Per somnum digitis ? Nam quæ terrâque marique*

*Acquirenda putes, brevior via conferet illi.*

*Nullus enim magni sceleris labor. hæc egò nunquam*

*Mandavi, dices olim, nec talia suasi :* 225

*Mentis causa malæ tamen est, & origo penes te.*

*Nam quisquis magni censûs præcepit amorem,*

*Et lævo monitu pueros producit avaros ;*

*Et qui per fraudes patrimonia condulicare*

*Dat libertatem, totas effundit habenas* 230

*Curriculû ; quem si revoces, subsistere nescit.*

*Et te contempto rapitur, metisque relictis.*

*Nemo satis credit tantum delinquere, quantum*

*Permittas : adeò indulgent sibi latins ipsi.*

*Cùm dicis juveni, stultum, qui donet amico,* 235

*Qui paupertatem levet, attollatque propinqui ;*

ging for Half-pence, this every little Girl learns before her Alphabet.

I would reply thus to any Parent seasoning his Son with such Principles : Tell me, vain Man, who bids you be in such Hastē ? The Scholar, I'll warrant him, will soon exceed the Master, don't trouble yourself, you will be undone. Ajax, you know, was more than a Match for his Father Telamon, and so was Achilles for his. Make allowance for his Youth ; the native Pōison he received from you is not yet got into his Blood ; have Patience till he begins to trim his Beard, and admit the sharp Razor upon his Face, you will soon see him a forsworn Evidence, selling his Perjuries at a very low Price, and touching the Altar and the Foot of Ceres without Fear. Pronounce your Daughter-in-law dead, if she comes within your Doors with a fatal large Fortune ; how busy his Fingers are to strangle her in her Sleep ? The Money you supposed would be acquired by trading by Sea and Land, but he knows how to come at it in a much shorter way ; there is no great Labour in being a finished Villain. You'll say perhaps when it is too late, I never gave him such Orders, it was no Advice of mine. But you were the Cause of that wicked Disposition of his, you were the Beginning of all : for whoever prescribes the Love of unbounded Wealth, and tinctures his Children with the cursed Principles of Avarice, and allows them the Liberty of doubling their Estates by Fraud, throws the Reins loose upon their Neck ; it is in vain to call them back, they don't know where to stop, they laugh at your Advice, and are carried headlong beyond all Bounds. No one thinks it enough to sin by Rule, to go as far as you allow, and no farther ; they will indulge themselves on without End, without Restraint or Controul. When you tutor your Son, and tell him that Fools only bestow any thing upon a Friend, or relieve the Poverty of a Relation ;  
you

Et spoliare doces, & circumscribere, & omni  
 Crimine divitias acquirere, quarum amor in te est,  
 Quantus erat patriæ Deciorum in pectore, quantum  
 Dilexit Thebas, si Græcia vera, Menæceus : 240  
 In quarum sulcis legiones dentibus anguis  
 Cum clypeis nascuntur, & horrida bella capeffunt  
 Continuo, tanquam & tubicen surrexerat unâ.  
 Ergo ignem, cuius scintillas ipse dedisti,  
 Flagrantem latè, & rapientem cuncta videbis. 245  
 Nec tibi parceretur misero, trepidumquæ magistrum  
 In caveâ magno fremitu leo tollet alumnus.  
 Nota methematicis genesis tua : sed grave tardas  
 Expectare colos. morieris stamine nondum  
 Abrupto : jam nunc obstat, & vota moraris ; 250  
 Jam torquet juvenem longa & cervina senectus.  
 Ocius Archigenem quære, atque eme quod Mithridates.  
 Composuit, si vis aliam decerpere ficum,  
 Atque alias tractare rosas : medicamen habendum est,  
 Sorbere ante cibum quod debeat aut pater aut Rex. 255  
 Monstro voluptatem egregiam, cui nulla theatra,  
 Nulla æquare queas Prætoris pulpita lauti,  
 Si species, quanto capitis discrimine consent  
 Incrementa domûs, æratâ multus in arcâ  
 Fiscus, & ad vigilem ponendi Castora nummi, 260

you teach him at the same time to rob, to cheat, by the worst of Crimes to get Money, which you follow with as strong a Love as the brave <sup>l</sup> Decii shew'd to save their Country, or as <sup>m</sup> Menœceus bore for Thebes, if Greece says true. There, in the Furrows, armed Legions rise from <sup>n</sup> Serpents Teeth, and wage horrid Wars continually, as if a Trumpeter had sprung up with them, and sounded the Alarm to Battle. You see then a Flame raised from a Spark blown up by your own Breath, that rages far and wide, and burns down all before it, not sparing thy wretched self; and thus the young Lion roaring in his Cage, devours his trembling Keeper,

The Astrologers, you say, have settled your Nativity; but 'tis irksome to the Boy to wait the Work of that slow lazy Distaff: No, you must die, your Thread not yet cut off. You are in his Way, you delay his Wishes; that long and Hart-like Old-Age of your's puts him beyond all Patience. Send instantly for a Physician, buy a Dose of Mithridate, if you have a mind to pluck another Fig, or smell a Rose more; get an Antidote ready to take before you eat, fit for a wealthy Father, or a Tyrant King.

I'll shew you a diverting Scene; nothing represented upon the Stage, no Shew exhibited by a Prætor in his Robe of State can be compared to it. Observe only what desperate Hazards attend the Increase of Wealth, and Treasure locked up in a Chest of Brass, and Money laid at watchful <sup>o</sup> Castor's Shrine to be secured; for Mars the Revenger has no Custom  
now,

<sup>l</sup> Noble Romans, who devoted themselves to Death, to save their Country.

<sup>m</sup> The Son of Creon King of Thebes. When the City was besieged by the Argives, the Oracle promised it should not be taken, if the last of the Family of Cadmus would voluntarily die: Menœceus, thinking himself concerned, fell upon his Sword.

<sup>n</sup> He alludes to the Story of Cadmus, who killing a great Serpent, took the Teeth and sowed them in the Ground, from each of which sprung an armed Man, who presently fell to fighting, and dispatched each other, except five, who escaped with their Lives.

<sup>o</sup> The Ancients used to lay up their Treasures in the Temples, as Places of Safety, being committed to the Custody of the Gods.



*Ex quo Mars ultor galeam quoque perdidit, & res  
Non potuit servare suas. ergo omnia Floræ  
Et Cereris licet, & Cybeles aulae relinquo,  
Tanto majores humana negotia ludi.*

*An magis oblectant animum jactata petauro  
Corpora, quique solent rectum descendere funem ?*

265

*Quam tu, Coryciâ semper qui puppe moraris,  
Atque habitas, Coro semper tollerendus & Austro,  
Perditus, ac vilis sacci mercator olentis ?*

*Qui gaudes pingue antiquæ de littore Cretæ  
Passum & municipes Jovis advexisse logenas ?*

270

*Hic tamen ancipiti figens vestigia plantâ  
Victum illâ mercede parat, brumamque famemque  
Illâ recte cavet : tu propter mille talenta*

*Et centum villas temerarius, aspice portus,*

275

*Et plenum magnis trabibus mare. plus hominum est jam*

*In pelago : veniet classis, quocunque voeârit*

*Spes lucri ; nec Carpathium, Gætulaque tantum*

*Æquora transiliet : sed longè Calpe relicta.*

*Audiet Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem.*

280

*Grande operæ pretium est, ut tenso folle reverti*

*Inde domum possis, tumidâque superbus alutâ,*

*Oceani monstra, & juvenes vidisse marinos.*

*Non unus mentes agitat furor. ille sororis*

*In manibus vultu Eumenidum terretur & igni.*

285

*Hic bove percusso mugire Agamemnona credit,*

*Aut Ithacum. parcat tunicis licet atque lacernis,*

now, e'er since he lost his Golden Helmet, nor could preserve what was his own. No more then run after the Plays of Flora, of Ceres, and of Cybele, the busy World affords much more delight : Who makes the best Sport, a Fellow that dextrously throws his Body thro' a Hoop, or slips down a strait Rope, or you who are ever on board in your <sup>p</sup> Corycian Ship; who live there subject to be tossed by all the Winds, a base Wretch, a Merchant of vile stinking Wares, whose Pleasure it is to import sweet heavy Wine, and Jove's own Country Bottles from the old Cre-tan Shore : The Dancer, who with his twining Foot takes doubtful Hold, gets Bread, he escapes Cold and Famine by his Rope ; but you venture rashly, not for what you want, but for a thousand Talents, an hundred Villas. See the Havens, the Seas covered with great Ships ; whole Cities dwell upon the Water ; a Fleet will soon arrive where-e'er the Hope of Gain invites ; and not content to pass the <sup>q</sup> Carpathian and <sup>r</sup> Gætulian Waves, but leaving Calpe far behind, will hear the Sun hissing in the Atlantic Ocean.

A Labour exceedingly worth while ! to be able, when you return home with your Bags stretched, and strutting with your swelled Purse, to talk what Sea-Monsters, what Mermaids you had seen. Madness does not always shew itself in the same Shape ; Orestes, tenderly cherished in his Sister's Arms, was terrified, and took her for a Fury with her Torch. Ajax, in beating out a Bullock's Brains, thought Agamemnon or Ulysses roared. He as much wants

<sup>p</sup> Corycium was a Promontory in Crete, where Jupiter was born. The Wine made there was called Passum by the Romans, made of withered Grapes dried in the Sun.

<sup>q</sup> The Carpathian Sea, lying between Rhodes and Egypt, so called from the Island Carpathus.

<sup>r</sup> The Streights of Gibraltar, where the two Herculean Pillars stand, Calpe on the Spanish Side, and Abyla on the African Coast. These Pillars, in Juvenal's Time, were commonly believed to be the farthest west ; if they sailed beyond, they fancied they could, when the Sun set, hear his fiery Chariot hissing in the Sea.

*Curatoris eget, qui navem mercibus implet*

*Ad summum latus, & tabulâ distinguitur undâ ;*

*Cûm sit causa mali tanti, & discriminis hujus,* 290

*Concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas*

*Occurrunt nubes & fulgura : solvite funem,*

*Frumenti dominus clamat, piperisque coëmptor ;*

*Nil color hic cæli, nil fascia nigra minator :*

*Æstivum tonat. Infelix, ac forsitan ipsâ* 295

*Nocte cadet fractis trabibus, fluctuque premetur*

*Obrutus, & zonam lævâ morfuve tenebit.*

*Sed, cujus votis modò non suffecerat aurum,*

*Quod Tagus, & rutilâ volvit Pædulus arenâ,*

*Frigida sufficient velantes inguina panni,* 300

*Exiguusque cibus, mersâ rate naufragus affem*

*Dum petit, & piâ se tempestate tuetur.*

*Tantis parta malis, curâ majore metuque*

*Servantur. misera est magni custodia censûs.*

*Dispositis prædives hamis vigilare cohortem* 305

*Servorum noctu Licinus jubet, attonitus pro*

*Electro, signisque suis, Phrygiâque columnâ,*

*Atque ebore, & latâ testudine, dolia nudi*

*Non ardent Cynici : si fregeris, altera fiet*

a Keeper (tho' he does not tear his Clothes to pieces) who loads a Ship with Merchandise up to the utmost Edge, and has put a Plank between him and the Waves : and the Cause of all this Evil, of all this Hazard that he runs, is Silver stamp'd with Titles, and some doughty Monarch's puny Face. The Clouds, the Lightning threatens, " Weigh Anchor, " (cries this Corn, this Pepper-Merchant) that Co-  
 " lour of the Sky, that black Cloud forebodes  
 " no Harm ; 'tis Summer - Thunder." Unhappy Wretch ! when perhaps this very Night the Vessel splits, and down he plunges in the Sea, deep o'er-whelm'd with Waves. His Purse aloft he bears in his Left-Hand, or else between his Teeth. This mighty Man, unsatisfied but now with all the Gold, that Tagus, or Pactolus rolls within its yellow Sand, must now take up with Rags to cover his cold Thighs, his Belly poorly fed. And thus our Merchant shipwreck'd, and his Vessel sunk, begs Farthings, and supports himself, shewing a Tempest painted on a Board, Riches acquired by so great Misfortunes are secured with Care and Fear much greater. 'Tis a miserable Life to keep guard always o'er your Heaps of Money, 'tis worse than to be poor.

Rich Licinus commands his Troop of Slaves, to watch all Night, and have their Water-Buckets ready, quite distracted lest he should lose his Amber, his Statues, Phrygian Columns, his Ivory and large Shells ; yet the naked Cynic's Tub fears no Fire,  
 if

\* It was the Custom for a poor Man that was shipwreck'd, to have his Misfortunes painted upon a Board, and to hang it before his Breast, to move Compassion, as our Beggars now hang their Certificates.  
 † Diogenes's Tub is scarce more known than mistaken ; the Word in the common Acceptation, implying a Vessel of Wood, whereas his was of Earth baked, and consequently in no danger of Fire. But the Difficulty seems to be in repairing it if it was broken. This was done with a Soder of Lead or Pewter tempered together. I have seen an Earthen cracked Vessel artificially sewed up with a small Wire drawn through little Holes made with a Drill, and the Holes and Seams afterwards closed up with a sort of Cement, so as to hold any Liquor.

*Gras domus ; aut eadem plumbo commissa manebit.* 310

*Sensit Alexander, testâ cùm vidit in illâ*

*Magnum habitatorem, quantò felicior hic, qui*

*Nil cuperet, quàm qui totum sibi posceret orbem,*

*Passurus gestis æquanda pericula rebus.*

*Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia : nos te,* 315

*Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam. mensura tamen quæ*

*Sufficiat censûs, si quis me consulat, edam.*

*In quantum sitis atque fames Et frigora poscunt :*

*Quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis suffecit in hortis :*

*Quantum Socratici ceperunt antè Penates.* 320

*Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.*

*Acribus exemplis videor te claudere ; misce*

*Ergo aliquid nostris de moribus ; effice summam,*

*Bis septem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis.*

*Hæc quoque si rugam trahit, extenditque labellum,* 325

*Sume duos Equites, fac tertia quadringenta :*

*Si nondum implevi gremium, si panditur ultrâ :*

*Nec Cræsi fortuna unquam, nec Persica regna*

*Sufficient animo, nec divitiæ Narcissi,*

*Indulsit Cæsar cui Claudius omnia, cujus* 330

*Paruit imperiis, uxorem occidere jussus.*

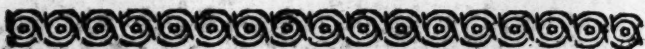


if you break it he may have another House To-morrow, or the same may serve again foder'd with Lead. Alexander, when in that Cell he saw the great Inhabitant, perceived how much more happy was the Man who wished for nothing, than he who sought the Empire of the World, exposed to certain Dangers, equal to the Glory he acquired. O Fortune ! did we act right, thou wouldst have no Divinity about thee ; we make thee a Goddess.

Yet if my Opinion was asked, what I call a competent Estate, my Answer is, as much as would provide against Thirst, and Hunger, and Cold ; as much as satisfied you, Epicurus, in your little Garden ; as much as contented Socrates before ; Nature and Wisdom always agree in teaching us the same Lesson. I seem perhaps by these Examples to be too scanty in my Allowance, then add something upon the Account of the Extravagancy of the Age we live in ; take what the Roscian Law calls a <sup>u</sup> Knight's Estate ; if this Sum makes you frown and hang the Lip, be as rich as two Knights ; if you will, as three. If yet I have not thrown into your Lap sufficient, if it spreads out wide for more, neither the Wealth of Cræsus or the Persian Empire, would satisfy your Mind, not the Riches of Narcissus, a Favourite so much indulged in every thing by Claudius Cæsar, that at this Prime Minister's Command he killed his Wife.

<sup>u</sup> A Knight's Estate, by Otho's Law, was about 3125 l. yearly Revenue.





## S A T I R A XV.

**Q**UIS nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens  
 Ægyptus portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat

*Pars hæc : illa pavet saturam serpentibus Ibin.*

*Æffigies sacri nitet aurea cercopitheci,*

*Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,*

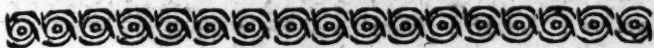
*Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obrutu portis.*

*Illic cæruleos, hinc piscem fluminis, illic*

*Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam,*

*Porrum & cæpe nefas violare, aut frangere morsu.*

O sanctas



## S A T I R E   X V .

WHO knows not, Volusius of Bithynia, what strange Monsters the distracted Egyptians worship? One Sect adores the <sup>a</sup> Crocodile, another trembles before the Bird <sup>b</sup> Ibis, that preys upon Serpents; the Golden Image of a sacred Monkey is the bright Deity where the Magic Harp, in the Hand of the broken Statue of <sup>c</sup> Memnon, resounds; and where the ancient City of Thebes lies ruined with her hundred Gates; here they pay Homage to Sea-Fish, there to Fish in the Rivers: Whole Towns worship a <sup>d</sup> Hound, none bow before <sup>e</sup> Diana the Huntress. 'Tis a horrid Impiety so much as to bruise or bite a  
Leek

<sup>a</sup> A Serpent of the River Nilus, that from an Egg no bigger than a Goose Egg, grows to be above two and twenty Cubits long. The Egyptians know how high the River Nile will rise that Year, by the Place where this Egg is hatched. He was worshipped with divine Honours, because he killed the Libyan and Arabian Robbers, that swam over the River, and destroyed the Inhabitants.

<sup>b</sup> A filthy Bird somewhat like a Stork, with stiff Thighs and a horny Beak. They preserve the Egyptians from the Plague, by watching and killing the flying Serpents which the South-west Wind brings out of the Libyan Deserts.

<sup>c</sup> The Statue of Memnon at Thebes in Egypt, gave a sound at the rising of the Sun, when it was first struck with its Rays, till Cambyses ruined the City, and caused the Statue to be broken about the Middle, imagining that the Sound proceeded from some Mathematical Springs and Wheels within; but nothing was found. From this Time the Musick was thought to be magical. Strabo says, that he and others heard the Vocal Marble about one in the Afternoon, but confesses he could not understand the Cause.

<sup>d</sup> Anubis, the Son of Isis and Osiris, gave the Hound for his Arms, or the Impress of his Shield, and was therefore worshipped in the Shape of that Creature.

<sup>e</sup> The Poet seems not to have been very exact in the Nature of the Egyptian Worship; for Herodotus observes, that Diana was worshipped in that Country under the Name of Boubatis; which Adoration under another Name might perhaps induce our Author to say that she was not worshipped at all.

*O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis.* 10

*Numina ! lanatis animalibus abstinet omnis.*

*Mensa. nefas illic fœtum jugulare capellæ ;*

*Carnibus humanis vesci licet. attonito cùm*

*Tale super cœnam facinus narraret Ulysses*

*Alcinœo, bilem aut risum fortasse quibusdam.* 15

*Moverat, ut mendax Aretalogus. in mare nemo*

*Hunc abjicit, sevâ dignum verâque Charybdi,*

*Fingentem immanes Læstrygonas atque Cyclopos ?*

*Nam citiùs Scyllam, vel concurrentia saxa*

*Cyane, plenos & tempestatibus utres* 20

*Crediderem, aut tenui percussum verbere Circes,*

*Et cum remigibus grunnisse Elpenora porcis.*

*Tam vacui capitis populum Phœaca putavit ?*

*Sic aliquis meritò nondum ebrius, & minimum qui*

*De Corcyræâ temetum duxerat urnâ :* 25

*Solus enim hoc Ithacus nullo sub teste canebat.*

*Nos miranda quidem, sed nuper consule Junio*

*Gesta, super calidæ referemus mœnia Copti ;*

f Leek or an Onion. O blessed Nations, whose Gods spring up in their Gardens! Every one at his Table refrains from eating Mutton or Lamb, 'tis Wickedness among them to kill a Kid, but lawful to feed upon Man's Flesh.

When g Ulysses at Supper, surprized Alcinous with the Story of such a Barbarity, no doubt this pleasant Romancer moved the Spleen of some, and the Mirth of others of the Company. Does no-body, cries one, throw this Lyar into the Sea, that deserves to be really dashed against a Rock, dreadful as the Charybdis he now invents, for imposing upon us with Stories of Læstrigonians and Cyclops's, that eat Man's Flesh? I would sooner believe the Fictions concerning Scylla, the floating Rocks of Cyrene striking one against another, the Bladders of Æolus filled with Wind, and that Elpenor with his Ship's Crew were turned into Swine, by a gentle Stroke of Circe's Wand; does he think we Phæacians are a People so empty-headed? Thus with Reason might a Phæac reply over a Corcyraean Glass of generous Wine, before the Liquor has got into his Head; for Ulysses, you must know, told this Story upon his own Credit without one Voucher. I have my Wonders likewise to tell of what happened lately when Junius was Consul; the Scene of Action was nigh the Walls of Coptus,

f Leeks and Onions were not eaten by the Egyptians, because they were supposed to cross the Influences of the Moon, decreasing when she increased, and increasing when she wained. Mutton, &c. was the Flesh of a most lazy Creature; for which reason they hated a Garment of Wool, it being a filthy Excrement.

g Ulysses arriving at the Island Phœnia, or Corcyra, (now Corfu) was entertained by Alcinous the King, to whom he made a Relation of his Travels, and recited such monstrous Incredibilities concerning the Læstrigonians and the Cyclops eating Men, that the rest of his Adventures, such as the Stories of Scylla and Charybdis, that Neptune gave him Bladders full of Wind, that Circe turned his Men into Hogs, &c. might be easily believed as pardonable Fictions, That Men should eat Men, was thought by our Author to be so incredible a Lye, that he wonders no Phæac perfectly in his Senses did not kill him, for imposing upon him.

*Nos vulgi scelus, & cunctis graviora cothurnis.*

*Nam scelus, à Pyrrhâ quanquam omnia sformata volvas,*

*Nullus apud Tragicos populus acit. faccipe nostro* 31

*Dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit ævo.*

*Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua simultas,*

*Immortale odium, & nunquam sanabile vulnus*

*Ardet adhuc Ombus & Tentyra. summos utrinque* 35

*Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum*

*Odit uterque locus; cùm solos credat habendos*

*Esse Deos, quos ipse colit. sed tempore festo*

*Alterius populi rapienda occasio cunctis*

*Visa inimicorum primoribus ac ducibus; ne* 40

*Latum hilaremque diem, ne magnæ gaudia cœnæ*

*Sentirent, positis ad templa & compita mensis,*

*Pervigilique toro, quem nocte ac luce jacentem*

*Septimus interdum Sol invenit. horrida sanè*

*Ægyptus*

<sup>h</sup> Coptus, scorched by the Sun's Heat. The Impiety I am speaking of was committed by a whole People, and more flagitious than is to be found in the deepest Tragedies; for if you turn over all the Tragick Strains since the Days of Pyrrha, you will find no Poet representing a Barbarity as the Act of a whole Nation; hear then an Instance of savage Fertility, perpetrated in the Age we now live in.

There was a Grudge of a very long standing kept up between two neighbouring Cities, it became at last an immortal Hatred, a Wound never to be cured; this Heart-burning raged among the Citizens of <sup>i</sup> Ombos and Tentyra. The Fury of these People began from the Hatred that each bore to his Neighbour's Gods, for both thought the only true Deities were those worshipped by themselves. All the Leaders and chief Men of the hostile Tentyrites resolved to seize upon a proper Opportunity to revenge themselves at a public Festival celebrated by the other Nation; for they determined their Enemies should have no merry Day of it, but should be balk'd of the Jollity they proposed from so profuse Entertainments: for the Ombites had spread their Tables plentifully near the Temples of their God the Crocodile, and in the Highways their Couches were fixed, where they lay revelling without Sleep Night and Day, for <sup>k</sup> seven Days together. A wretched Part of Egypt truly! but this barbarous

Crew,

<sup>h</sup> A Metropolitan City of Egypt, over which the Sun at Noon is almost in his Vertical Point.

<sup>i</sup> It is observed by Diodorus Siculus, that the Quarrels between the People of these two Cities were kept up by the Egyptian Kings out of Policy, so as to secure the Inhabitants being ridiculously divided from the Danger of Conspiracies.

<sup>k</sup> The Egyptians held the Number Seven to be sacred, and more especially believed, that during their Festival of seven Days, the Crocodiles lost their natural Cruelty. The Custom of feasting seven Days and seven Nights was observed for the happy Overflowing of the Nile. The Poet adds, that tho' the Egyptians, where he was, were but barbarous, yet they were as luxurious as the Canopians; here he aims at Crispinus, who in the Beginning of these Satires is called Verna Canopi.



*Egyptus : sed luxuriâ, quantum ipse notavi,* 45  
*Barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo.*

*Adde quod & facilis victoria de madidis, &*  
*Blæsis, atque mero titubantibus inde virorum*  
*Saltatus nigro tibicine, qualiacunque*  
*Unguenta, & flores, multæque in fronte coronæ :* 50

*Hinc jejunum odium. sed jurgia prima sonare*  
*Incipiunt animis ardentibus : hæc tuba rixæ.*  
*Dein clamore pari concurritur, & vice teli*  
*Sævit nuda manus : pauca sine vulnere malæ :*  
*Vix cuiquam aut nulli toto certamine nasus* 55

*Integer. aspiceres jam cuncta per agmina vultus*  
*Dimid os, alias facies, & hiantia ruptis*  
*Ossa genis, plenos oculorum sanguine pugnos.*  
*Ludere se credunt ipsi tamen, & pueriles*  
*Exercere acies, quod nulla cadavera calcent :* 60  
*Et sanè quò tot rixantis millia turbæ,*

*Si vivunt amnes ? ergo acrior impetus, & jam*  
*Saxa reclinatis per humum quæsitæ lacertis*  
*Incipiunt torquere, domestica seditiones*  
*Tela ; nec hos lapides, quales & Turnus, & Ajax,*  
*Vel quo Tydides percussit pondere coxam* 66

*Æneæ ; sed quos valeant emittere dextræ*  
*Illis dissimiles, & nostro tempore natæ.*  
*Nam genus hoc vivo jam decrescebat Homero.*  
*Terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos.* 70  
*Ergo Deus quicumque aspexit, ridet, & odit.*

Crew, as far as I observed, is not inferior to the infamous City of Canopus for Lewdness. Besides, the Tentyrites thought the Victory would be easily purchased over a Company of drunken stammering reeling Fellows. The Ombites, for their Part, begin to dance, with a Negro Piper at the Head of them, daubed over with Ointments that came first to hand, and their Temples were surrounded with Chaplets of many sorts of Flowers. On the other side, the Tentyrites had their Malice whetted by an empty Stomach ; but their Minds were first inflamed by loud Brawlings on both Sides, their Tongues were the Trumpeters of the Fray. Then they engage with loud Shouts, and instead of Weapons they fall to it heartily with Handy-cuffs. Few Cheeks there were without Scratches ; scarce a Man, if any of them, throughout the Battle had a whole Nose upon his Face ; you might see among all the Rout, Fellows with half their Visage torn off, with quite different Countenances, Jaw-bones staring through broken Cheeks, Fists full of Blood drawn from the Eyes of the Enemy. Yet hitherto they think themselves in Jest, acting of Children's Play, for they could feel no dead Bodies under their Feet ; and, cry they, to what Purpose should so many thousands of us go together by the Ears, if we all escape with Life? Their Fury therefore grows sharper, and now they stoop down to look for Stones, and hurl them with all their Force ; ready Weapons in such Disputes. But these Stones, you must know, were not such as Turnus or Ajax threw, or of the Weight of that with which Diomedes bruised the Hip of Æneas, but such as Men of our times are able to wield, not near so strong as those old Heroes. For the Size of Men decreased mightily since Homer was living, and the Earth now produces a wretched sort of Mortals, a Pigmy Race. If any Deity looked down upon this Battle, he could not avoid laughing, and at the same time abhorring the Combatants.

But

*A diverticulo repetatur fabula. postquam  
 Subsidiis aucti, pars altera promere ferrum  
 Audet, & infestis pugnam instaurare sagittis :  
 Terga fugæ celeri præstantibus hostibus instant, 75  
 Qui vicina colunt umbrosæ Tentyra palmæ.  
 Labitur hîc quidam, nimîâ formidine cursum  
 Præcipitans, capiturque ; ast illum in plurima sectum  
 Frustra ac particulas, ut multis mortuus unus  
 Sufficeret, totum corrofis ossibus edit 80  
 Victrix turba : nec ardenti decoxit abeno,  
 Aut verubus : longum usque adeò, tardumque putavit  
 Expectare focos, contenta cadavere crudo.  
 Hinc gaudere libet, quòd non violaverit ignem,  
 Quem summâ cæli raptum de parte Prometheus 85  
 Donavit terris. elemento gratulor, & te  
 Exsultare reor. sed qui mordere cadaver  
 Sustinuit, nihil unquam hæc carne libentiùs edit.  
 Nam scelere in tanto ne quæras, aut dubites, an  
 Prima voluptatem gula senserit. ultimus autem 90  
 Qui stetit absumpto jam toto corpore, duâis  
 Per terram digitis, aliquid de sanguine gustat.  
 Vascones (ut fama est) alimentis talibus usi  
 Produxère animas : sed res diversa : sed illic  
 Fortunæ invidia est, bellorumque ultima, casus 95  
 Extremi, longæ dira obsidionis egestas.*

But to recover our Story from this Digression ; when the Tentyrites (so called from an adjacent Mountain they inhabit, covered with shady Palm-trees) were increased by Supplies, they had the Courage to draw their Swords, and to renew the Fight with deadly Arrows. They press hard upon the Backs of their Enemies, who ran with all their Speed ! and among those that fled, a poor Ombite, hurried headlong, by his Over-fear falls down and is taken. The Conquerors chop their Captive into Bits and Morfels, that they might all have a Taste of him ; in short, they eat him all up, and gnaw his very Bones, without the Ceremony of putting on the Pot, or using a Spit about him. They had not Patience to stay till a Fire could be made, they were content with the Carcase, raw as it was. Here, my Friend, we may well rejoice that these Tentyrites offered no Pollution to the Fire (by dressing of human Flesh) which Prometheus stole from Heaven, and bestowed upon the Earth. I congratulate the Element itself upon the Occasion, and you, I fancy, must be wonderfully pleased ; but these Barbarians, who could bear the gnawing of this Carcase, never eat any thing more willingly ; for to save you the trouble of enquiring or doubting, whether the first who tasted swallowed it with any Pleasure, I assure you the last of them who stood by, and found that the Body was quite devoured, observing some clotted Gore upon the Ground, dipt his Fingers in it, and sucked them with the utmost Satisfaction.

The<sup>1</sup> Vascons (a People of Spain) as the Story goes, supported their Lives by using such Diet ; for they were compelled by the Malice of Fortune, by the Extremity of War, the last Effort, the dreadful Poverty attending upon a long Siege. This Consequence

<sup>1</sup> They were a People of the antient Cantabrians in the North east of Spain ; they were besieged by Metellus and Pompey, and reduced to such extreme Necessity. that the Living were forced to eat the Dead, but were at last relieved by Sertorius.

*Hujus enim, quod nunc agitur, miserabile debet  
 Exemplum esse cibi : Sicut modò dicta mihi gens  
 Post omnes herbas, post cuncta animalia, quicquid  
 Cogeat vacui ventris furor, hostibus ipsis 100  
 Pallorem, ac maciem, & tenues miserantibus artus.  
 Membra aliena fame lacerabant, esse parati  
 Et sua. quisnam hominum veniam dare, quisve Deorum  
 Viribus abnuerit dira atque immania passis ;  
 Et quibus ipsorum poterant ignoscere manes, 105  
 Quorum corporibus vescebantur ? meliùs nos  
 Zenonis præcepta monent : nec enim omnia, quædam  
 Pro vitâ facienda putat. sed Cantaber unde  
 Stoicus, antiqui præsertim ætate Metelli ?  
 Nunc totus Graias, nostrasque habet orbis Athenas.  
 Gallia caufidicos docuit facunda Britannos : 111  
 De conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thulæ.  
 Nobilis ille tamen populus, quem diximus ; & par  
 Virtute atque fide, sed major clade Saguntus  
 Tale quid excusat. Mæotide sævior arâ 115  
 Ægyptus : quippe illi nefandi Taurica sacri  
 Inventrix homines (ut jam, quæ carmina tradunt,  
 Digna fide credas) tantum immolat, ulterius nil,  
 Aut gravius cultro timet hostia. quis modò casus  
 Impulit hos ? quæ tanta fames, infestaque vallo 120*

quence of Famine we are speaking of ought to be considered as a lamentable Case, for after they had consumed all sorts of Herbs, all living Creatures, and whatever the Rage of Hunger could provoke them to eat, insomuch that their very Enemies pitied their pale lean Faces and emaciated Bodies, they fell upon the Limbs of others, ready to devour their own. For what Man, or which of the Gods is there, that can refuse Pardon to Cities suffering so sad and terrible Distress? the very Ghosts of them upon those Bodies they fed, must excuse them. 'Tis true, the Precepts of the Philosopher Zeno supply us Romans with better Principles, he thought that Life itself was not to be purchased at too dear a Price, but how could a poor Vascon become a Stoic? especially in the unlearned Time of old Metellus? Now indeed the whole World receives the Benefit of the Grecian and Roman Literature; the Eloquence of the Gauls taught the British Lawyers how to plead, and the barbarous Island of Thulé now talks of hiring a masterly Orator to instruct her Youth. However, the Vascons we are speaking of, behaved themselves nobly, and the Case of the <sup>m</sup> Saguntines, who were equal to them in Valour and Fidelity, but more unfortunate, might excuse such a barbarous Practice as eating of Man's Flesh. But these Egyptians shew more Cruelty than the Altar sacred to Diana, near the Lake of <sup>n</sup> Mæotis, for this Deity of Mount Taurus (to prove that what Poets say may be believed) expects only the Sacrifices of Men, the Victim has nothing farther or more grievous to fear than the Knife. What Calamity now could force these Egyptians? what great Famine could they lie under? what

<sup>m</sup> Saguntum was a City of Spain beyond the River Ebro, a most faithful Ally to the Romans; for when they had held out against Hannibal, and were reduced to Skeletons by Famine, rather than submit, they chose to burn themselves, Wives and Children; which was the Cause of the second Punic War.

<sup>n</sup> Here every tenth Stranger was sacrificed to Diana, which bloody Ceremony continued till the Arrival of Pylades and Oreste.



*Arma cœgerunt tam detestabile monstrum*  
*Audere ? ane aliam, terrâ Memphitide siccâ,*  
*Invidiam facerent nolenti surgete Nilo ?*  
*Quâ nec terribiles Gimbri, nec Brittones unquam,*  
*Sauromataque truces, aut immanes Agathyrsi,* 125  
*Hâc sevit rabie imbellæ & inutile vulgus,*  
*Parvula fœtilibus solitum dare vela phaselis,*  
*Et brevibus pictæ remis incumbere testæ.*  
*Nec pœnam sceleri invenies, nec digna parabis*  
*Supplicia his populis, in quorum mente pares sunt* 130  
*Et similes ira atque fames. Mollissima corda*  
*Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,*  
*Quæ lachrymas dedit : hæc nostri pars optima sensûs.*  
*Plorare ergo jubet casum lugentis amici,*  
*Squalloremque rei, pupillum ad jura vocantem* 135  
*Circumscriptorem, cujus manantia fletu*  
*Ora puellares faciunt incerta capilli.*  
*Naturæ imperio gemimus, cùm funus adultæ*  
*Virginis occurrit, vel terrâ clauditur infans,*  
*Et minor igne rogi. Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus*  
*Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos.* 141  
*Ulla aliena sibi credat mala ? Separat hoc nos*  
*A grege brutorum, atque ideo venerabile soli*  
*Sortiti ingenium, divinorumque capaces,*  
*Atque exercendis capiendisq̃ue artibus apti,* 145

Sensum

what Enemy besieged them, to compel them to perpetrate so horrid a Barbarity? what worse Impiety could they commit to provoke the Nile to stay within her Banks, when the Country of Egypt is chopt with Drought? An Impiety more savage than was ever acted by the cruel Cimbrians, which the Britons never thought of, nor the fierce Scythians, nor the wild Sarmatians; and acted too by the Rage of a base good-for-nothing Rabble, used to venture with their small Sails upon the Water in earthen Boats, and to row their poor painted Skiffs with short Oars: Nor can you find a Punishment or Torture suited to the Crime of these Wretches, whose Minds were inflamed with an equal Proportion of Rage and Hunger.

Nature confesses, that she has bestowed the most tender Hearts upon the Human Race, for she has given them Tears, and this compassionate Quality is the best Accomplishment of our Minds. She it is therefore that commands us to lament the Misfortunes of an afflicted Friend, to pity the dirty Rags of a Criminal, and the Fate of an Orphan obliged to cite his Guardian before a Court of Justice, whose Hair, like a Girl's moistened with Tears, make it doubtful of what Sex he is. We sigh, by the Command of Nature, when we meet the Funeral of a Virgin ripe for Marriage, or see an Infant laid in the Earth, too young to be consumed upon a Pile; for what good Man, or qualified by his Virtue to be admitted by the Priest of Ceres, to celebrate the sacred Mysteries, can avoid thinking another's Misfortune to be of some Concern to himself? This Humanity separates us from the Race of Brutes, and therefore we alone are allotted that venerable Distinction of Reason, are capable of apprehending divine Things, and fit to understand and exercise the Use

o It was the Custom of the Ancients to bury the Bodies of Infants that died before they had Teeth, that is, about seven Months old.

Sensum à cœlesti demissum traximus arce,  
 Cujus egent prona, & terram spectantia. mundi  
 Principio indulgit communis conditor illis  
 Tantum animas, nobis animum quoque mutuus ut nos  
 Affectus petere auxilium, & præstare juberet 150  
 Dispersos trahere in populum, migrare vetusto  
 De nemore, & proavis habitatas relinquere sylvas :  
 Edificare domos, Laribus conjungere nostris  
 Tectum aliud, tutos vicino limine semnos  
 Ut collata daret fiducia : protegere armis 155  
 Lapsum, aut ingenti nutantem vulnere civem ;  
 Communi dare signa tubâ, defendier isdem  
 Turribus, atque unâ portarum clave teneri.  
 Sed jam serpentum major concordia : parcis  
 Cognatis maculis similis fera. quando leoni 160  
 Fortior eripuit vitam leo ? quo nemore unquam  
 Expiravit aper majoris dentibus apri ?  
 Indica tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem  
 Perpetuam : sevis inter se convenit ursis.  
 Ast homini ferrum lethale incude nefandâ 165  
 Produxisse parum est ; cùm rastra & sarcula tantum  
 Assueti coquere, & marris ac vomere lassî  
 Nescierint primi gladios excudere fabri.  
 Aspiciamus populos, quorum non sufficit iræ  
 Occidisse aliquem : sed pectora, brachia, vultum 170  
 Crediderint genus esse cibi. quid diceret ergo,  
 Vel quò non fugeret, si nunc hæc monstra videret

Pythagoras ?

Use of all Arts. This Reason of ours descended, and is derived to us from Heaven, which Brutes with their Eyes groveling upon the Ground, have nothing of. The common Creator of the Universe, in the Beginning, indulged them with a sensitive, but us with a rational Soul ; that a mutual Affection might incline us to require and to afford Help to one another, to collect the scattered People into Society, to draw them out of the old Woods, and persuade them to leave the Groves inhabited by their Progenitors, to build Houses, to place their Buildings contiguous to ours, that by a joint Confidence every one might sleep in Security, under the Protection of his Neighbour, to defend the Oppressed by Arms, or save a Citizen falling and staggering with his Wounds, to fight under one common Standard, to be secured by the same Fortifications, to be inclosed within the same Walls, and locked in with the same Key.

But now-a-days there is more Amity between Serpents than among us. The Leopard spares those of his own spotted kind. When did you hear of a weak Lion killed by the stronger ? In what Forest did one Boar ever die by the Tusks of another mightier than himself ? No ! the Indian Tigers live together in perpetual Peace, and the fiercest Boars never fall out. But Man makes light of hammering out fatal Poignards on that cursed Anvil, on which their Forefathers used only to forge Rakes and Spades, and knew nothing of the Art or the Use of beating out Swords.

We have here taken a View of a People, that so far from glutting their Rage with the Death of their Prisoner, thought his Breast, his Arms, his Face proper to make a Meal of. What, I beseech you, would Pythagoras have said, or whither would he not have fled, if he had been a Witness of this monstrous Barbarity ? A Philosopher who avoided to  
eat

*Pythagoras? cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui  
Tanquam homine, & ventri indulfit non omne legumen.*



## S A T I R A XVI.

*QUIS numerare queat felicitis præmia, Galle,  
Militiæ? nam si subeantur prospera castra,  
Me pavidum excipiat tyronem porta secundo  
Sidere. plus etenim fatis valet hora benigni,  
Quàm si nos Veneris commendet epistola Marti,*

5

E:

eat the Flesh of any living Creature with the same Religion as if it had been a Man, and would not allow it innocent to indulge his Palate with all kinds of P Pulse.



## S A T I R E XVI.

**W**HO, my Gallus can recite the Advantages that attend a fortunate Campaign? To succeed happily in Arms, I would (fearful as I am, and raw in War) wish to enter into the Service under the Influence of some propitious Planet. One Hour of good Fortune is of more use than if Venus sent

p Pythagoras and his Followers abstained from Beans, the Reason of which was kept as a great Secret, as appears by a Story in his Life written by Jamblicus; it seems that Dionysius the Tyrant, the younger, having a great Desire to know the Secret, caused two of this Sect to be brought before him, one Myllias a Crotonian, and his Wife Timycha, a Lacedæmonian; but the Man being asked the Reason, made answer, that the Pythagoreans indeed did chuse to die rather than to eat Beans; and I, said he, will rather die than reveal the Reason; upon which, says the Author, he was with Indignation sent away. The Woman now, unsupported by the Encouragement of her Husband, threatened also with Tortures, to declare the Reason, was urged with the same Question; but being, it seems, more Pythagorean than Woman, she bit out her Tongue, and spit it in the Tyrant's Face. The same Author in general tells us, that it was, "for many secret and natural Causes concerning the Soul." Diogenes Laertius asserts, that Pythagoras abstained from Beans, among other Reasons, "*quod Podendis similes sunt*," &c. but the most probable Account is, that this Philosopher, learnt this Doctrine from the Egyptian Priests, when he was in that Country, who abstained from Beans, and judged it unlawful to eat, to sow, or look upon them.

a The Poet is supposed to have written this Satire when he was sent into Egypt by a sort of honourable Banishment, by Parris the Pantomime; and according to some, it ought to be placed in Order before the preceding one, tho' others assert this Satire not to be Juvenal's, it being omitted in the most ancient Manuscripts. It seems indeed to be rather the first Draught or Design of a Satire, than to be a finished Piece. The Intention is a continued Irony upon the Licentiousness of the Soldiery, upon their Insolence, and the Difficulty of obtaining Justice against them.



*Et Samiâ genitrix quæ delectatur arenâ.*

*Commoda tractemus primâ communia, quorum  
Haud minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare Togatus*

*Audeat : imo etsi pulsetur, dissimulet, nec*

*Audeat excussos Prætori ostendere dentes,*

10

*Et nigram in facie tumidis livoribus offam,*

*Atque oculos medico nil promittente relictos.*

*Bardiacus Judex datur hæc punire volenti,*

*Calceus & grandes magna ad subsellia suræ,*

*Legibus antiquis castrorum, & more Camilli*

15

*Servato, miles ne vallum litiget extrâ,*

*Et procul à signis. Justissima Centurionum*

*Cognitio est igitur de milite ; nec mihi deerit*

*Ultio ; si justæ defertur causa querelæ,*

*Tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipuli*

20

*Consensu magno efficiunt. curabitis ut sit*

*Vindiçta gravior quàm injuria. dignum erit ergo*

*Declamatoris Mutinensis corde Vagelli,*

*Cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot calligatos,*

*Millia clavorum. Quis tam procul absit ab urbe ?*

25

*Prætereà quis tam Pilades, molem aggeris ultra*

*Ut veniat ? lachrymæ siccentur protinus, & se*

*Excusaturus non sollicitemus amicos.*

Da

sent a recommending Letter by me to her beloved Mars, or if Juno, that delights in sandy Samos, should speak in my favour. To mention something first of common Privileges, it is not the least, that no Citizen must presume to strike a Soldier; nay, if you are ever so beaten, you are forced to conceal your Resentment, you dare not shew your Teeth dashed out of your Head, to the Prætor. The Bump black and blue in your swelled Face, and your Eyes given over by the Surgeon for lost, procure no Redress. Your Cause comes before a military Judge, who, sitting conspicuous upon his Seat with his Gaulish Cassock, Shoes, and large Buskins, proceeds strictly by the old Martial Law in the Times of <sup>b</sup> Camillus, who enjoined that no Soldier should be tried without the Trenches, or at a Distance from his Standard. A Man cannot fail of full Satisfaction when a Centurion is Judge: I shall have ample Revenge against the Soldier no doubt, if the Cause of my Complaint be just, especially when the whole Regiment, and all the Companies, are against me, and with one Consent obstruct the Course of Justice. They cry, "You Citizens will take  
 " Care to have Redress superior to the Injury, received." A Man must have the Impudence of <sup>c</sup> Vagellius the bawling Lawyer of Mutina, to engage in so desperate a Dispute. Would you with your two Legs only expose them to be kick'd by so many Soldiers with so many thousand Hobnails in their Shoes? Do you know so little of the World? Besides, where will you find so true a Friend that dares venture within the Trenches to plead in your Defence? Dry up your Tears at once, and no more solicit your Acquaintance, who will always have

<sup>b</sup> He made a Law at the Siege of Veii, that a Soldier should not be compelled to leave his Colours for any Suit in Law; and the Reason was, that no Soldier might be absent from the publick Service upon a private Man's Complaint.

<sup>c</sup> A brawling Lawyer, who in those Days for Money would venture upon the most desperate Causes.

*Da testem, Judex cū dixerit: audēat ille  
Nescio quis, pugnos vidit qui, dicere, vidi;  
Et credam dignum barbā, dignumque capillis  
Majorum. citiūs falsum producere testem  
Contra paganum possis, quā vera loquentem  
Contra fortunam armati, contraque pudorem.*

*Premia nunc alia, atque alia emolumenta notemus  
Sacramentorum. Convallem ruris ariti  
Improbos, aut campum mihi si vicinus ademit,  
Aut sacrum effodit medio de limite saxum,  
Quam mea cum vetulo coluit plus annua libo,  
Debitor aut sumptos pergit non reddere nummos,  
Vana supervacui dicens chirographa ligni;  
Exspectandus erit, qui lites inchoet, annus  
Totius populi: sed tunc quoque mille ferenda  
Tædia, mille moræ; toties subsellia tantū  
Sternuntur; jam facundo ponente lacernas  
Cæditio, & Fusco jam micturiente, parati  
Digredimur, lentāque fori pugnamus arenā.  
Ast illis, quis arma tegunt, & balteus ambit,  
Quod placitum est, illis præstatur tempus agendi,  
Nec res atteritur longo sufflamine litis.*

*Solis prætereā testandi militibus jus,  
Vivo patre datur: Nam quæ sunt parta labore*

*Militiæ,*

have Excuses ready to avoid the Trouble. When the Judge calls upon you to produce your Evidence, let any Man, no matter who, that saw the Blows given, dare to say, "I saw it"? And shall I pronounce him worthy of the Blood of our upright and worthy Ancestors? It is much safer to produce a false Evidence against a common Person, than to depose a Truth against the Property or the Honour of one of these terrible Men at Arms.

Let us now enquire into some other Benefits and Emoluments that depend upon a military Life; if a wicked Neighbour keeps me out of Part of my paternal Estate, or enters upon my Land by Force, or removes the <sup>d</sup> Boundary between us (that sacred Stone which every Year I cover with an Offering of Pulse and a large Cake;) or if a Person in my Debt delays to pay the Money, and makes the Bond void by denying his own Hand, I may wait a Year before all the Judges meet and my Cause comes to a Hearing; and when the Day is fixed, there are a thousand Delays, a thousand Difficulties. Indeed the Seats are set in order, and the Cushions are laid, and that's all; one Judge learned in the Law cannot bear his Gown for the Heat; another goes out to piss, so that we are forced to go home again, tho' Council were fee'd; and by such slow Motions of the Court, we scarce ever hope to see an End of the Suit. But these Buff and Belt-men may bring their Cause on when they please, and not spend their Fortune by long and vexatious Delays.

Besides, the <sup>e</sup> Soldier alone has the Privilege of making his Will while his Father is living; for what he has saved in the Service, the Law thinks fit

<sup>d</sup> The Ancients esteemed their Land-marks to be sacred; this stone they adorned with Chaplets, and upon it they every Year offered a sacrifice of Pulse, Honey, Meal, and Oil.

<sup>e</sup> The Soldier by his military Oath became free, and had a Right to dispose of what he acquired in the Service of his Country.

H h

*Militiæ, placuit non esse in corpore constis,  
Omne tenet cujus regimen pater. ergo Coranum  
Signorum comitem, castrorumque æra merentem, 55  
Quamvis jam tremulus captas pater. hunc labor æquus  
Provehit, & pulchro reddit sua dona labori.  
Ipsius certè ducis hoc referre videtur.  
Ut qui fortes erit, sit felicissimus idem ;  
Ut læti phaleris omnes, & torquibus omnes. 60*

F I N I S.

fit to exclude from being judged a Part of what the Father claims the whole Disposal of in his own Right ; For this Reason the Father of Coranus, (who kept close to the Colours, and well deserved his Pay) tho' trembling with Age, fawns upon his Son, in hopes of being his Heir. The regular Discharge of his Duty raised this Man, and procured him Rewards equal to his worthy Service. It should certainly be the principal Study of a General, that the most brave should be the most happy, should be distinguished by military Honours, and all of them glory in their rich Trappings and their Golden Chains.

FINIS.





# THE INDEX.

<b>A</b> Canitus	Page 186	Ambrosius	Page 115
Accius	114	Amphion	113
Acestes	185	Amydon	51
Achilles	33, 71, 211, 258	Ancona	79
Acilius Glabrio	84	Ancus	95
Actium	208	Ancylia	39
<i>Ador</i>	36	Andros	53
Æacus	5	Andromache	151
Ædiles	61, 63, 234	Antæus	53
Ægean Sea	303	Anti Cato	137
Ægypt	191	Antiochus	245
Ælia	113	Antiphates	288
Ælius Lamia	82	Antonius	29, 197, 235
Æmilian Bridge	109	Anubis	153
Æmilius Scaurus	29	Apicius	77, 255
Æmilii	187	Apis	153
Æmus	125	Apollo	299
Æness	95	Apollo's Temple	19, 123
Æolian Rocks	5	Appula	113
Æscop	181	Apulia	215
Æhiop	191	Aquinum	73
Africa	237	Arachne	31
Aganippe	167	Archemorus	185
Agave	261	Archigenes	129, 191
Agrippa	121	Areopagus	221
Agrippina	163	Aristotle	25
Ajax	231, 323, 335	Arpinum	207
Alabanda	53	Artaxata	43
Alba	81	Arturius	47
Albane Hills	93	Arviragus	87
Alceste	165	Aruspex	37, 159
Alcinous	103, 331	Asparagus	261
Alcithoe	169	Asiracus	245
Aleto	173	<i>Astrologer</i>	159
Alexander	327	Asturius	65
Alladius	101	Asyllus	131
Allobroges	189	Asylum	211
Alpa	237	Atellan Interlude	113
		Athos	

# I N D E X.

Athos	Page 339	Calvinus	Page 385
Atlas	257, 286	Camerini	175
Atrous	173	Camerinus	191
Atticus	255	Camillus	43, 347
Atys	37	Campus Martius	39
Aufidius	213	Campus Sceleratus	75
Aurelia	99	Canis	43, 179, 239, 269
Automedon	13	Canopus	115
Autonoe	113	Canopian Slave	5
	B.	Cassian Sheep	121
Bacchanals	25	Capito	195
Bacchus	25	Caprea	231, 233
Bair	45, 259	Carfinia	33
Barbel	77	Carpathus	313
Bareas	57	Carpophorus	125
Barece	175	Carthage	247
Basilus	179, 243	Carns	5
Batavi	191	Cassandra	245
Bathyllus	293	Cassaneta	267
Batyllus	113	Castor	221
Beccafico	303	Catarnites	215
Bedriacum	37	Catena	57
Belides	167	Catiline	207
Bellerophon	251	Cato	29, 265
Bellona	151	Catti	19
Beneventine Coker	95	Catullus	85, 203, 273
Berenice	121	Cecrops	195
Bibula	121	Cenfor	37, 307
Bocchar	99	Centronius	309
Bos, Golden and Leather	105	Ceres	112
Brigantes	317	Ceres Elvina	73
Briannicus	119	Cesennia	119
British Baskets	275	Cethegus	29, 207
British Lawyers	339	Cherippus	195
British Sea	89	Chaldean Fortune-tellers	213
British Whale	215	Charybdis	99, 335
Britons	43	Charles's Wain	93
Brutidius	231	Charon	41, 69
Brutus	85, 209	Chrysippus	25
	C.	Chrylogonus	113, 185
Cacus	101	Cimbri	247
Cadmus	321	Cimbrians	207
Cælitus	299	Cinnamus	243
Cæsonia	163	Circe	331
Cajeta	31	Circensian Games	269
Caius Marcellus	309	Circus	51, 159, 197, 205, 269
Caius Scantinius	31	Claudius	103, 119, 327
Cales	13, 125	Clælia	209
Caligula	9	Cleanthes	25
Calliope	79	Cleopatra	37
Calpe	323	Client	15
Calvius	47	Clio	167
		H b 3	Clitumæ

# I N D E X.

Cliturnana	Page 273	Delphos	Page 155
Clodius	29, 139	Demetrius	55
Clothe	223	Democritus	227
Clavia	31	Demosthenes	325
Clavientis	15	Deucalion	15
Clytemnestra	167	Dians	75, 329
Cocles	209	Diomedes	11
Codrus	3, 65	Diphilus	57
Collacia	135	Dolphin's Pillars	161
Colline Gate	135	Domitian	29, 77
Commagena	157	Domitian's Law	11
Conful	13	Drusus	67
Coptus	333	E.	
Ceranus	349	Echion	115
Corbulo	69	Egeria	47
Corfu	331	Egnatius	57
Corinth	197	Electra	205
Corinthus	203	Elephants	299
Cornelia	123	Elpenor	231
Corvinus	71, 226	Elvis	75
Corycium	323	Eudymion	249
Corydon	221	Enthymeme	147
Corytha	193	Epicurus	293, 327
Cosmus	195	Eriphyla	167
Cossus	75, 179, 189, 241	Erymanthus	57
Cotta	101	Esquiline Mount	53
Cotytto	35	Evander	259
Cræsus	247	Euganean Lamb	189
Cremera	43	Euphranor	65
Crepereius Pollio	211	F.	
Crete	11	Fabii	41
Creticus	191	Fabius	189
Crispinus	7, 75, 77, 85	Fabius Gurgæ	131
Crispus	83	Fabrateria	67
Crocodile	329	Fabricius	223
Crown Parsley	205	Fabulla	33
— Oaken	141	Fædinus	285
Cumæ	45	Falernian Wine	87, 121
Curian Family	25	Fidene	111
Curii	187	Flaminian Way	13
Currus	133	Flavian Family	79
Curius	257	Flora	131
Cyane	201	Fonteius	285
Cybele	37, 59, 213	Forum	19
Cybele's Priest	201, 217	Fronto	5
Cyclades	157	Fuscinius	303
Cynamus	5	Fuscus	185
Cynthia	107	G.	
D.		Gabii	111
Dædalus	47	Galba	37, 91, 187
Decii	209	Galla	19
Decius	261	Gallianian Wood	73
		Gallus	

# I N D E X.

Callus	Page 345	L.	Page 175
Ganges	225	Lacerta	47, 223
Ganymede	95, 287	Lachesis	291
Gaurane Oysters	195	Ladas	231
Gibraltar	323	Lælius	245
Gille	9	Lærtæ	331
Glaſphyrus	115	Læſtrigonians	115
Golden Fleece	5	Lagus	305
Good Goddeſs	35	Larga	29
Gorgon	271	Laronia	237
Gracchus	37, 41	Lateran Family	9, 111
Grove of Mars	5	Latidus	123, 249
H.		Latona	137, 221
Hæmus	55	Laufella	277
Hamillus	243	Lavinum	203
Hannibal	123, 133, 237, 239	Laureolus	113
Hebe	287	Leda	99
Hedymeles	141	Lenas	187
Heliades	95	Lepidi	29
Helioderus	139	Lepidus	107
Helvidius	93	Leſbia	67
Hercules	11, 53	Liburnians	19
Hermione	205	Licini	325
Heſperian Serpent	311	Licinus	57
Heſperides	103	Lictor	69
Hiarbas	95	Ligurian Stones	286
Hippia	115, 117	Lipara	13
Hippo	31	Locuſta	225
Hippolitus	251	Longius	173
Hippona	201	Lucan	7, 21, 23
Hirpinus	193	Lucilius	59
Hiſpulla	113, 271	Lucius Metellus	249
Homer	145, 185, 335	Lucretia	89
Horace	11, 171	Lucrine Rocks	41
Hortenfius	21	Luperci	39
Hyacinthus	117	Lyde	
Hylas	23	M.	
J.		Machæra	169
Janus	141	Maculonus	171
Jaſon	5, 121	Mæcenæ	13
Ibia	329	Mæotis	79, 331
Iphigenia	281	Mævia	7
Iſeus	53	Manilia	129
Iſis	151, 153, 391	Manlii	41
Iſis Pacuvius	281	Marcelli	ib.
Julia	29	Marius	207, 247
Julian Law	33	Marius Prifcus	9
Iulus	277	Marſyana	61
Jupiter	107, 263, 287	Marſyo	211
Juverna	43	Maſſa	9
Ixion	286	Mathe	7, 177
			Maura

# I N D E X.

Mæna	Page 135	Pegasus	Page 57, 83
Mauritanian Gorgon	271	Pelæus	245
Medea	165	Pella	239
Medullina	137	Penelope	31
Megaleſian Games	113, 262	Peribonius	27
Meleager	101	Peſſicus	259
Memnon	329	Petoſiris	159
Meſſæceus	311	Phæaciæ	331
Menſilippe	207	Phalaris	193
Mentor	197	Phiale	253
Mercury	191	Phillip	275
Meroe	153	Pholus	275
Meſſalina	251	Phydias	195
Metellus Creticus	33	Picus	199
Micale	103	Pittacus	25
Milo	29, 225	Pollio	141, 181
Mithridate	311	Polycletus	65, 197
Mithridates	167, 247	Polyphemus	217
Montanus	85, 87	Polyxena	245
Monychus	6	Pompey	233, 247
Moses	311	Pontic Serpent	311
Mutius	21, 209	Pontifex Maximus	79
	N.	Portico	75
Navolus	211	Ponticus	187, 193
Narciffus	327	Poppæan Ointment	147
Neptune	241	Posides	309
Nero	103, 269, 249, 241	Posthumus	109
Nestor	245	Præneste	63
Nile	341	Prætor	17, 227, 283, 347
Niobe	123	Priapus	35
Niphatæ	143	Priscian's Head	147
Numa	47	Prochytæ	45
Nurſeia	231	Procula	65
	O.	Proculeius	9
Octavius	207	Progne	165
Ogulinia	139	Prometheus	86, 199, 337
Ombos	333	Protogenea	57
Orcaæ	43	Pſecæ	149
Orestes	3, 205, 323	Pygmies	297
Orontes	51	Pyrrha	15
Osiris	189	Pyrrhus	315
Otho	35, 61	Pythagoreans	67
	P.		Q.
Pætolus	325	Quintilian	115, 133, 181, 183
Palæmon	185	Quintus Catulus	207
Pallas	19		R.
Paris	115, 175	Ravola	211
Parnassus	15	Retiarins	41
Parrhaſius	195	Rhadamanthus	299
Pasiphaæ	11	Rhetor's Prize	9
Patroclus	71	Rhodope	211
Pedo	377	Richborough	89
			Romulus

# I N D E X.

Romulus	Page 31	Sthenobæa	Page 251
Roscian Law	327	Stratocles	55
Rubellius Plantus	191	Stygian Lake	41
Rubrenus Lappa	173	Styx	69
Rubrius	85	Suburra	45, 99, 237
Ruffus	185	Summum Bonum	145
Rutila	249	Sylla	5
Rutilus	255, 305	Syphax	123
S.		T.	
Sabbath	311	Tabarcha	241
Sabellians	61	Tædia	31
Saguntine Stone Pots	93	Tagus	51, 325
Saguntum	339	Talmud	155
Salamis	239	Tanaquil	157
Salli	161	Tarius	57
Samos	347	Tatius	315
Samothracian Gods	59	Taurominian Rocks	99
Sardanapalus	253	Tax-Gatherer	19
Sarmatia	25	Telamon	319
Sarmentus	91	Telephus	3
Saturn	287	Telephus	169
Scantinian Law	31	Tentyra	333
Scauri	20	Thebes	285
Scipio	43	Themison	243
Secundus Carrinas	183	Theodorus	181
Secutor	205	Therites	211, 157
Sejanus	231, 233	The'cis	3
Seleucus	157, 243	Thraseas	93
Semiramis	37	Thrasyllus	159
Seneca	206, 225	Thyestes	207
Sergius	115, 117	Thymele	9, 113
S-riphus	157, 239	Thyrus	171
Serpents Teeth	321	Tiber	51, 317
Se torius	121	Tigellinus	21
Servius Tullius	209	Tirefias	303
Sestertium and Sestertius	15	Titans	199
Setine Hills	93	Tongillus	177
Sextus	27	Trebius	91
Sibyl	45	Trials at Law	283
Sicambri	89	Tribunes	19
Sicilian Pumice	189	Trypherus	265
Silius	251	Tuccia	113
Sistrum	291	Tullia	135
Sisyphus	286	Tully	235
Socrates	183, 327	Tullus	95
Sophocles	163	Turnus	35
Sostratus	239	Tuscan Calendars	288
Span sh Cartezan	267	V.	
Sportula	17, 69	Varillus	27
Sporus	13	Vascons	337
Stadius	173	Ucalegon	65
Sientor	293	Vectius	179
		Vicento	



# I N D E X.

Veiento	Page 65, 85	Umbrinius	Page 47
Venafrum	99	Volturnum	63
Ventidius	257	Volturnus	329
Verres	29, 40	Votive Tablets	273
Vesta	81, 141	Ursidius	111
Vestal Virgin	75	Vulcan	211, 257
Virginal Hill	53	Vulcan's Cave	5
Vindicius	209		X.
Virgil	145, 185	Xerxes	239
Virginia	249		Z.
Virgo	93, 95, 213, 219	Zelates	43
Uluhrs	233	Zeno	339
Ulysses	217, 223, 331		

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